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NCI
Works

REGULUS

Quinctius, on whom his wife, with trembling haste,
The dictatorial robes anxious placed.

Page 2 Lin 18

Painted by E. Howard R.A.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

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THE

COMEDIES

OF

ARISTOPHANES.

BY T. MITCHELL, A. M.

LATE FELLOW OF SIDNEY-SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE WASPS.

[redacted]

To enact a law, to plead a cause, to decide a suit, and to execute a magistracy, were four things, which, as an acute observer has remarked, constituted the very instinct of an Athenian. In no nation, says the same lively writer, have there ever been so many tribunals, so many judges, and so many orators: from Athens, as from a fire, flowed all the political light which illuminated the rest of the world; and legislators, who were creating a state, went there for laws, as navigators, who are building a ship, now go to Sweden for wood. Whether as sound an article was as likely to be given in the one case as in the other, the present comedy will go far to show. The WASPS is not a play historically political like the Acharnians and the Knights, nor personal like the Clouds: it is an attack, directed in the Author's peculiar manner, on the jurisprudence of Athens, and levelled chiefly at that numerous class of her citizens, who gained a livelihood by executing the office of dicast, an office more nearly resembling our jury-man than judge.

William Schlegel has pronounced the Wasps to be the feeblest of all the pieces of Aristophanes. The subject, he says, is too limited, and the action is drawn out to too great a *length. This falling-off

*is unquestionably true; but when M. Schlegel adds, "fully represented is a disease of too singular a descrip-

was naturally to be expected from the fate which had attended the poet's production of the preceding year. Had not Aristophanes possessed a considerable portion of that spirit of Pantagruelism, which we all know to be "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune," it is probable that the CLOUDS would have been both the best and the last of the poet's performances.

The plot of this Comedy, if so respectable a title may be given to a piece of mere buffoonery, is soon told. Philocleon (a name signifying in the original a partisan of Cleon) is described as an Athenian citizen absolutely phrensied with that passion of which all his countrymen partook—a taste for litigation and frequenting the courts of law, where the higher citizens found occasional amusement, and the lower amusement, consequence and profit. His son Bdelycleon (i. e. an enemy to Cleon) endeavours to reclaim him to a more generous mode of life. Force, persuasion, argument are all tried in vain: he contrives to elude the first he turns a deaf ear to the second, and he endeavours to reason down the third. It will easily be seen, therefore, that Philocleon is the buffoon of the Comedy; and that it is in his evasions, mistaken conceptions, and extravagant pleasantries, always approaching to extreme farce, that the humour of the piece consists. And truly, he that can go through them all, in the original, with muscles unmoved, may be very wise and very nice, but he

tion, without a sufficient universality of application, he appears to speak with a less knowledge of antiquity than his admirable criticisms usually display.

must be contented to rank in the sombre list with "the severe [illegible], the never-laughing Cassius, the man-hating Timon, and the whining Heraclitus, who abhorred laughing, the action that's most peculiar to man." The Son, nearly driven to despair by the unconquerable obstinacy and prejudices of his Father, at last falls upon a scheme, which promises to satisfy his own wishes and to humour the malady of his sire. He proposes to convert his house into a Court of Justice—to supply it with all suitable pomp and circumstance, and to make up to Philocleon by proper compensation for the dignities and emoluments which his absence from the seats of judicature would occasion. The old gentleman is pleased with the scheme; and a domestic mishap, the theft of a Sicilian cheese, by a house dog, affords an opportunity for putting the proposed scheme into immediate practice. The English reader will readily perceive, that the manners of the play must be purely Athenian: and that some information and more reflection will be required on his part, before he can enter properly into the humour of the piece. The learned Archbishop Potter will supply the first, and the English historian of Greece richly furnishes the other: and it may be added, that, without some acquaintance with the judicial polity of Athens. it is absolutely impossible to enter into the spirit of the Aristophanic Comedy, where so much allusion to that polity is continually made.

There were, according to the Archbishop, ten courts of justice in Athens, besides that of Areiopagus. *Four had cognizance of actions concerning blood; the remainder of civil matters.* "These ten

courts were all painted with colours, from which names were given them; and on each of them was engraven one of the first ten letters of the Greek alphabet, from which they are likewise called *Alpha*, *Beta*, &c. Such, therefore, of the Athenians as were at leisure to hear and determine causes, delivered in their names, together with the names of their father and borough, inscribed upon a tablet, to the THESMOTHETÆ: who returned it to them with another tablet, whereon was inscribed the *letter* of one of the courts, as the lots had directed. These tablets they carried to the crier of the several courts signified by the letters, who thereupon gave to every man a tablet inscribed with his own name, and the name of the court which fell to his lot, and a staff or sceptre. Having received these, they were all admitted to sit in the court. If any person sate among the judges who had not received one of the aforesaid letters, he was fined. These judges, having heard the causes they were appointed to take cognizance of, went immediately and delivered back the sceptre to the PRYTANES, from whom they received the reward due to them. This was termed the judicial fee: sometimes it was an *obol* for every cause they decided; sometimes three *obols*, being sometimes raised higher than at others, by the instance of men, who endeavoured by that means to become popular. No man was permitted to sit as judge in two courts upon the same day, that looking like the effect of covetousness. And if any of the judges were convicted of bribery, he was fined. *The judges* in all the courts were obliged to take a *solemn oath* by the Paternal Apollo, Ceres, and

Jupiter the Hero, that they would give sentence uprightly and according to law, if the law had determined the point debated; or where the law was silent, according to the best of their judgments.—Of all the judicial courts that handled civil affairs, Heliæa was far the greatest and most frequented, being so called ἀπὸ τοῦ ἁλίζεσθαι, from the people's thronging together, or rather ἀπὸ τοῦ ἥλου, because it was an open place, and exposed to the sun. The judges that sat in this court were at least fifty, but the more usual number was two or five hundred. When causes of great consequence were to be tried it was customary to call in the judges of other courts. Sometimes a thousand were called in, and these two courts are said to have been joined; sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand, and then three or four courts met together. Whence it appears, that the judges were sometimes five hundred in other courts." Thus far the learned but homely author of Grecian Antiquities; we must refer to higher authority for reflection and reasoning on this curious subject.

"We want information," says Mr. Mitford, "how Solon composed his courts of justice; but there seems reason to believe that among the changes introduced by Cleisthenes and Ephialtes, not only his venerable tribunal of the Areiopagus, but the whole judicature of Athens suffered: the institution of wages for serving in the ten ordinary courts is attributed to Pericles. It was a mode of bribing the people. Three obols, nearly four-pence sterling, were the daily pay of a dicast, whose office resembled that of our jurymen. The rich and the industrious avoided; the poor, the idle, and the

profligate thenceforward sought the office; it became their resource for a livelihood. To extend gratification then among that sovereign order, the juries were made immoderately numerous. Five hundred was the ordinary number of each. In the ten courts, unless the demands of military service interfered, no less than six thousand citizens, (that is, nearly one-third of the population of Athens,) are said to have been employed, except on holidays, daily throughout the year; and for a cause of extraordinary importance, the whole six thousand were sometimes assembled to compose the single tribunal called Heliæa. But the holidays themselves, which interrupted the business of the courts, afforded also a pretence and a mode for bribing the people. They were truly the season of festival; in which the numerous carcasses of animals killed in sacrifice were distributed to the multitude. Demagogues therefore would omit no opportunity for ingratiating themselves at so easy a rate as by the proposal of a new festival; thus the Athenian holidays were multiplied till they were twice the number of those of any other Grecian city.

"In the deficiency, therefore, of subsistence provided under the name of sacrifice, a lawsuit, or still more, a criminal prosecution, became the delight of the Athenian people. Beside the certain pay, which was small, there was the hope of bribes which might be large; while pride was gratified by the importance which accrued to the meanest man who called himself an Athenian citizen. Fine *and confiscation*, the ordinary punishments of the *Athenian law*, conveyed the property of the wealth

to the treasury, to be thence distributed in various ways, the trial institutions, processions, and feasts, for the gratification of the people, or wages in patience of paying their services. Suits and prosecutions, therefore, encouraged by the interest of the sovereign, become *innumerable; and life and

* Besides their own rule, it must be remembered that the Athenian people also decided those of their confederates. The object in adding this tribute upon them is pointed out in a very significant manner by the great biographer of Scanderbeg, Cyrus, and Agesilaus.

"Another objection made to the wisdom of the Athenian people is this, that they oblige their confederates to have their judicial causes tried at Athens. But to this objection are opposed, the numerous benefits which the Athenian democracy derives from this custom: as first, the dividends paid annually to the tribes itself, the money laid down by the litigating parties at the commencement of the suit. Secondly, the power which it gives the Athenians of sitting quietly at home, and managing the confederate towns, without the necessity of keeping a fleet to pay for the purpose: to this must be added the general encouragement given to democracy; for its friends can thus be preserved in the courts of justice, and its opponents ruined. Were their suits tried at home, just the reverse of this would happen; for such is the hatred borne to the Athenian people, that it would inevitably occasion the ruin of those who were thought most favourably disposed to them. Several other advantages may also be mentioned, all flowing from this same source. The dues paid at Peiræus increase in number; those who have houses there to lett, find a tenant, and he that has a slave to sell, finds a purchaser; the public cryers in the courts also come in for a great deal more custom by this temporary residence of strangers. Add further, that if this obligation of having their suits tried in Athens, did not lie upon the allies, such only of our countrymen as went abroad in high official situations, would receive honour and respect from them; while, as matters now stand, every individual confederate is obliged to pay the most abject court to the whole people of Athens, as he knows that in all matters of controversy he will be obliged to repair to Athens, there to have *his differences* decided by the people; and in *Athens the people are the law.*"—*Xenophon* De Reprub. *Athenien.* c. i. §§ 16, 17, 18.

property were rendered insecure, beyond what any thing, seen in the most profligate of modern European governments, at least of the times before the French Revolution, could give to imagine under any government possible. The glorious security provided by the English law, which requires the solemn sanction of a grand jury to the merit of the accusation, before any man can be subjected even to trial, was unknown at Athens. It appears as if liberty was held there (so was the spirit of Solon's system perverted) to consist, not in the security of every one against injury from others, but in the power of every one to injure others. Any man might constitute himself accuser against any, and the king-archon was bound by his office to bring the accused to trial. When the cause came before the jury, no right of challenge, the second security of Englishmen, gave the accused Athenian mear of guarding against partiality in his judges. . Th effect of partiality in some, it was indeed propos to obviate by multitude, such that the major should not be likely to concur in it: but the dis vantages of such a resource perhaps exceeded benefits. In no conference among themse could the informed and the wary of so numerc court correct the prejudices and misjudgme the ignorant, careless, or impassioned, or ot the effect of misused eloquence; nor was it ble to make so large a portion of the sov people responsible for the most irregular gitious decision. Punishment could not tak and among the multitude *shame was lost.

* The *mode* of collecting the suffrages also contribu *exclusion of this* powerful and beneficial principle. S *fect considered* in Cicero's third Book of Laws.

this constitution of judicature, the most victorious and deserving general, the ablest and most upright magistrate, or the most inoffensive private citizen, might be brought to trial for his life at the pleasure of the most profligate of mankind. Even the allegation of a specific crime, a crime defined by law, was unnecessary. Constructive treason, any imputed disaffection *to the sovereignty of the people*, sufficed; and as passion and prejudice, or the powers of oratory, or solicitation and bribery, moved, condemnation or acquittal was pronounced." *Hist. of Greece*, vol. v. sect. 1. See also *Le Jeune Anach.* tom. ii. chap. 16.

THE WASPS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOSIAS, } *Two Slaves.*
XANTHIAS, }

PHILOCLEON—*an Athenian Dicast.*

BDELYCLEON—*Son of Philocleon.*

CHORUS—*Athenian Dicasts, habited as Wa*

Dog Plaintiff.

Dog Defendant, (*Labes.*)

SCENE—ATHENS.

THE WASPS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*A private House, the Room opening upon the Street is covered with Nets.* TIME, *an Hour or two before Day-break. Two Slaves, Xanthias and Sosias, stand as Guards before the Door. Sosias finds his Companion inclining to Sleep.*

Sos. WHY, Xanthias, my toy, (*shakes him*) why what ails the poor boy!
some infection upon him is creeping—
Xant. These eyes (*rubbing them*) so much ache, that (*yawns*) a lesson they take
in the—(*yawns*) sweet little science of sleeping.
Sos. Keep a guard on them yet, or thou'lt score up a debt,
whose payment will lie in the skin:
Hast thou yet, boy, to know what the service we owe,
on the beast we keep guarded within?

Xant. I have neither to learn, but—(*yawns*) excuse t'other turn,
for these eyes are incontinent winking;
Sos. (*rubbing his own eyes*) Then their pleasure e'en do, for my peepers too
feel a sort of delectable blinking.
Xant. (*rousing up*) This is phrensy, or—worse—'tis the *wake-sleepy curse—
Sos. (*yawns*) rather say the God, †last put in motion,
Has bid the pest come—
Xant. (*rubbing*) Then the God, smite me dumb,
has two converts (*yawns*) of wondrous devotion.
For oh! this short rest on my senses it prest
such a lethargy—nay no derision—

* This disease of sleeping with the eyes open, known among the Greeks by the term κορυβαντιᾶν, forms one of the propertie of Rabelais' allegorical Shrove-tide.

† The god here meant is the Sabazian Bacchus. A law Athens prohibited the introduction of any foreign divinity mode of worship without a decree of the Areiopagus: this law later times became neglected, and the gods of Thrace, of Ph gia, and other barbarous countries, became incorporated v those of Athens. This is one among many other sarcasms rected by the comic writers against the introduction of tl strange divinities, and the nightly ceremonies which were in their honour. Perhaps the worship of the Sabazian Bac was the more offensive to the comic poets, because, as it a out of the worship of the Phrygian Cybele (Heyne De Reli bus et Sacris cum Furore peractis,) it came more within tl partment of their enemies, the flute-players.

Like a Mede in his *might, it quite master'd my sight,
and I've seen a most marvellous vision.
Sos. What, my lad, are you there? Why then two make a pair:
at a vision I'll beat you quite hollow:
(*Affecting terror*) Such another I bar—but I give you the *pas*,
tell your tale, and my own quick shall follow.
Xant. Methought then I saw, (and my breath I scarce draw
while I think of its size and dimension,)
An eagle repair to the Agora and there
grasp a shield with most violent tension.
The shield made its prize, it bore back to the skies,
its flight into darkness pursuing;
Yet the shield, lad, was found, all at once on the ground,
as though 'twere Cleonymus' doing.
Sos. Cleonymus then is a †puzzle confest,
And "read me this riddle, expound me this jest,"
(Thus at feast and at wine 'twill be ask'd of each guest,)

* This is said, affecting terror. Till the battle of Marathon, the very name of a Mede, as Herodotus honestly confesses, (*Erato*, c. 112.) excited terror in Greece.

† At the convivial entertainments of the ancients, no diversion was more usual than that of propounding and answering difficult questions. On the nature of these and their various genera, the learned reader may consult the tenth book of Athenæus. Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men, was a great composer of these *griphi, as they were termed. Diog. Laert.* lib. i. § 89.

" There's a beast—tell me what,—the deep ocean it plies,
It creeps on the earth and it mounts to the skies,
Yet in ocean or heaven, in brake or in field,
Something ever it drops and that something's a shield!"

Xant. (*despondingly*) The worse luck for me, such a sight who must see;
some evil, I'm sure, will come on it:

Sos. Throw hard thoughts to the wind, and for fright, prithee mind,
you may doff, boy, as quick as you don it.

Xant. Yet that one who writes man, should adopt such a plan!—
cast his shield!—no: I never can brave it.
But my ears would regale in their turn on your tale,

Sos. And truly, my chick, thou shalt have it.
But its size, pray first learn:—poop to prow—stem to stern,
(*with importance*) the whole vessel of state, man, is in it:

Xant. So all's safe in the *hold, to the rest I'm quite cold:
but your story—my ears fain would win it.

Sos. 'Twas, observe, my first sleep, when methought all with sheep
the Pnyx fill'd;—and these reverend wethers
Like our parliament-men had their †staff and their cane,
with a cloak duly tuck'd round their nethers.

* *The usual place for slaves on board ship.*

† *The usual costume of the lower Athenians, when they attended the Ecclesia or General Assembly.*

These sheep, fellow mine, taking seat did incline
to a *Whale, who was holding oration;
Wide and deep was the throat, and its voice had the note
of a sow with a large corporation.

Xant. (*holding his nose*) As you love me, no more—

Sos. Why what now?

Xant. I implore—
pah! I scarce can keep body together,
There's a steam and a stench in the dream—

Sos. Of a drench?

Xant. No: of cows' hides and vile rotten leather.

Sos. This damnable Whale, having done with his tale,
prick'd a †Bull by a scale—nothing mincing—

Xant. Lookye there now he tried, how thick Johnny Bull's hide,
and what he could bear without wincing.

Sos. By this Whale's very side sat Theorus's pride,—
a sight to astonish beholders—

* The whale represents Cleon.

† In the original the whale (Cleon) is represented as holding a pair of scales. The poet then plays on the term *Demus*, which, according to the position of its accent, signifies, in the Greek language, either *bull's fat* or *the people*; and on two words nearly similar in sound, of which one signifies to *weigh* and the other to *separate*. By this play of words the poet exposes the art of Cleon, whose policy it had been two years before to divide the people among themselves, and thus prevent them from accepting the offers of *peace made by the* Lacedemonians. Our national habits enable us to give something like an equivalent for the original.

For his seat was quite low; and for head a large crow
had perch'd on the top of his shoulders.
Alcibiades straight turns to me, quite elate,
and pointing his hand at the raven:
(*imitates stammering*) "L'ookee, there by my f'ay"
(you know what his way)
"the f'latterer's turn'd to a *c'raven."

Xant. Let him stumble or stammer—by the lord now the hammer
hit the nail's very head there I trow, boy:

Sos. But a word for your ear—is it no cause of fear
that Theorus should turn to a crow, boy?

Xant. Not the least.

Sos. Nay discuss, how dost prove it?

Xant. E'en thus:
Theorus—pray mark my precision—
Was a man—

Sos. even so:

Xant. this man turns to a crow—

Sos. and what argues my learned logician?

Xant. From wise sayings and saws this conclusion he draws,
that Theorus once dead—the vile sinner—
His limbs will be *there* (*points to the ground*) while his head in the air (*points upwards*)
from a pole finds the ravens a dinner.

* The charge insinuated against Theorus in the text is flattery. To preserve the play of words another blow has been added to the original. Alcibiades' defect of speech has been recorded by several authors.

Sos. Now buss me, boy, do; and these obols,—they're two—
take for this thy most learn'd *exposition.
Xant. But 'tis time that I say, what the theme of our play,
dropping first though a short admonition.
(*Turns to the spectators*) Gentle sirs, for whom we live, let none present here pray give
to expectance and hope too large warrant;
Nor do courtesy so small as to think his taste shall pall
on stol'n trash such as †Megara sees current.
We've no slave nor serving man, who from basket or from pan
scatters ‡nuts to the greedy spectators;
No Hercules who talks of short commons or who balks
for the joke's sake his keen masticators.
Euripides's muse, let her frisk it as she chuse,
unassail'd shall henceforward disport her;
And Cleon, tho' of late he's grown hand and glove with fate,
is no subject just now for our §mortar.

* Among a people so superstitious as the Greeks, an expounder of dreams, or, as he was termed, an oneiro-critic, claimed no small share of importance. See a pleasant letter on the subject in Alciphron's Letters, lib. iii. ep. 59.

† Some of the earliest farces owed their birth to Susarion, a native of this place, (Aristotle in Poeticis, § 5). From the specimens we have of Athenian comedy, it will easily be imagined, that the Megarians were not very nice in their taste or delicate in their mirth.

‡ The smaller poets used to court the favour of the audience, and endeavour to promote mirth by little largesses of this kind.

§ *The poet apparently thought* that the demagogue had been *sufficiently pounded in his* Knights.

Yet your hearing to regale we've a merry little tale,
(under favour, I speak what most scarce is,)
Though below the critic pit, yet it strains at higher wit,
than the run of our general farces.
Its tenor would you know?—first your eyes, sirs, upward throw—
to yon roof—we've a master there sleeping;
Himself a man of mark, though his dad, poor fellow's stark,
and needs vigilant duress and keeping.
That he wander not at large is a strict and solemn charge,
to us twain by the son late imparted,
For the roughest might admire, how this sickness of his sire
he mourns and deplores heavy-hearted.
And sure never came a disease with such a name under notice of surgeon or college;
With *Phil* it begins—but the rest no one wins—guess and try and you'll find it past *knowledge.
You Amynias there—hist!—(*affects to listen attentively*) a †Philocubist?— *Sos.* Miss'd:

* The reader must prepare himself for the most extravagant caricature in this and the following scene; but he is ill-versed in Aristophanes and the politics of Athens, if he thinks this caricature derived from any thing but the most profound judgment. *It is Kharageux meddling with the most delicate prerogatives of the most despotic of governments.* The very essence of the Athenian democracy, as both Aristotle and Demosthenes allow, was centred in its Dicasteria, or courts of justice, and the poet had *to throw his* audience completely off their guard, before he dared *meddle* with so dangerous a topic.

† *A lover* of dice.

Xant. no, he loves not the dice-box so dearly;
But the sons of Pronapus— *Sos.* Oft jape us—and the ape has
here nam'd his own malady clearly.
Xant. Pretty Sosias I hear whisper Dercylus near,
(*mimics*) *the fellow 'tis clear loves hard drinking;*
Sos. But Sosias is nice, nor knows drinking's the vice—
Xant. of all sound* honest men to my thinking.
And Nicostratus trips, for I see that his lips
to themselves are †Phil'oxenist framing;
Sos. And that never will do, for Philoxenus—whuh!
'tis a wretch that should die for the naming.
Xant. But to leave as befits, gents, this strain of your wits,
which will bear but a sorry conclusion;—
Just your chatt'ring forbear for a while, and you'll hear
what his malady, phrensy, delusion.
He's a ‡PHIL-HE-LI-ASS: (*a loud roar of laughter*) bravo: let the joke pass:
yes: his humour, scope, taste, and fruition
Are a seat at the bar, with the charms of word-war,
a vote, and judicial decision.

* The poet, who in another place calls wine "the milk of Venus," and who, according to Plato, was equally devoted to the service of the goddess of love and the god of wine, no doubt delivers his own opinion here, in which he would be backed by the greatest part of his audience. *See Erasmus's Adages*, and *Nicolaus Leonicus deVariâ Historiâ*. lib. ii. c. 293.

† A lover of *hospitality towards strangers.*

‡ *A lover of the high court of justice*, called Heliæa.

Of these still he thinks—ne'er in sleep his se
sinks,
or if a stray wink he is snatching;
'Tis but meal-dust and motes, and his mind
while floats
in the courts o'er the *water-glass watchin
When the morn sees him sped first from tester
bed,
'tis with three †fingers close in compressi
Not because the Moon's ‡new, and the cens
claim due,
but—the Dicasts so use them at Session.
Sees he wall, post, or door, chalk'd and scribbl'
o'er,
Long life to the fair charming §DAMUS!
He effaces the D, and cries, marking a C,
Live for ever my own darling ‖CAMUS!
Once the cock crowing late, a strange thou
cross'd his pate:
" *the bird had been brib'd, a base minion,*

* Used in the courts of justice for regulating the time o
orator's speech.

† The sea-shell or bean, by which the dicasts gave their v
was held between the fore finger, the middle finger and
thumb. This was done to prevent them from casting more
one shell into the urn which received the judicial votes.

‡ At New Moon incense was offered to the statues of the g
and from the Scholiast it appears that the rite was practise
the same way as casting the judiciary shells into the urns.

§ He that writes sentences on a wall, says a Spanish pro
has wind in his pole. It was probably the volatile, unsteady
racter of the Athenians, which made them so much delig
this practice.

‖ *The tunnel*, through which the dicasts passed their she
beans into the judicial urns.

That accounts might be pass'd easy and safe, and all fast
without an official opinion."
Scarce the last meal is done, than he shouts out anon,
"my boots, boy!" -then o court trudging,
He claps head 'gainst sticks there like a snail,
till the morn bids his worship be budging.
If the two *lines in law, sure his fingers to draw
the long, which marks death and perdition;
And the wax from thi to his nails hangs so thick,
a bee's load would be light in addition.
As our suffrages tell in the courts by a shell,
lest the means should e'er fail him of voting,

* In every Athenian court of justice were placed two urns. Of these one made of brass, assumed the three several names of the *former urn*, the *valid urn*, and the *urn of death*. The first appellation was derived from its relative position, and the second from its determining the validity of the accusation; the third requires no explanation. Another urn, made of wood, was placed *behind* the brazen urn, into which were thrown the shells that acquitted the prisoner. For these several reasons it assumed the names of the *hinder urn*, the *invalid urn*, and the *urn of mercy*.—When all the shells had been given in, these urns were opened, and the suffrages numbered in presence of the proper magistrate. This person stood with a rod in his hand, which he laid over the shells or beans as they were numbered, lest any should be omitted through treachery or mistake, or any counted twice over. If the number of *black* beans or shells was greatest, the magistrate pronounced the person guilty; and to denote his condemnation he drew *a long line* on a table lined with wax; on the contrary, if the *white* beans exceeded or merely equalled the number of the black, the magistrate drew a *short line* in token of the prisoner's acquittal.

He has robb'd the sea-shore, and has hiv'd such a store
as would give a large shingle its coating.
Thus his mind's strangely crost—and he raves tempest-tost,
neither nostrum nor physic can cure him;
These but make matters worse—the sole help for his curse
is, that four solid walls safe ensure him.
So we bolt and we bar him—flight and egress we mar him;
for the son views with deep consternation
This paternal distraction, and alike speech and action
hath tried for his mind's restoration.
First 'twas "*Father, your ear—pray that mantle cashier,—*
and your cloak, why, sir, wear dicast-fashion—
And if you could stay just within for a day"—
'twas preaching to the' seas in their passion.
We tried baths and *lustrations—then his hallucinations
might yield to †pipe, timbrel, and viol;

* Lustrations and purifications by water were favourite religious rites among the Greeks. The "superstitious man" in Theophrastus never fails to purify himself with the holy water, which stands in a cauldron at the gate of the temple, and in which had been immersed a sacred fire-brand, taken from an altar whereon a victim had been burned. Sea-water was reckoned the most favourable for these rites. The Vatican MS. of Theophrastus accordingly makes the "superstitious man" go occasionally to sprinkle himself with this purifier; if this pious ceremony draws upon him the eyes of the envious, he fastens garlic *to his head*, and then bathes it.

† *Those* who laboured under the phrenzy, called Corybantian.

He turns short, ere half's done, drops the New Court upon
and instantly calls up a trial.
This failing we're sailing to Ægina, where ailing
cures by scaling and pailing and drenches:
There the night finds him fast, ere next morn seas are past,
and he, blithe as bee, on the benches.
To the house we confine him;—he can delve, he can mine him,
through the conduit he's off like a shot, sirs;
In each crevice and chink rag and cere-cloth we sink,
and matters now nd?—not a jot, sirs.
'Gainst the wall pin s 1 peg fixes he, leg by leg,
then descends, just as jack-daws are doing:
What remain'd last to hold him?—why with nets to enfold him;—
look around, 'tis the course we're pursuing.
Philocleon I add is the name of our dad,
for with Cleon he's friendly and mately;
The son, from mere spite, does Bdelycleon write,
and his manner's prodigiously* stately.

(and the old diest is here considered as under its influence,) appear to have been treated like those in later days bitten by the tarantula spider. Certain airs were played to them, and as those airs were usually pieces of music in honour of some deity, it was judged, by the patient's sensibility to any peculiar air, which deity it was by whom he was possessed. Ceres, Bacchus, the Nymphs, and Cybele, were looked upon as the causes of madness by the ancients.

* To express this stateliness of manners, the poet in his usual way compounds a word, of which one term is derived from the neighing of a horse.

SCENE II.*

BDELYCLEON, XANTHIAS, SOSIAS, PHILOCLEON.

Bdel. (*calling*) Why, Socias, I say—Xanthias lad— *Xant.* Lakaday!
Sos. What's all this? *Xant.* 'Tis our maste just waking:
Bdel. Quickly here one or both—in the stove b my troth
and the bath-house our patient is raking.
There for creek and for cranny, like a mouse sl and canny,
he makes a most sharp inquisition:
For escape he's quite ripe—quickly, lad, (*to Sos.* guard the pipe,—
and do you (*to Xant.*) at the gate take posi tion.
Sos. 'Tis done, sir. *Bdel.* What sound from th funnel breaks round?
(*the dicast's head is seen rising out of th funnel of the bathing room.*)
good angels, protect us and love us!

* The reader has been already admonished, that the ensuing scene is directed entirely to the galleries, and that Aristophanes, like Sterne's wig, is sometimes as much below, as at other times *he is above criticism.*

What art thou, sight abhorr'd? *Phil.* Smoke, and please you, my lord,
on his way to the regi[illegible] above us.
Bdel. Smoke, fo[illegible] ! or [illegible] t wood? *Phil.* Of the *fig-tree. [illegible]d.
never tree sha[illegible] yet [illegible]mitted:
But to Smoke lest [illegible] happen—Smoke, this cover I clap on,—
and further a [illegible] Smoke is fitted. (*passing a bar through [illegible] cover*)
Now back, whence [illegible] came and some new device frame;—
but oh my sad classification!
Who must henceforth write *son, begotten upon his mother by [illegible]sification!*
Son. (*to Kust.*) [illegible] w y[illegible]oot stoutly set 'gainst the gate—h[illegible]et—
I'll be with yo[illegible]n a minute;
To the bolt sharply look—keep an eye on the plug,
or by Jove, boy, his teeth will be in it.
Phil. Why, my masters, what now?—villains, rogues, let me go;
the court sits, and I'm now of the latest:
What, still foil'd, and by apes? then (*sighs heavily*) Dracontides 'scapes,—
Bdel. and the harm, sir? *Phil.* To me, son, the greatest.
'Twas an answer divine from Apollo's own† shrine, says the God, my old worthy suit-pedlar;

* *The smoke of the fig-tree is* particularly pungent. The allusion is to the judicial character of Philocleon.
† *The Athenian* seat for oracles has been already seen in the

If once through your flinching a defendant 'scape pinching,
you'll go off like an old rotten medlar.
Bdel. Gracious heav'n, be my guard! *Phil.* Then, dear son, be not hard,
but in pity these gaolers withdrawing—
On the spot else I burst. *Bdel.* As you please, for the first—
Phil. Is denied? then your nets I am gnawing.
Bdel. Put the case you've no teeth. *Phil.* Now could I be his death,
scurvy villain, his annihilation;
Hoa! within there, my sword, dagger, poniard, ... or board,
on which the wax marks condemnation.
Bdel. (*to Xant. and Sos.*) Some course dreadful he'll take. *Phil.* (*fawning*) Nay in sooth you mistake,
too closely you sift, son, and dust me;
The moon's *new and I'd fain for our ass and sacks twain
find a purchaser—nothing more, trust me.
Bdel. That I take on myself. *Phil.* But the pelf, boy, the pelf,—
a bargain asks science and cunning.

Knights. Ancient writers, says Dr. Hill, make mention of several hundred oracles established in different parts of Greece, and even lead us to imagine that there were few temples in which they were not occasionally delivered. Of all these, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that there was none so eminent as the oracle at Delphi.

* On the first day of the month, a great market was held in Athens, at which it was usual to settle many pecuniary matters.

Bdel. Leave the sale then to try, whether you, sir, or I—
(*calls*) the ass there!—best understand funning.
Xant. (*to Bdel.*) Cunning scheme and device to escape in a trice!
by my troth 'twas done smartly and neatly;
Bdel. But the gudgeon ne'er took, though the bait on the hook
was cover'd, I own, most discreetly.
Further scheme lest he venture, I'll myself the house enter,
and find where our donkey doth cram her—
So awhile I make exit (*leaves the stage, then returns with the ass*) . . . pretty thing, what doth vex it!
because it must go to the hammer?
But, good ass, mend thy pace—still the tears in thy face?
oh forsooth no Ulysses doth back it—
Xant. Ulysses or not, by my soul she has got her burden and (*passes his hand under the ass's belly*) hither I track it.
Bdel. Where, good knave? *Xant.* Here below.
Bdel. What, in God's name, art thou?
speak, deliver, thy birth, appellation—
Phil. My name's * Utis, and please ye—andf urther to ease ye—
I come from the land of 'Scapeation.

* The comic poets often found a subject of parody in Homer well as in their rivals the tragedians. The story of Ulysses' ape from *the den of Polyphemus* by fastening himself under *belly of a large ram, and his* facetiousness in puzzling the *headed giant by calling* himself *Utis*, i. e. *Nobody*, are too

Bdel. The worse luck for Utis—quickly, lads, do your duties,
hands upon him—you see where he's riding:
Now he's drawn from his hole, how he looks like the foal
of— *Xant.* *Bum-bailiff, that wants a good hiding.
Phil. Hands off, scurvy knave! what, my master, so brave?
then a conflict ensues. *Bdel.* Never doubt thee:
And its cause, crusty blade, is— *Phil.* An ass and its shade.
Bdel. Nature's knave, there is nought true about thee!
Phil. Nought about me that's true!—lookye, there and from you!
but thy speech will hold other direction.
When you find what a treat an old —†dicast—if sweet,
can furnish with proper dissection.
Bdel. I have done, by my troth—man and ass, in with both (*driving them into the house*)
in, I say, and a curse light upon ye.

well known to need explanation. As to the country which Utis here assumes, there is, as an acute observer well remarks, a mousseux wit as well as a mousseux champagne, and both lose their quality, if they stop to be analyzed.

* The position of Philocleon under the ass's belly justified the comparison of him to a sucking foal. The homely substitute applied by the slave is a reference to his judicial character.

† The dicast continues the pleasantry, if such we may venture to term it, of considering himself an ass's foal. This was less absurd to Athenian ears, than it is to ours, because young asses actually formed an article of food in Greece.

Phil. Cleon, help: I am stay'd: fellow benchers,
your aid,—
Bdel. Bawl away, for the door's fairly on ye.
(*To the slaves*) Hand me stones there—a store—
clap them fast 'gainst the door:
see the bolt's fairly shot in the bar, boy:
Add square timber and thick—roll me here (and
be quick)
a cylindrical mortar and jar, boy.
Sos. Why the murrain, what hate bear the skies
to this pate?
clods or acres are dropping, believe me.
Xant. Pshaw! some mouse from above drops a
token of love;
Sos. (*looking up.*) Mouse indeed! if it is, I de-
ceive me.
'Tis our judge, curse his wiles, he has slipt through
the tiles—
now he's climbing the rafters so narrow—
Xant. Pize upon it, and now by the twin-gods I
vow,
he has perch'd on the roof like a sparrow.
Quick the net hither bring—he'll be soon taking
wing—
shuh! shuh! foolish bird, must I stone 'ee!
Bdel. Now, Jove help me, to guard this one
man is as hard
as to keep a firm hold on Scione!*

* Scione was a city of Thrace, placed under Athenian protection. In the course of the Peloponnesian war the inhabitants revolted to Brasidas, the Spartan general, under circumstances which peculiarly irritated the Athenians. (*Thuc.* l. iv. c. 122.) They accordingly surrounded it with lines, and after besieging it for two entire years, at last stormed it. The decree proposed by the infamous Cleon not long before his death was then put

Sos. The bird's cag'd, all is done—flight and egress there's none—
I defy open stormers or creepers;
Be it merely a mote, good my lord, now let's float just a moment's soft sleep on our peepers.
Bdel. Sleep indeed, idle drone! not a wink must be known:
all his comrades (a few minutes summing)
In a band will be here— *Sos.* Nay of that there's no fear,
the morning's too fresh for their coming.
Bdel. True enough, the day's young; then their sleep they prolong:
What may mean so unwonted a slumber?
Scarce has night with black mask got half through with her task,
ere their forces they muster and number.
Like a warisome band, they bear links in their hand;
and from Phrynicus,* primest old fellow,
They drawl out in a tone, 'twixt a chaunt and a moan,
some ditty right sav'ry and mellow.
Thus my father they call— *Sos.* And suppose we let fall
a stone-shower—what dost think, sir?—they'll breast it!

into execution against the unfortunate Scionæans: every male arrived at manhood was put to death, the women and the children were reduced to slavery, and the town and lands given to the Platæans—.(*Thuc.* l. v. c. 32.)

* The poet throws much of this description into one of those enormous compound words which occasionally meets us in his *farces*, and which, as a witty writer intimates, ought not to be *spoken but on long* summer days.

Bdel. Have a care what you do; they're a sharp angry crew,
quick as wasps' nest, when urchins molest it.
And like wasps they've their stings—from their haunches there springs
a goad, sharpen'd to all admiration—
And their weapons once out, they come on with a shout,
with clamour and vociferation;
And they bounce and they bark, at once smoke, steam and spark—
Sos. Away with hard thoughts and soft mind, sir,
Give me stone, flint and pebble, and their numbers, though treble,
shall fly like the chaff from the wind, sir.

SCENE III.*

CHORUS, *Boy with a link.*

(*The Choregus addresses his troops.*)

CHOR. Cheerily, cheerily, Comias friend; say whence this hesitation?
Thou wert wont not to show delay and dull procrastination:

* The Chorus of this play consists of the fellow-dicasts of Philocleon, fantastically dressed as Wasps, a figurative mode of describing their sharp, irritable tempers. What Mr. W. Rose observes of *the humour of the Venetians* may in some degree be *applied to Aristophanes. He delights in bringing practical jokes to bear intellectually.*

But stiff and strong as leathern thong, at ma
step thou'dst tug hard,
While now with ease Charinades might p
as a sluggard.
Say, Strymodorus, best of men, a jury's prid
glory,
Are all our crew in sight and view—Euer
the hoary,
And Chabes, hard, of Phlya's ward the orn
and story?
They're near—they're here—remains most
(so few the more's the pity)—
Of all that corps in days of yore who pre
zantium's* city.
There you and I kept watch and ward—tri
rades—ne'er asunder—
Our prime delight to prowl at night† f
prize and plunder—
Did we lay hand on vase or pan, on baker'
platter,
We chopp'd and drest a frugal feast—wi
or some such matter.
Then hasted—despatch, sweet comrades mi
day sees Laches'‡ trial;

* The admirable position of Byzantium, commandi
the entrance into the Euxine, on the waters of which
nians depended for their fish, and on the shores of whi
lied for their corn, made the possession of this town a
extreme importance to them.

† These nocturnal rambles and depredations seem to
very common with the young Athenians, as they are
once alluded to in the plays of Aristophanes.

‡ Laches appears to have been an active and jud
cer. For an account of his expedition to Sicily, see T
l. iii. and iv.

The man hath thrived and cash hath hiv'd past
counting or denial.
Cleon our prop and stay did lay upon us strict in-
junctiòn,
That morn should see our troop equipt for high
judicial function.
And charges grave he further gave, that we bore
front ferocious—
A three days stock of wrath* lay'd in—to meet
these crimes atrocious.
Onward then, friends, whose age with mine an
equal course is making,
'Tis fit we wend to our journey's end, ere yet the
day be breaking.
Nor as we go forget to throw the lamp's† bright
blaze around us;
A covert foe may work us woe, or ambush'd troop
surround us.

Boy. (*holding up the lantern*) Father, father, have
a care, for I spy mud.

CHOR. Then take a straw (there's store upon the
ground)
And trim the lamp.

Boy. Nay, for that matter, father,
My finger here can serve the purpose.

* An allusion to the three days stock of provision, which all Athenian soldiers were obliged to lay in before they went upon an expedition.

† The habits of Athenian life seem to have furnished considerable employment to the link-bearer. Athenæus, in the 15th book of his amusing Miscellany, enters with his usual minuteness into the subject, and explains at length the different kinds of torches and lamps in use among the ancients. To the Athenian dicasts, whose *professional duties made them very early risers*, "*avaleurs de frimas*"—*fog-gulphers*, as Rabelais would call them—a lamp *and a link were necessary appendages.*

CHOR. Dolt! (*striking him*)
Your finger to the wick? and oil, alas!
So little plenteous! but you care not, you,
Whate'er the price.
Boy. Nay, if your fist enforce
The precept, I drop light and lantern both,
And hie me home; that's flat. 'Twill ill content ye
To wander here without a torch, all darkling,
And floundering in the dirt like hazle-hens.*
CHOR. Tush! I trim greater men than you, believe me.
The lad says true; this must be mud I tread in.
Four days at most and we shall have some rain;
The link's thick snuff betokens it; rain ever
Comes down in showers when the wick thus thickens.
Well, well, be't so: the later fruits have need
Of water and a †northern blast to forward them.
But what, in wonder's name, I ask, hath fortun'd
Our fellow dicast, tenant of this house,
That he joins not our troop and company?
He was not wont to need being ta'en in tow,
But led the way, chaunting a strain (to the' heart
He loves a song) from tuneful Phrynichus.

* For a curious account of these birds, see *Athenæus*, l. ix. p. 387.

† The ancients are said to have considered the northern wind as favourable to the growth of some species of trees.

‡ There were three dramatic authors of this name; but the one here alluded to is the tragic writer, who flourished not long after Thespis. He was the Dibdin of his day; and his songs, particularly those in his "Sidonian or Phœnician Women," were exceedingly admired. The old bard appears to have possessed *great facility* of composition, since Aristotle has admitted it as a *question among his* Problems, "Why did Phrynichus compose *more songs* than the writers of the present day?"

'hat if we troll'd a stave to' entice him out?
:t him once hear my voice, and trust me, fellows,
e'll not be long a prisoner to his house.
(*A song is here introduced.*)
'hat may this mean! he answers not, nor shows
is face before the door. Sure the old gentleman
ıth miss'd his shoes; (*pauses*) or haply in the dark
ıth struck his foot and raised a tumour on it. (*pauses*)
:av'n send all's safe about the kidneys!—Well-a-day!
: was a man sharp, sour, severe—none more so:
) moving him with idle talk. Deaf ears
: turn'd to all. Did any beg and form
ıeir supplicating tones? he bent his head,
ıd "Friends," says he, "stone walls were never melted."
ague on it! now I know his malady.
ın fellow that escap'd us yesterday,
.eating our cozen'd ears—(*mimics*) "forsooth he lov'd
ıe' Athenians;—forsooth 'twas he who first
.ve notice of those deeds at Samos"*—doubtless

* The Athenians, assisting the Milesians in their war with Sa-
ɔs, made themselves masters of that island. The Samians after-
ırds revolted to the Persians Under Timocles, as Palmer con-
ıds, and not under Pericles, the Athenians again brought the
and under subjection. One Carystion, who had given infor-
ıtion to the Athenians of the revolutionary proceedings which
ıre in agitation at Samos, was held in high respect for convey-
g the intelligence. Nothing therefore was more likely to be
ged with success by any criminal than some such plea as that
entioned *in the text. Philocleon*, however, is represented as
keen a follower of his trade to feel at ease when any kind of
diverted the course of the law.

'Tis this hath anger'd him; nay, chance hath brought
A dangerous fever on him: well I know
His temper's edge and humour.

(*Sings.*)

But arouse thee, nor pine,
Fellow comrade of mine—
Ever yet has the spleen
A rank suicide been;
Better days will come o'er us,
For a fellow's before us,
To whom we can trace
All those doings in Thrace.*
And his purse it is full,
And 'twill bear a stout pull:
Then boldly let's face him,
Displace him, disgrace him;
Or clap him, why not?
Art and part in the pot.†

On, boy—forward.

Boy. Father, I have a prayer
To make: wilt grant it, father?

CHOR. Doubtless, chick:
But what would'st have? some counters, boy?

Boy. No, father:
Some figs: O they be dainty sweet, your figs.‡

* Gray thinks that this passage refers to the great historian Thucydides, then *strategus* in Thrace, and condemned to banishment for treachery or neglect in the loss of Amphipolis.

† See Suidas in voce συχυτρυζω.

‡ Greece was truly the land of those productions which so *much captivate* a northern imagination, the grape, the olive and

A rope, a rope, boy, for your collar: figs
I buy them not, believe me.
sulkily.) Look ye
guide then, I decline the task.
Go to, go to: a scurvy pay must furnish
and two beside) bread, wood and fish;
, forsooth, ask figs!
Father, put case
t is held to-day: have you wherewith
hase us a supper, say, or sing we
ditty
r the water and over the sea,*
figs they grow sweet, but they grow not
for me?
A murrain on thee, boy, thou'st hit the
ark.

†Why now, mother mine,
What a deed was that of thine,
To breed a son to pine and whine?
What could win thee?
Why now, purse of mine,
What a scurvy trick is thine,
Thus to glitter and to shine,
Yet have nothing in thee!

he Deipnosophist in Athenæus, to whose office it falls
e the various species of figs, absolutely riots in his sub-
Athenæus invents a word for the narrator, which shows
he entered into the Deipnosophist's feelings. The
in the text may well be excused for his taste, as an im-
et afterwards sprang up, one whose maxim was that
ness of life consisted in figs, honey, and philosophy.—
m, v. vii. p. 75.

stitute is here given for a quotation from Pindar, para-
y describing the Hellespont.
l from Euripides.

Boy. Heigh ho! nonny ho!
Nought remains for us, I trow,
But to sing for ever mo:
Both. Heigh ho! nonny ho!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, CHORUS.

Phil. sings rom within) I'm all thaw and dissolution.
Ah well-a-day!
For I hear that sweet conclusion,
As well I may!
Through these bars it comes full strong;

he appears at he window) Friends, I'd answer you in song,
But no note's upon my tongue;
Ah well-a-day!

Fain the ballots I'd be trying,
Ah well-a-day!
For a little mischief sighing,
As well I may!
But these gaolers they have done me,
Gyves and manacles have won me,
And the hand of power is on me,
Ah well-a-day! (*a pause, then vehemently*)

O for a thunder-ball,
Jove, thou great lord of all!
Hissing and fizzing,
And whizzing now, let it fall;

Blasting and burning me,
Into smoke turning me,
Thus away done with
I shall be one with—
—Big bouncing Æschines,—
—Or Proxeniades—
Those sons of vanity
Smoke and inanity,
Who go off in a crack,
Like wild grapes, when they smack.
Oh! of these wishes two
Jove, one or other do.
With potent action
(This first I stickle for)
Bake me and make me
A cinefaction:
Then with a blast and blow
Heigh presto! let me go,
(Its sharpest part I trow)
Into a pickle jar.
(*sinks his voice*) Or, what were better far,
Turn me that stone into,
On which the robe and bar
Suffrage and sea shell throw.

CHOR. (*after a long pause*) Expound, discuss
holds thee thus, a thrall to hall and cha
Speak without fear, for none haunt here bu
and dear well-wishers.
Phil. 'Tis my own son the deed has dor
friends observe more keeping
In tone and speech, for oh! the wretch ab
heads is sleeping.

CHOR. His cause, his plea, deliver me: what wills
he, what inhibits?
Phil. His sire's high charge to judge at large the
worthless knave prohibits,
To make resort to bar and court, to do a little
mischief:
In place and stead he'd have me fed with sump-
tuous feast and blameless;—
But far from me, sweet comrades, be atrocity so
shameless.
CHOR. The worthless knave! and dare he brave
the town, such speeches slipping?
And all forsooth because the truth you spoke about
the shipping!
Phil. Nay, nay, believe we're on the eve of some
great *revolution;
There's a pack'd crew or he'd not show such face
of resolution.
CHOR. Time it is then you splice crafty trick and
device,
plot and scheme of some novel complexion,
Which may help and befriend to escape and de-
scend
without hazard or chance of detection.
Phil. What's to do or pursue rest the counsel
with you,
the advice shall not meet a denial;—
For like woman that's breeding, my fancy is
feeding
on a suit and a cause and a trial.

* The poet is here *beginning* to play with a well-known *feature in the character of his* countrymen, of which more no*tice will be taken hereafter.*

CHOR. Pause, ponder, and think, is there hole creek or chink
where a pick-axe may hope perforation?
Then in beggar's disguise, like Ulysses the wise
you might work out your own liberation.
Phil. All is clos'd and compact—a mere ant in such act
might find himself straiten'd, believe me;
Other plan thou must seek;—as for cranny or creek,
if there's any such here I deceive me.
CHOR. Has it 'scap'd you quite whole, how the spits you once stole,
then escap'd down the ramparts descending:
The time, if you tax us, was when stubborn* Naxos
to the fate of our armies was bending.
Phil. Former feats why thus tell? I remember them well,
but the points do not tally, you noddy;
Neither sick then nor ailing, I had talents for stealing,
and was lord of my own limbs and body.
The feat fairly done, I could race it and run;
watch or guard there was none to prevent me;
Now arm'd cap-a-pee, in complete panoply,
whole regiments you see circumvent me.
As from beacon or tower the whole country they scour,
pass and path they devour with their eyes, [see;

* *Naxos is famous in classical history as the place where Theseus, on his return from Crete, forsook the beautiful Ariadne. A very minute account of the ancient and modern condition of this island is to be found in Tournefort.*

At the post and the gate, spit in hand, two await
as a flesh-stealing cat to surprise me.

CHOR. Yet plot and try some measure sly, some scheme to work thy freedom,
And be not slow, sweet friend, for lo the morning light is breaking.

Phil. What trick or scheme may more beseem than this same net to gnaw through;
Dictynna's* rough, yet not enough but she the deed may pardon.

CHOR. No scheme so fit to show thy wit and open path to safety.
About it straight—devour in state and ply thy teeth with vigour.

Phil. The feat is done—the race is won—but, friends, forbear all clamour;
A burst of joy may wake my boy and bring him straight upon us.

CHORUS.

Throw fear to the wind—
Let him utter his mind,
(Be it at his last pinch)
But the fifth of an inch,
And for pain and for smart
He shall eat his own heart,
I'll hold him such strife,
He shall race for his life,
And repentant shall feel,
What it is with proud heel

* *Dictys, in Greek, signifies a net,* and *Dictynna* is a name of *Diana; the punning propensities* of the poet are too well known *to need any further explanation.*

To spurn high relations,
Laws and deep promulgations,
Enactments, decrees,
Limitations and pleas—
Heard, pass'd, and decided—
As in that case provided.*
From the window now drop little cable or rope,
then descend with all fit expedition;
In spirit and soul buckling first to you whole
Diopeithes† the mad rhetorician.

Phil. But suppose my design these curst gaolers divine,
and drop angle and line for prevention—
If a captive I'm made to the house, say what aid
I may hope against future detention?

CHOR. The souls of holm-oak, fir and pine we'll invoke;
utmost aid, never fear, shall be lent you;
Their intendment we'll stay, happen after what may:
do I speak to the point and content you?

Phil. I confide—I obey—(*pauses*)—but if aught in the way
my glorious endeavour should mar, sirs;
My corpse (*sighs*) mind to bear with a sigh and a tear, (*weeps*)
and bury it (*sobs*) near to the bar, sirs.

* A modern turn of expression has been given in this passage. In the original, the humour consists in putting Bdelycleon's wish to restrain his father from the law-courts, on a level with an offence against the promulgations of the "goddesses," as Ceres and Proserpine were emphatically called.

† *Diopeithes has been mentioned in the Comedy of the Knights. He will occur again in the Birds.*

CHOR. Throw all fear, friend, behind, boldly brace up your mind,
then descend by the rope, smoothly sliding;
But before you essay, 'twere as well first to pray to the gods o'er your country presiding.
Phil. (*prays*) Lycus,* hero and lord, who art won and ador'd
with the joys on a dicast attendant,
With the sighs and the tears, apprehensions and fears
of traverser and of defendant,
(For this thy lov'd trade, sworn abode thou hast made,
where a laugh or a smile never rises,
Of our guardians heroic, the firm steady stoic,
whom no feeling of pity surprises.)
Protection, salvation and commiseration
let thy servant and neighbour be winning;
So whate'er my distress, or how nature may press
'gainst thy †precincts I'll never be sinning.
(*descends.*)

* This is highly characteristical. Instead of the Dii Patrii, Philocleon addresses himself to Lycus, one of those persons whom the Athenians worshipped under the title of heroes. Of this Lycus there was a statue in all the courts of justice, with a wolf's face, round which the dicasts used to range themselves, and receive the applications of such persons as wished to purchase their favour. This practice became so notorious, under the title of Λυκοι δικαστ, that a special law was enacted against it: but, as Aristotle observed, (in *Diogene Laert.* v. i. p. 278.) the Athenians laid claim to the discovery of two very dissimilar articles, wheat and laws; but while they made use of the former, of the latter they made none.

† From the text it *appears, that* this consideration was not always *observed by the dicasts* towards the precincts of their great *patron.*

SCENE II.

BDELYCLEON, CHORUS, XANTHIAS, SOSIAS.

Bdel. Hoa there! slaves to my call—
Sos. We awake one and all—
Bdel. Sounds and voices are round me—sounds human—
Sos. No egress, I hope, finds your sire—
Bdel. (*looking out*) But a rope
he has found him, as I am a true man!
And appendage thereto, limb and body I view,
'twixt the earth and the heavens depending—
Sos. (*looking out*) O thou devil's own sent! but I'm here to prevent
with a cudgel all further descending.
Bdel. With branch and with bough up alof instant go,
at yon window take post, dost discern, lad?
With whip and with scourge his course retrograde urge,
and drive the ship back to her stern, lad.
Phil. (*as he drops upon the stage, Sosias violently drives him in*) O all that make suit this and next year to boot,
exert now your utmost endeavour—
Smycythion, befriend—helping hand, Chremon lend—
Pheredeipnus, bring aid now or never.

CHOREGUS.

Why delay we, why stay we? Where slumbers thus slack
The wrath and the rage, atrabilious and black, when our hive rises up in its pride?
Compassion, avaunt—let the death-dealing blade,
The sting at which guilt stands appall'd and dismay'd,
In its terrors and majesty whole be display'd;
(*here the* CHORUS *show their stings.*)
To thy teeth, scurvy knave, be defied.
And lads, (*speaks to the attending boys*) doff your robes, and incontinent speed
With your tongues thunder-tipt and tell Cleon our need;
Brief and speedy mind be your narration;—
We've a traitor, town-hater, a mischief-creator,
A cut-purse of causes, of suits an abator,
Who'd shut up the courts and leave Athens to sate her
The year through with a twelvemonth's vacation.

Bdel. (*to the* CHOR.) With bow'd humbleness I beg you—ope your ears and spare your speech.

CHOR. Hold and stay, let go, or know, sir—heav'n itself our tongue shall reach.

Bdel. Base companions—scurvy dicasts—traitors to our town so free,
I'm not he, sirs, but can see, sirs, where there's open tyranny.

CHOR. (*affecting horror*) To town, city and weal,
From his speech I appeal;

To Theorus's pride,
And whoever beside
By the arts of soft speech
Hath the power to reach
And hold in our nation
High and exalted station.

Xant. Master, master, see their tails, sir, are of pointed sting possest,

Bdel. Gorgias' son, when on his trial felt them at his back and breast.

CHOR. Stings which thy proud self shall feel too;—but companions mine, this way—
Cover flanks and close your ranks—point your arms and make essay.
Onward to the glorious combat—arm'd in fury, dipt in rage,
Soon shall know this haughty foe, what it is with Wasps to' engage.

Xant. Ill with me suits such a combat—Jove, thou seest my knee-pans fail;
And a creeping fear comes o'er me—as I view their pointed tail.

CHOR. Thy hold then let go,
Or anon thou shalt know,
Prickt and wounded to high admiration.
That of all things below
To the tortoise men owe
Respect most and congratulation.

Phil. To it, lusty fellow-benchers—testy wasps, your weapons ply:
Assault, assail both head and tail, cheek and forehead, nose and eye.

Bdel. (*calling to his slaves*) Phryx—Masyntias—
to the rescue—Midas, keep firm grasp and
hold;
If he 'scape you, bond and fetter shall your feet
and ankles hold.
Lymph nor wine your lips shall moisten, meal nor
flesh your fast shall break;—
For their clamours—tush—despise them;—have
we not heard fig-leaves crack?
Phil. (*prays*) *Cecrops, hero, lord and master,
(what if thy dimensions end
Footward in a wily serpent?) now stand forth a
discast's friend.
Must a barbarous band beset me—rascals from
whose eyes before
I have fore'd salt †tears to trickle—measuring
twenty to the score!
Chor. Harsh and grievous are the evils, which
for hoary age are stor'd!
See yon graceless pair and mark them—how they
force their ancient lord!
Mindless how his former bounty bought them frock
and coat complete,
Cased their heads in hats and shelter'd from the
winter's cold their feet;—

* The ancient king of Athens.

† It is only necessary to cast the eyes over the following instruments, used by the ancients for the castigation of their slaves, to feel assured that the tears of these unhappy beings must have flowed pretty often.

stimuli, laminæ, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervi, catenæ, carceres, numellæ, pedicæ, boiæ,
Tortoresque acerrimi, gnarique nostri targi.

When the wind was loud and churlish, when thick clouds obscur'd the skies—
Yet no sense of former shoeings I discern now in their eyes.

Phil. (*to a slave who holds him.*) Wilt thou not thy grasp forego then?—rude companion,—scurvy brute,—
O bethink thee, how I caught thee from the vineyard stealing fruit!
To the olive-tree I brought thee—there with scourge of leather tough
Thou wert beaten until envy might have said, he has enough.
Is all gratitude extinguish'd?—but I make a last appeal
To one—to both—my son I'm loath from the house upon me steal.

CHOR. Vengeance yet this deed may visit, vengeance arm'd with scourge and thong,
And this pair be school'd what natures unto men like us belong;
Men of fiery mood and temper—burning in their pride of place,
Bent on justice and still bearing sharp nasturtium in the face.

Bdel. Ply your cudgel, lusty Xanthias—brush and beat this swarm away.

Xant. I'll content you; but meantime, sir, bear your portion in the fray.
Raise combustion, smoke and smother—fire and smoke the crew may scare—

Sos. Will ye not be gone, accurst ones—(*to Xant.*) fellow mine, the staff you spare.

f. On the pile set Æschines, lad; smoke them with Sclartius' son.

(*The Chorus are beaten off.*)

ie crew retire confounded—Victory! the battle's won.

. Thank their nurture—'twas a task, lads, had not thus been won with ease,—
e rogues been fed and fostered on the songs of *Philocles.

1. (*After a long pause of indignation.*)

A mere pauper's eye
Now may see and descry,
That against my consent
Knowledge, wish, or intent,
A tyranny great
Hath crept into the state.
Who may gainsay this speech,
That beholds a mere wretch
Like this, with his hair
Curling† tier above tier,
With his gauds and his gaws
Do despite to the laws,
Which our city and town
For their rule have laid down?
And this too not tipping
His tongue, while thus tripping,
With points of sage reason
To cover his treason,

may conclude that these songs were tough morsels.
: extreme attention which the Athenians bestowed upon
ngement of their own hair, led them also to be very
ar with the manes, *tails, &c.* of their horses. See some
directions of Xenophon to grooms.—De Re Equestri.

His hearers nor turning
With wit or deep learning,
To prove it were best
In a state thus deprest
Himself to invest
With unlimited power.

Bdel. (*to Chor.*) What, my friends, if we quit
This tongue-skirmish of wit?
And talk matters over
Like persons in clover,
In peace and in quiet
Without any riot:
Then end with a buss;
At a word, is it thus?

CHORUS (*with marks of extreme abhorrence.*)
'Tis a thing out of season:
I forsooth talk and reason
With a man who wants zeal
For the popular weal!
Who beside other things
Has a hank'ring for kings,—
Has with *Brasidas flirted,—
Wears his robe† woollen-skirted,—
And, to crown all his sin,
Who advances a chin,

* Brasidas is justly reckoned among the most eminent men, whom Greece ever produced. At the time the Wasps was performed, the name of Brasidas excited no very pleasant feelings among the Athenians; for their interests in Thrace had suffered equally from his promptitude, his valour, and his eloquence.

† The traits in costume and person here mentioned were offensive as exhibiting an imitation of Spartan fashions and manners. It appears, both from Isocrates and Aristophanes, that there was generally a party in Athens, who had the Laco-mania, as it was termed, upon them.

Where, as plain may be seen,
Never razor hath been! -

l. (*partly to himself*)
'Twere better by far
To give up the war,
And this father of mine
Out of hand to resign,
Than to risk a day's ease
With such scoundrels as these.

on. Things are not come to that; we've not
yet reach'd
parsley bed—to quote a sorry proverb—
till the orator detail your crimes,
summon up the partners in your guilt;
, look ye, will the hour of howling come.

el. Ha' you done? ha' you now had your
pleasure of me?
ye be gone?—will ye depart?—if not,
nce the word, and we will give the day
e—suffering or doing—to the cudgel.

on. Never, while aught of me is left, believe,
I give o'er. What! you affect a tyranny,
I stand idle! no, no, no.

el. A tyranny!
o it is: no matter what the' offence,—
great or small,—the cry is "tyranny!"—
ispiracy!"—the word had near grown obsolete:
fifty years and we have miss'd the sound of 't,
now it stinks within the very nostrils:
fish is scant to 't—'tis bandied every where.
very markets fling it in our face:
one prefer a *sea-bream there to loaches?

*e sea-bream was a fish not commonly met with in Athens;
h was supplied very plentifully.*

Straight cries the vender, whose adjoining stall
Holds loaches only: "Slight! my mind misgi
me:
Surely this man is catering"—for what?
A *tyranny* forsooth!—Has any bought him
Anchovies, and needs leek to dress them with,
(And your green leek is pickle for a King,
A very royal food, I grant ye, sirs,)
The herb-woman with eyes askew regards him
"And what!" says she, "you want a leek! frie
do ye?
Marry come up! you are not for a *tyranny*,
I hope!—What! Athens brings her condiment:
Tribute, belike, for you!"

Xant. The other day . . . . .

Bdel. (*interrupting*) True, true, good kna
they love to tickle them
With words like these: 'tis music to their ears
Instance myself—I wish'd not that my sire
Should be a *home-forsaker, morning-trudger-
A suit and cause-distracted man—but live
A gay and splendid life, like Morychus,—
What follows?—tut! "This man's in a conspir
Affects a † tyranny!" all cry.

Phil. And justly:
The milk of birds, I tell you, tastes less sweet

* This description of the old diecast the original text c
prises in one of those polysyllabic words, which

"the long livers
In the world's young and undegenerate days
Alone had leisure for."

† For atrocities committed in Greece under the vague pre
that schemes were on foot for overturning the popular gov
ment, see, among other instances, Mitford's History of G
v. iv. 62. v. 111. vi. 383.

Than that same life your cares would rob me of:
Talk not to me of thornbacks—tell me not
Of eels,—there's nought so grateful to my palate
As a small suit—dish'd and serv'd up—d'ye see—
With proper sauce and garnish to't.

Bdel. A false taste,
And nurtur'd on mere habit—lend your ear,
And a small waste of breath will show—(first setting
Some share of sense and wisdom to my auditor)
That you're deceiv'd in this, and that the taste
Has thrown a cloud of error on your reason.

Phil. How? What? deceiv'd! and when I'm on the bench!

Bdel. Nay more, that you're a jest—a laughing-stock
To those whom you think pow'rs divine—a slave
Who wants the sense to know that he is one.

Phil. What! I, boy! to whom the world pays deference!
A slave! peace; you talk idly.

Bdel. I repeat it:
A slave, and one that in the veriest servitude
Still thinks he plays the lord and despot. You have
(And with all filial deference I state it)
The revenue of Greece: a noble harvest!
We'll be your scholars, sir, and learn: comes thence
To you observance?

Phil. Much and deep: be these the arbiters. (*pointing to Chorus.*)

Bdel. Nay, I subscribe thereto—(*to his servants*) give him *his liberty,*

And bring me out a sword: (*sword is brought*)
outargue not
His speech, this trusty blade and I will be
Much nearer neighbours soon: but what, f
father,
If you abide not their award? what follows?
Phil. Be this my punishment: whene'er I
A bumper to Good Fortune, may my eyes
Ne'er find—three obols at the goblet's botton
CHOR. (*to Phil.*) Fellow pupil on whom the schools
Bestowed education:
For once pray step over the rules
Of a common oration;
Urge something that's not in the strain
Of vulgar opinion;
And stretch thee beyond the weak vein
Of this youthful minion.
High matters and topics of state
Before thee are pending;
Remember our substance and weight
Thy tongue is defending.
If this youth prosper in his intent,
To the ground all is falling;
But the gods in their mercy prevent
An issue so new and so galling!
Bdel. (*to his servants*) Quick one of you, a
—my style and tablets,
I'll note for memory's sake—item by item—
Whatever he advances—
CHOR. (*to Phil.*) Look ye now: this
More prudence than we placed unto his mar
There's wisdom in't.
Phil. (*to the* CHORUS) What if he master

CHOR. Grey hairs will then become a stale, a jest.
We shall e'en prove the mock of all the streets.
Who bear the *sprigs, will be as men of dignity
Compar'd with us;—we shall be term'd the shell,
The rind, the husk of a defendant's oath—
Thou then, on whose tongue,
All our cause we have hung,
Our throne, domination,
Pride and high acceptation,
Give thy speech fullest play,
Sift, examine, and weigh:
So without more delay,
One—two—three; and away!

* The poet alludes to the sprigs of olive carried in the festival of Panathenea. An Athenian law provided that this should be the task of the old men most distinguished for personal appearance.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON, CHORUS.

Phil. At your word off I go, and at starting I'll show,
convincing the stiffest opinion;
That regalia and throne, sceptre, kingdom and crown,
are but dirt to judicial dominion.
First in pleasure and glee, who abound more than we;
who with luxury nearer are wedded?
Then for panic and frights, the world through none excites,
what your dicast does, e'en tho' gray-headed.
Soon as ever I creep from my bed and break sleep,
through the courts runs a warring sensation;
There the mighty—the sly—men of four cubits high,
wait my coming in hot trepidation.
First a hand, soft as wool—t'other day, it was full
from the public exchequer and treasure,
Fast upon me is laid; and my knees captive made,
supplications pour in without measure.
"Father,—neighbour and friend—help and mercy extend,
*may*hap when in office and station,

Or when serving the mess, you took care to express
in private a small compensation."
Knave and hangdog! my care from a swing in the air
sav'd his heels on a former occasion,
Or the rogue, and be curst! had not known
Bdel. (*writing on his tablets*) Item first:
suit . . . *petition* . . . and *warm supplication.*
Phil. Loaded large thus with prayer, in the court I take chair,
from my brow wrath and choler clean clearing;
As for promises made out of doors of my aid,
with the four winds of heav'n they're veering.
There a thousand tones drop, all attun'd to one stop,
mercy—pardon—release—liberation;
Of the whole race of men, like a dicast who then
receives compliment, court, adoration?
His pawns and his pledges one defendant alleges;
and his griefs and his ills while detailing,
The items are thrown with such skill, that my own
in the balance to nothing are failing.
With mythical tales this my fancy regales,
t'other dips into Æsop and fable;
While a third slily throws out his quips and bonsmots
my passion and *wrath to disable.

* So much were the Athenian dicasts guided by the influence of these feelings, that Lysias gives us to understand, when several persons were put upon their trial for the same offence, only the last tried had the chance of a fair hearing. By that time,

Turn I still a deaf ear? better suitors are near :—
led by hand and in court quick appearing,
The accus'd to his aid calls his imps,—boy and maid ;—
I bend gracious and deign them a hearing.
With bent heads . . . . in tones sweet . . . . pretty lambkins! they bleat:
the father, submissively falling,
Does me suit as a **God*, for he knows, at my nod,
his accounts pass without overhauling.
(*mimics*) "If the tones of a lamb sooth your ear, sure I am,
that this boy's, my lord, will not prove hateful;
If beauty more warms,—sir, this girl hath her charms, and sure she would not be ungrateful."
Downward straight goes my ire, like the tones of a lyre,
when the pins and the pegs are unscrewing :—
(*turning to his son*) Speak, explain, what dost say; call you this rule and sway,
when the rich to your scoffs are thus suing?
Bdel. For our tablets more food—(*writes*) *is uncivil and rude,*
at the wealthy makes scoff and derision;
But all Greece to your sway bows submissive you say;
what profits gains this supervision?

says the orator, the judicial choler is abated, and the culprit allowed to produce proofs of his innocence. *Actio cum fisco pro Bonis Aristophanis. Edit. Reiskii*, vol. v. p. 616.

* This will perhaps pass with the reader for an extravagance: *but expressions* nearly as strong might be produced from the *works of* Xenophon, Isocrates, and other grave writers, all tend*ing to show* the extreme deference and submission paid to the *dicasteria.*

Phil. Great and many are wen: and imprimis, for one
mes some *actor divine, the first man in his line,
'fore our presence?—acquittal's denied him:—
l we've made him rehearse, and in smooth flowing verse,
such parts as have most prov'd and tried him.
r the play-house first flute gains a cause and a suit;—
a melody sweet and befitting
: exact for his fee, in his †muzzle which he
blows deftly as court we are quitting.
ne father is gone,—dead,—defunct—well anon;
leaves a girl, good;—an heiress, much better;—
e *old put* would confer a bed-fellow on her,
and his will leaves him drawn to the letter.
·ds of locks, seals and keys, straight the parchments we seize,
while a cocidil neatly appended
:ats the ‡wary and wise; and the girl's made a prize
to some youngster, who's better befriended.

The person complimented in the text is Oesgrus, a famous
gic actor, and the play selected for the trial of his powers is
Niobe of Sophocles or Æschylus.

The poet, from that feeling of contempt which the comic
ters affected towards the flute-players, employs the most de-
ding word he can select for that mouth-piece which the
ient musicians used with their wind-instruments. See a
ned article on the subject in the German Attic Museum.

1. *Bandes.* 2. *Heft. Ausfuhrung XIV.* A performer using
mouth-piece, (which was generally made of costly materials,)
be seen in Baxter's Costumes of the Greeks.

Isæus, *the great property-lawyer* of the Athenians, assures
hat this was a trick in very common practice at Athens.
ἢ συμβαίνοντος ἐστι καὶ γραμματίου ἀλλαγῆναι, καὶ
τὰς τοῦ τεθνεῶτος διαθήκας μεταγραφῆναι.

And the deed boldly done, further mark me, there's none
dare report or *inquiry request on't;
While another thus doing, there'd be forthwith ensuing
Board, Commission, Report, and the rest on't.
Bdel. All the rest is quite right—done as gentlemen might—
and I offer my best gratulation:
But to cancel a deed—where an heiress . . . . take heed,
'tis a dangerous and base speculation.
Phil. Crowded house, warm debate, mark some pris'ner of state:—
doubts ensue,—hesitation,—adjournment:
To prevent further stir† Lords and Commons refer
the case to judicial discernment.
Then some ‡pleader stands forth, and that §scoundrel, whose worth

De Nicostrati Hæreditate. Edit. Reisk. v. vii. p. 75. More prudent people seem to have guarded against this nefarious practice, by leaving several copies of their will. *Diog. Laert. in vitâ Theophrasti*, v. i. p. 398.

* The dicasts were the only persons not subjected to the Euthynē; hence their sovereign power.

† Besides other duties of government, the Senate and the Ecclesia, (i. e the General Assembly of the people,) sometimes acted as Courts of Justice. They seldom, however, assessed the punishment; the matter, after having been discussed before them, was sent to another tribunal for a definitive sentence. *Anach.* t. ii. p. 322. *Demosthenes contra Eubulidem* v. ii. p. 1316.

‡ The person specified in the text is Evathlus.

§ *Cleonymus.*

show his synonyms, "fawner"—"shield-dropper"—
nd their note is the same, "While *I* live," both exclaim,
"the Commons have no interloper."
ut the votes most he wins there, his speech who begins,
"Sirs, I move with profoundest submission,
fter one single turn, that the courts all adjourn,
nor labour a second decision."
ven he whose voice stills thunder, hammers and mills,
Cleon, dares not devour, jeer nor scoff us,
ut with *fly-flap in hand, taking humbly his stand,
beats and brushes the vermin clean off us.
your father might sue, graceless youngster, to you—
in the warmth of paternal emotion;
et your duty I stake ne'er the impress would take
of so earnest and warm a devotion.
ay Theorus beside, (and his pride's lowest tide
would dispute with Euphemius precedence,)

* Those who have travelled in southern climates, and particularly in Greece, will feel the value of this office. "The annoyance that we endured from innumerable myriads of flies," says Mr. Hughes when describing the Isthmus of Corinth, "was some drawback from the pleasure of contemplating these beauties. The bellies of our horses were actually covered with a dense black mass of those insects, so that I no longer wondered at the ancient Pagans, for invoking their supreme Jupiter under the title of 'the fly-killer;' a 'giant killer' would not have been half so useful." *V. i. p. 243.*

Sponge in hand blacks my shoes—you may doubt
an you choose,
'tis a fact indeed almost past credence.
Bdel. Talk and spare not for speech—end at last
you will reach:
and the proverb hold good, I opine, sir,
In spite of ablution, scent and perfume, pollution
show'd still that the sow was a swine, sir.
Phil. But the best of my lot I had nearly for-
got—
the court left and well loaded with honey,
Scarce in sight of my home, all the house, troop-
ing, come,
and embrace me, such coz'nage hath money!
Next my girl, sprightly nymph! brings her napkin
and lymph—
feet and ankles are quick in ablution;
Soft'ning oils o'er them spread, she stoops down
her head,
and drops kisses in utmost profusion.
"I'm her sweetest papa!—I'm the pride of the
bar!"—
her lips in mean time neatly playing,
As with rod and with line, the wench angles so
fine,
my day's pay is unconsciously *straying.
Seats her then by my side, Mrs. Dicast my
pride,—
feeling soul, she knows well what my calling,

* The young wheedler's mode of filching her father's obola, (not very delicate, it must be confessed,) arose out of a practice, common among the lower Athenians, of carrying their money in their mouths.

And my labours to greet, brings refreshments most sweet,
while speeches still sweeter are falling.
"Deign this pottage to sip,—pass this cake o'er your lip,—
here's a soft and a soothing emulsion,
You cannot but choose eat this pulse, nay, I'll use to my heart's dearest treasure compulsion."
Then I sip and I swill and I riot at will,
nor cast eye of discreet observation,
How your eye or your man's watches, guages and spans
what my appetite's warmth and duration.
Never yet, by my fay, did I bid that knave lay
for supper, or otherwise task him,
But a cloud ever hung on his brow, lest my tongue a cake or dish extra should ask him.
Thus from head, sir, to feet, I'm in armour complete,—
fenc'd and shelter'd from ev'ry disaster,
And your wine you may spare, while this (*draws a case from under his vest*) falls to my share
and calls me its lord and its master.
Outward-form'd, tis an *ass—spare your mirth—let that pass:—
inward holds he what asks best appliance:
(*Drinks and looks at it*) Rogue! as keen he surveys
your pinch'd bickers, he brays
and trooper-ton'd bids you defiance.†

* The English reader will remember Tom Otter's Bull, Horse and Dog.

† *The original, to express this defiance,* uses one of those *coarse terms, not unfrequently found* in the comedies of Aristo

Speak, graceless child, and say
Is this or not high sway,
Thus in respect and pay
Foremost to shine!—
Nay and that lofty word,
Which of Jove's self is heard,
Is it not oft referr'd
To me and mine?
When the Court storm and ply
Loud voice and angry cry,
What says the passer-by,
Who hears the clatter?
Save us! he's heard to say,
For the Court make to-day
Loud thund'ring noise; I pray,
What is the matter?
And when my lightnings flash
With a flake and a crash,
Do their wild terrors dash
Merely the poorest?
No, they the proudest scare,
Forcing them to a *prayer,
While their uplifted hair
Stands in a forest.
(*Turning to his son.*)
Nay my own offspring too
Pays me a terror due,
Not one among the crew

phanes, and which point out pretty significantly for what kind of audience they were chiefly intended.

* The common Athenians used to whistle at lightning: an action equivalent with them for our—Lord be merciful. Its effect in causing terror are described in the original in the very strongest terms.

My wrath more fearing:
But may I choke and die
On bread of wheat or rye,
If for yourself I
One jot am caring!
Never was so much tact!
Diction neat and compact,
Argument quite exact,
Terse and unsparing!

l. (*ironically*) He thought to gather in nice
easy grapes,
one disturb him at his vintage—yet
arlet knew, where my forte lay, and where
rongest.

n. O how he wields his tongue,
—Neither too short nor long!—
I grow both tall and strong,
Marking his fury:
I seem in Fancy's eye
To the Blest Isles to fly,
There the great task to ply,
Of judge and jury.

l. Look at him! look! mark how he gapes
and yawns
oses all his faculties!—trust me, boy,
eyes of thine shall see, aye and this day too,
s, thongs and scourges for their comfort!

n. (*to Bdel.*)
If thou would set thee free,
To it most instantly,
Sly trick or policy
Deftly pursuing!

Who dares my taste oppose,
Be it in verse or prose,
With him I straightway close,
To his undoing.
If your tongue cannot reach
Healing and smoothing speech
To close this open breach
And sooth my choler:
Thou'd'st better seek to still
This my obdurate will,
Grinding it in a mill,
Or with a roller.

Bdel. (*after a long pause*) Hard is the task, and needs appliances
Much greater than a comic bard may boast,
To cure the' embossed sores and headed evils
Of this our public weal—yet—(*looking up to heaven*) father Jupiter—

Phil. Father no Jupiters on me—prove me
A slave, thou varlet, prove me, or thy life
Shall pay the forfeit: yes thou diest, e'en tho'
Thy sire be †excommunicated for't—
Prove me, I say.

Bdel. Then, my dearest papa, (sour faces I bar, show us first on a rough calculation; (*the old dicast hastily pulls out his judicial shells*)
(Hands and fingers will do for the task) what is due
to our city from foreign taxation.
This set down in a lump, to the home duties jump, fees, per centage, and dues *ad valorem*,

* Literally, *though I be* obliged to abstain *from the slaughtered victims.* Those convicted of murder were not allowed to partake of the public sacrifices at Athens.

The markets, the mines, confiscations, and fines,
take them all in due order and score 'em.
Tribute, taxes and toll, thrown in talents, the whole
covers nearly, I think, twice ten hundred:
Now, per contra, set near what the sum ever year,
that for court-fees and dicasts is sunder'd.
These, if rightly I count, to six thousand amount,
(and my number, I'm sure's somewhat thrifty)
Six thousand we'll say—at three obols a day,
the cost reaches but talents thrice *fifty.
Phil. Thrice fifty dost give?—not the tythe, as I live,
of the income our city's deriving!
Bdel. Father mine, even so: remains further to know
on the residue who then are thriving.
Phil. Marry who, but that crew, who keep ever in view,
with a speech and a pocket oration?—
(*Mimics*) "*Be that moment my last, which beholds a doubt cast*
on my love† *for the good Attic nation!*"

* The Scholiast explains this passage thus. Two months in the year were dedicated at Athens to festivals: the tribunals were open therefore during ten months only, or 300 days; each day cost, 18,000 obols, that is, 3000 drachmæ, or a half-talent; consequently, to every month may be set down fifteen talents and to every year 150 talents.

† Demosthenes gives us much the same picture of his precious patriot Aristogeiton.—"With all this villany and guilt upon his soul, what is his conduct *in the General Assembly*? There he is heard *for ever at the top of his voice*—'You are deceived, Athenians—*you have nothing but traitors* and conspirators about

Bdel. Father mine, right enough—and for such tricksey stuff,
such pillgilded superfine speeches,
You give up side and back, nape and heel, to a pack
of hungry and deep-sucking leeches.
For our poor subject states, other fortune awaits;
need our statesmen a little smooth plunder?
"A boon there, a boon!" 'tis exclaim'd, and "eft-soon,
or your town falls about you in thunder."
While for you—let there fall, to your mouthing the stale
and offal of this your dominion:
You quietly wink, nor regard how you sink,
and degrade you in foreign opinion.
For, believe me, strict note take the' allies, how your throat
in the ballot-box ever is dipping;
And seeing the meal you're content thence to steal,
hold you cheap as—poor Connus's tripping.
But your guides it ensures dainty gifts* and douceurs,—
pot and pan for preserving and pickling.
Tap'stry rich for the room, and a wine whose perfume
the most critical palate is tickling.

you—no one has the least love for the democracy but myself—perish Aristogeiton, and all patriotism is extinct.'"—*Reiske*, vol. i. p. 789.

* Dans une république *les présents* sont une chose odieuse, says Montesquieu, parce que la vertu n'en a pas besoin.—De l'Esprit *des Loix*, liv. v. c. 17. The learned Baron's theory of republics *seems to* have been much at variance with their practice, as far, *at least*, as Athens affords an example.

l goblet and vase, jewel, bracelet and glass;
add pillow-case, sheeting and ducking;
l spices and cheese—the mere milk of soft ease
their delicate fortune is sucking.
ile to you, as of yore, working hard scull and oar,
contented to drudge and to pull it:
m this wide vassal land not one brings to your hand
head of garlic, as sauce to your mullet.
'hil. 'Tis a point I can't moot—(*sighs*)—I myself made vain suit
for three heads to Eucharides lately;
a weightier charge you must prove more at large;—
you call'd—and in terms somewhat stately—
your father, a slave—
ldel. And what proof need you crave,
beside those we're in office installing?
:y, a fat, pursy crew, feeding flatterers too,
with the crumbs from their perquisites falling.
ile you, that have brush'd seas and oceans, and push'd
where'er wounds and bruises were dealing;
.h scull and oar spent, siege and scale, are content,
if three obols come under your feeling.
:n this moves less spleen, than our town's frequent scene,
the People's high majesty bending,
l to form Court or Board, at some popinjay's word,
with ready obedience wending.

Chæreas' son soft and bland, is a sample to hand;
(*mimics*) he with legs planted wide in this fashion,
Fribble-like, swings his frame, then dares to exclaim,
in a tone betwixt grandeur and passion,
"Let the first blush of dawn, on the next coming morn,
see the courts throng'd with ready attendance;
On whom the doors close, the defaulter now knows
on his fee he may place no dependance."
And the fopling's self—s'death—let him once utter breath,
and be he there sooner or later,
A counsellor's fee is his portion, which he
by trick and contrivance makes greater.
'Twixt the Archon and him (and each knows t'other's trim)
there needs but a good understanding;
And a gift well applied, on the criminal's side,
the good office of both is commanding.
Things are then in a train: and the suit 'twixt the twain
passes off for a little joint plunder:
In the act thus of sawing, if one pulls, t'other drawing,
the log is soon cloven asunder.—(*Philocleon discovers marks of astonishment.*)
But all this is new, strange and foreign to you,
for your eyes, other sight all unheeding,
Never turn once or wag from the Treasurer's* bag,
and the obols which thence are proceeding.

* *This was the purse-bearer, who gave the dicasts their fee of court. He was called in the Greek language Colacretes, as being*

bd. Knaves and rogues! do they use thus their
lord to abuse?
with choler and wrath I am quaking;
ear and I vow, that I feel—Jove knows how,—
but my very foundations you're raking.
del. And take one further view—while your
peers, sir, and you,
might with riches fill pocket and coffer,
corners you're driving, by the men who are
thriving
on the love which to Demus they proffer.
a Sardinia your sway reaches Marmora's sea,
cities many and rich intervening;
revenue, despite, is like beard of a wight,
when the steel its first harvest is gleaning.
small as your fee, even that comes not free;—
drop by drop it is dealt, slow and sullen;—
kly creatures so lap, to keep life in them, pap
through a strainer of linen or woollen.
y why? 'tis their aim, who your government
claim,
on short commons to keep you and sparing,
your lord* you may know, and when slipp'd
at a foe,
that your leap may be instant and daring.
r tale it would be, did their *will*, sir, agree
with their power to aid and befriend you;
I'll tell you which way—

ed to the skins and extremities (*cola*) of animals slaughtered
public sacrifices.

'e find Isocrates, in his Speech de Pace, (vol. i. p. 388.)
almost *precisely the same language* as the poet; and De-
ers not far removed from it—Contra Aristocratem, vol. i.

Phil. Prithee do, boy—
Bdel. You sway
towns one thousand, which toll and tax send you.
On each, sir, of these (nay the thing's done with ease)
of our burgesses billet just twenty;
Of Athenian men thus might thousands twice ten
banquet bravely on good cheer and plenty.
On rich milk and whipp'd cream, life away they might dream,
neither chaplets nor flesh of hare* sparing:
Feasting high with delight, as becomes men whose might
noble Marathon's trophy was rearing.
Thus should limbs that were bred here in Athens be fed;
now, like scrubs in our olive-yards toiling,
You follow the heels of the Treasurer who deals
the stipend which pays your turmoiling.
Phil. Out upon it, what charm numbs my elbo and arm!
nerve and muscle and thewes strangely err
Of my hands the sword bilk—I grow soft—(*sobs*) the milk
of my mother within me is stirring.
Bdel. Comes a panic and fright on these ru outright
Eubœa's† the toy thrown to please ye:

* Hares were rarely found in Attica; hence they are c ally alluded to in these plays as a great luxury.—*Athenæ 399.*

† *Athens* depended almost entirely upon foreign cour *her corn.* Hence we find her favour frequently court *sents of that* valuable commodity, or by permission to

With a promise to mete fifty bushels of wheat,
in hopes that the bribe may appease ye.
Fifty bushels, forsooth! five come nearer the truth,
and those barley, dol'd out in small measure;
And at proof should you trip in strict citizenship,
your claim fails e'en to this scanty treasure.
'Tis for this I keep guard, and close hold thee in ward,
by table and feast a hope growing,
That that mouth I may close, which still gapes wide on those,
who their words of six foot are forth throwing.
And my will still holds good: in your table and food,
nothing solid or nice shall be wanted;
But for leave that you lap the Colacretes' pap,--
father mine, it shall never be granted.

(*A long pause.*)

CHOR. 'Twas a man of invention
Wise and upright intention,
Who first thought to mention,
"*In a case of dissension,*
Never dare to decide,
Till you've heard either side!"*

free of expense —(*Demosthenes contra Leptinem.*) Though the most rigorous laws were enacted by way of ensuring an adequate supply of it, (*Lycurgus contra Leocratem*, vol. iv. p. 157. *Demosthenes contra Phormionem*, 918. Idem *contra Lacritum*, 941.) Athenian roguery exerted itself in defeating the enactments of the law, (*Demost. contra Dionysodorum,*) and the corn-jobbers played upon the hopes and fears of Athens, precisely as the stock-jobbers do upon those of London or Paris.—See the very interesting speech of *Lysias contra Frumentarios.* The fruitfulness and proximity of Eubœa, made it, from these circumstances, a most invaluable appendage to Athens.

* *Quoted from the Heracleidæ* of Euripides.

(*To Bdel.*) Thou hast conquer'd past doubt--
Foil'd thy man out and out—
I bow to thy wit,
And submissive, as fit,
Staff and choler I quit;—
Staff and rage—nothing loth—
To the ground I drop both.
(*To Phil.*) Sir, I am
Your mate in years, and we have held a long
Companionship together—take my counsel:
Give ready ear to all he says, and show him
Instant compliance—(*sighs*)—would that I had kin
Or kind to grace me with such bounteous favours
Sure there's the finger of some god in this:
Heav'n is the steward of this noble bounty;
If you accept it not—

Bdel. All that may his age sustain,
Comfort yielding--chasing pain—
Here before this presence I
Promise ever to supply.
Solid boot and mantle brave,---
Broth to sup—and bath to lave;
These and more his age shall have:—
With a blanket for his bed,
And a pillow for his head,
And a tidy wench to coax him,
When the megrims plague and hoax!
(*Philocleon makes no answer.*)

(*To Chor.*) My arguments strike not;—
They fall to the ground;
Believe me I like not
This silence profound.

Chor. Nay, nay, you construe him too c

His mind is physicking itself—he meditates
Upon his former phrensy, and laments
His non-compliance with your prudent warnings:
Anon you'll see him all obedience—wise
And tractable—reform'd and revolutioniz'd.

Phil. Oh! oh!

Bdel. (*to Chor.*) What may this exclamation mean?

Phil. Pleasure—treasure—blessed lot!
Hence avaunt! I know you not.
Thought, volition, wish and care,
Mind and body, all are there,
Where the loud-voic'd herald cries,
"Who's uncanvass'd?—let him rise!"*
I must be the beans among,
Giving suffrage, voice and tongue.
Haste, my soul—why thus delay'd?
Avaunt, grim ghost! disperse, black shade!†
O that I may never meet
On my high judicial seat
Cleon as a culprit there!
For before the heav'ns I swear,
I'd his very self assess,
And for fine and damage press.
(*A long pause.*)

Bdel. Father, I do beseech you, yield assent.

Phil. To what, son? speak, explain; one point omitted,
I have a ready ear for all.

* In Athenian trials, when all had apparently given over voting, lest any one out of favour should suspend his suffrage, the herald made the proclamation in the text.

† Quoted from the Bellerophon of Euripides.

Bdel. And what's
Reserv'd?
Phil. That I abstain not from the courts:
For harkye—death only separates them and me.
Bdel. Well, if it must be so, (and an old charm
I see is on you,) be your will obey'd:
Only quit not the house for this your occupation;
Rest here with us, sir; make your home a Court,
And deal out law among its inmates.
Phil. How?
Discuss, unbuckle, son: explain which way—
But you are trifling—
Bdel. There your pardon, sir:
The maid, we'll say, hath op'd the door—hath hous'd
A suitor: good, 'tis a case; you straight assess
The damages: a single drachm here covers them.
The house you see will furnish you like practice
As does the Bar:—with these advantages:—
Is there a morning sun? you take your seat
Abroad, and judge and *sun you both at once:
Falls rain? you house within: comes snow? you're chair'd
Beside the fire, and there take cognizance:
Art loth to quarrel with your sheets at morn?
Sleep till mid-day and laugh at †interference.
Phil. Why this sounds well.

* The poet, in the original, plays upon the word *Heliastin* and *Helios*, one of which signifies the sun, and the other the execution of the judicial office in the court of Helisa.

† Of the nine principal magistrates in Athens, six bore the common name of Thesmothetæ. Besides other duties, it was their province to appoint on what days the diesaste should sit, and to exclude from the office such as did not come at the proper time.

. If one extend his pleadings,
:ed not then give hungerly attendance.
yourself and eke the pleader too.
. But then to eat between the pleadings!—
will not
e to pawn experience to the appetite,
ıake the judgment rebel to the palate?
!. Just the reverse:—and hence a common
saying
our town: "the witnesses so lied
gh thick and thin, the Bench could scarce
divine
'uth, howe'er they *chew'd* upon the matter."
!. Right, right; I yield assent: one other
word:
ee, the salary: from whence comes that, son?
'l. My purse supplies it—
l. Why this is well—this pleases—
s a luxury indeed: to earn
. and have no partner in the gain!
e same sign I do remember now
rvy trick Lysistratus put on me
two days since—it is a jeering rogue!
ad received (dost mark?) a drachm in part-
nership.
ıave incontinent makes for the fishmarket,
:hanges it to smaller coin: then puts
ny hand three *scales from off a mullet.
ıking they were obols, lodge them straight

he Athenians had a great objection to copper money; and
ı with reluctance that they used it in making the smallest
ents. Their taste, therefore, or their vanity, was only to
fied by silver coins, of so diminutive a size, that they were
istaken for the scales of fish.—*De Pauw*, t. i. p. 364.

Within my mouth, till, warn'd by the ill-savour,
I spit the intruders from me.—Boy, I'd fain
Have drawn him to the courts for this.

Bdel. Made he
Excuse?

Phil. Health to your ostrich-coats, quoth he!
Hard cash, I see, disturbs not your digestion.

Bdel. The jeering knave! Here then thou art a gainer.

Phil. I do allow it: give no breathing then
Unto your purpose, but about it straight.

Bdel. Tarry awhile: I will be here anon,
And bring with me all proper articles. (*enters the house.*)

Phil. The prophecy is now complete—'twas nois'd
A time should come, when Athens should behold
Each citizen in his own house administer
The rights of justice, and each vestibule
Become a Law Court, in most tiny miniature
Imaging Hecate's Chapel 'fore the door.

Bdel. (*returning*) What say'st thou? see all that I deliver'd thee
And more to boot—this implement will hang
Beside you on a peg and serve occasion.

Phil. Now this is clever: tut—your man in years
That's troubled with the strangury, owes not
The fee of thankfulness for aught so much
As this.

Bdel. Here too is fire, and lentils on't;
Waiting the call of appetite.

Phil. And this too
Speaks cleverness: let a fever be upon me,
What then? at least I shall not lack a fee,

tarry here and sup my pottage—
what means this cock? why chanticleer
s?
If soft sleep come over you,
ing pleadings sleep is apt to come,)
's loud notes will break your heavy slum-
:s.
ne thing is wanting, son; the rest com-
nds
opinion.
What may that be, sir?
vhispering complacently) Couldst not pro-
e a figure now of Lycus?
ere's *one at hand: the king in very per-
1!
bow before my mighty lord and master.
ostrates himself)
:e and truculent he looks! (*gazes*) Me-
nks
now a strange semblance to—Cleony-
s!
'e, and, like him, he's not in his †full ar-
ur!
o Phil.) Please, sir, to take your seat:
t done, we'll have
ore you presently.
A suit,
is an age, since I have ta'en

rs from the Scholiast, that Bdelycleon brings in a pic-
us.
elve heroes (of whom Lycus was one) were always
in full armour. The allusion to Cleonymus will be
a preceding note.

Bdel. (*soliloquising*) What suit to bring before him now!
Let's see—hath any of our family offended?
There's Thratta—she who lately burnt the pottage—
Phil. Hold, or I sink! you have near ruin'd me—
You cite a cause, and yet no barrier, boy,
Protects the court!—A court without a barrier!
Might as well have a church without an altar.
Bdel. 'Tis a defect soon heal'd—I'll bin and bring one.
To see the power, which use and custom have!
(*entering the house.*)
Xant. (*within*) A pestilence upon thee, knavish cur!
To think that we should harbour such a cur!
A graceless cur!—a most atrocious cur!
Bdel. How now! what ail'st?
Xant. Here's Labes here, our mastiff,
Hath broke into the kitchen, sir, and, curse
His maw, swallow'd a whole Sicilian cheese.
Bdel. A case, a case! issue a warrant, cite him
Before my sire—you, Xanthias, play the accuser.
Xant. Not I, by the mark: here's one of his own gender:
Open the case, and he, he says, will play
The' accuser.
Bdel. Let them both be introduc'd (*enters the house*)
Xant. Your bidding shall be done.
Phil. (*to his son, returning with a* **swine-cote for a barrier*) Despatch, despatch!
My mind's eye sees a fine.

* The swine-cote is selected as a barrier for the purpose of in

Idel. One moment, while
ing the styles and *tables.
hil. Thou dost waste
time—would'st be my death, boy? Psha! let
be—
be—these nails of mine will serve the purpose:
y'll draw a line as well as any style.
Idel. Sir, they are here.
hil. Now then let's have your witnesses.
Idel. It is my purpose.
hil. Who's the first?
Idel. A pestilence!
I do live, I have forgot to bring
† urns. (*offers to go out.*)
hil. Harkye! What run you for?
Idel. We have
urns.
hil. I need them not. 'Twas my intent
use these ‡jugs instead: what sayst to that?
Idel. Why that thou hast a pleasant fancy, sir,
d ap'st the humour of our country bravely.
the servants) In, one of you, and bring us fire,
and myrtle-boughs,

ducing a joke, which may be omitted without any great loss the reader.

* By the tables are meant those of wax, on which were drawn lines of condemnation or acquittal. The styles are the instruments with which these lines were drawn.

† The urns in which the votes were collected.

‡ The jugs, which the dicast, in his impatience for a trial, proposes to use instead of urns, were most probably those containing soups. In substituting for the water-glass, which regulated *time* of the pleadings *in an Athenian court of justice*, he loses *ht of all decency.*

And frankincense. Behoves it first we pay
Our duty to the Gods.

CHOR. Aye, to holy prayers betake ye, to incense and libation:
Good report thou shalt not want from us, nor honest approbation:
For opinions stiff and stubborn better thoughts, I see, are quelling:
And love appears where eyes were fierce, and grace where cheeks were swelling.

SCENE II.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS, *Servants bringing in fire, myrtle-boughs, &c.*

Bdel. (*as the sacred Ceryx*)
Pious anthems, pious airs,
Holy thoughts and holy prayers,
Breathe your sacred influence round:
Hist! good words! 'tis holy ground.

(*Soft and solemn music is heard—frankincense is floated round the stage—the Choregus approaches the altar and throws incense upon it—then as follows.*)

CHOREGUS. From thy empyrean height,
Lord of ever living light,
Thou, whose dwelling is allotted,
Where* the serpent died and rotted,

* *Delphi*, anciently called Pytho, ἀπὸ τῆς πυθέσθαι, because the serpent which Apollo killed, rotted there.

Great Apollo, hear and bless
This our purpose with success!
Sacred incense and oblation
Rise before our habitation:
Former errors let them cover;
All our wand'rings lo! are over.
he *Chorus.*)
Duly now our pray'rs to end,
Let the sacred shout ascend.
(*The Io Pæan is shouted by the Chorus.*)
(*offering incense.*)
ng, prophet, and bard, keeping guard
o'er my *yard, in stern elevation:
my sire's blessed name, lo! I frame
these new rites—may they claim approbation!
it thine to repair his harsh air,
sordid care and devotion to money:
ith ambition to please, grant him ease,
and for lees, drop a portion of honey.
and, courteous, and kind, may he find
for his mind a smooth equable channel;
his ears less availing the quailing
of appellant than that of the panel.
t it move no surprise, in his eyes
should tears rise, at a tale of woe springing;

n front of the Athenian houses, there was generally a small . Here might be seen a figure of Mercury to drive away es, a dog for the same purpose, and an altar in honour of o, where the master of the house occasionally offered sacri- From this situation, Apollo took the name of Aguieus, *is given him in the text.*

While Peace, like a bride, at his side,
from his pride sting and nettle is wringing.

CHO. In humble accordance we bend—to thy pious oration,
And thy newly formed sway recommend—to wide approbation.
Love and good-will toward thee shall grow—in ev'ry direction;
For words lately urged by thee show—enlighten'd affection.
Patriotic devotion appears—in thy speech with good actions efficient;
While those who are greener in years—in virtue are still more deficient.

SCENE III.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS, XANTHIAS, (*as Dog-Plaintiff*,) LABES, (*Dog-Defendant*,) SOSIAS, PUPPIES, *and* WITNESSES.

Bdel. (*as public cryer*) *Oyes, Oyes, in virtue of my office—*
*Waits any member of the Court *without?*
Let him advance forthwith: we bar admission
Soon as the pleadings have commenced.
Phil. Produce me

* *The attendance of the several members of the Helia and other Courts of Justice, was enforced by issuing an injunction similar to that in the text.*

f Cydathenus these declares*
abes† of Æxone ;† 'foresaid Labes
he peace and quiet of our state
and there conspire, singly and sole,
w a Sicilian cheese. Penalty‡—
f stout fig-wood.

Bring it but home
ınd he shall die—(*hesitates*) d—n him, a
g's death.

enus was one of the Athenian boroughs. The Scho-
hat there was a man of this borough who went by
f 'the dog;' and hence the allusion. It is more pro-
he eur of Cydathenus stands for Cleon. Most of the
ıghs had a nickname for some defect; the ridicule
ıhabitants of Cydathenus was their pretension to no-
th

r of these words is without its signification with a
: Aristophanes. Labes is substituted for Laches, be-
ed from a Greek word, which signifies *to seize*. Æx-
ted as his borough, on account of the scurrilous lan-
ıich its inhabitants were addicted. *Joh. Taylor, in Lysiacis*, p. 300.—*De Pauw*, t. i. p. 210. There seems
lusion to this mock trial of Laches in Plato's dialogue

Bdel. (*as Deft.*) Labes, so please this Honourable Court,
Is here before them.
Phil. O the villain—how like
A thief he looks! nay, never show your teeth
And grin at me;—tricks pass not here, believe me.
But where's the plaintiff? he of Cydathenus?
Dog. Bow—wow—wow.
Bdel. Why here's another Labes, equal
To any cur for barking, and what's more—
For emptying a porringer.
Sos. (*as Cryer.*) Silence
Within the Court. Please you be seated. (*to Bdel.*) You, (*to Xanth.*) sir,
Ascend the bema and set forth your charge.
Phil. And I meantime will take a sup of porridge. (*pours it out.*)
Xant. (*as *accuser.*) Your honourable ears are now possest
Of this our bill and solemn charge. Heinous
And rank—*Phil.* Proceed, the Court are with you.
Xant. Is
The' offence, which this vile cur against myself
And—*yeo-yo*†—hath committed. For, my Luds,
To hurry him into a nook, a hole,
A corner—there to desicilize (so I

* Addicted as the Greek comic stage was to mimicry and parody, it is almost needless to suggest that the accusation and defence in this mock trial would be conducted in the manner of the most illustrious pleaders of the day.

† In the original ῥυπαπαῦ, a cant word among the Greek sailors.

e to speak) a cheese of mightiest size,
' and darkness—
guarding his nose) Guilty! guilty!
breath is evidence against him.
gale came over me this moment!
and when I begg'd a partage in his spoil,
my suit rejected!—Tell me, sirs,
n interest in you, whose hand
othing to your* dog?
He gave you nothing?
Nothing, so help me heav'n!—I too, that

de!
ats and speaks to himself) A pestilent
m fellow that!–
age by my faith hath not more fire in't.
o Phil.) Beseech you, sir, condemn him
too promptly:
des heard, ere sentence passes.
Tut, man—
is clear—speaks for itself—utters,
say, a voice.
continuing) What then remains
eat this Honourable Court
deserts may wait on the offender?
dogs this cur is the most selfish.
and sneaks about; and when he finds
cheese, he eats both the* inside and the
on't.
gainsaying that.
Take then due chastisement

* See *note*, p. 97.

Upon him : is it fair, in Nature's name,
That one sole house should find two thieves their
sustenance ?
Beseech ye, sirs, let me not bark in vain :
If vengeance be not link'd with such a culprit,—
Mark me, from this day forth I'm mute. My Luds,
That is my case.

Phil. A case indeed ! My ears
Are pain'd, my heart is sick, to hear such roguery.
Sure the Sun sees not such another villain !
(*To the Cock*) What sayst good Chanticleer ?
Hold'st not with me ?
Aye by my faith he does, and nods assent to't.
Harkye, good Mister Thesmothet,*—a plague !—
Where is he ? reach me yonder implement.

Sos. (*as Thesmothet*) There minister unto yourself, so please ye.
I've other work to do. *Oyes, Oyes,*
I summon 'fore the Court Defendant's witnesses.
The platter will come forth, the pestle, scraper,
The roaster, porringer, and all such implements
As aught can service the defence ; if they
Be somewhat scorch'd and burnt, it is no matter.
(*To Phil.*) Not yet upon the bench ?

Phil. (*arranging himself.*) And if the seat
Grow cold, what then ? Lucky for that vile dog,
If needs of a less cleanly kind be not
This day upon him, man !

Bdel. (*to Phil.*) Still pitiless

* The manner in which one of the highest official magistrates in Athens is here treated, was no doubt much to the taste of the galleries.

ess, sir! no mercy for a culprit!
ood Labes, and attempt your clearance;
e dog is silent.)
this silence mean? Speak, in God's
ie!
ow should he speak? the rogue has
ght to say.
ay, the same thing has fortun'd him,
ch erst
icydides. Terror hath giv'n
an apoplectic fit; retire, (*to Labes*)
your cause to me. (*ascends the bema.*)—
honoured Lords,
ne not, how hard the task I undertake:
of such a crime (and none sure carries
odium with't) might counsel me
equal feat—yet will I stand
te.—Labes, to give him justice,
g of honour and of courage;
he †wolf at distance.

es has been mentioned before in the Acharnians.
ted of some treacherous proceedings in Thrace, he
take his trial, and advancing nothing in his own de-
banished by a vote of the ostracism. The reader
and this Thucydides with the great historian of that

appears to be mimicking the vulgar cant of demo-
nd of comparing its noisy demagogues to dogs.
enian Many this was apparently the great recom-
Aristogeiton, a man stained, according to Demos-
pereides' account of him, with every vice incident
ure. "Ah! but say some, let him be what he will
rs, he is the people's dog. Dog indeed! yes, truly,
f dog! those whom he charges with being wolves,
not to bite; and the sheep which he professes to
e very person to devour."—*Demost. contr. Aristo-*

Phil. 'Tis a thief
The dog—a vile conspirator!
Bdel. Nay, nay,
Not so: no dog boasts better birth or nurture;
For heading a large flock, he owns no equal.
Phil. He might as well be nature's commonest work:
Why must we find him mouthing at a cheese?
Answer me that.
Bdel. And then—he fights your battles—
Protects your gate, and does a thousand services.
Hath he subtracted aught, or play'd the filcher?
'Tis Nature's weakness—visit not too roughly:
Alas! his gamut's yet quite new to him,
Nor hath he master'd his first rules in music!*
Phil. Music, dost say? would he knew not his alphabet!
My ears had then been spared a long oration,
Frame to' excuse and whitewash o'er his guilt.
Bdel. My lords will now be pleased to hear our witnesses.
Put the cheese-scraper in the box. Tune up
Your voice and speak the Court distinctly, Scraper
You acted at time as Treasurer†—

* Alluding to the usual education of Athenian children, which, in their earlier years, was confined to letters and to music.

† Some reference, no doubt, is made here to passing events, with which we are unacquainted. A translator cannot extricate himself better from this ridiculous scene, than by quoting the words of a very intelligent traveller. "But what," says Mr. Forsyth, "is a drama in Naples without Punch, and what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and among his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power: he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day: he is the channel, and sometimes the source, of passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole Kingdom in

w tell this Honourable Court, (your eyes
on their Lordships, Scraper!) of such articles
were committed to your charge (the witness
nds on his oath he will remember) did you
did you not (upon your oath I ask it)
ninish aught? My lords he doth allow
e charge.

Phil. Then he allows a bouncer—

Bdel. (*feelingly*) Nay, nay,
force not, sir, this countenance of sternness:
ok with an eye of pity on the wretched!
ll I of merits speak? This Labes' palate
rns not the roughest food—fish-bones, nor
offal;—
en he's for ever shifting ground; being here
d there and ev'ry where;—yon idle cur
:h but one biding place—that's the house-door.
ere he takes constant ground, craving a part
all that's brought within: deny it him,
d you'll soon know the setting of his teeth.

Phil. Angels and ministers of grace protect me!
chief is sure abroad; for I grow soft,
d feel within the powers of persuasion!

Bdel. (*pathetically*) O they are gracious signs!
aid the good work
d give it furtherance!—On your sole will
hang for life or death! as you direct—
where are the defendant's* children? Up, up—

d humour. Such was De Fiori, the Aristophanes of his na-
, immortal in buffoonery." Those who trace Punch through
Vice of the old English comedy, to the Atellan farcers, of
om he is, no doubt, the legitimate descendant, will not perhaps
nk this *comparison so degrading* as may at first sight appear.
It was a common custom among the ancients, both Greeks
Romans, to bring the family of the defendant into court,

10868

Up to the bema, now, ye miserable;
And let your yelping be in place of prayers,
And tears, and warm petitionary suits.
Now then—yelp for your lives, my lads.
Puppies. Yelp, yelp,
Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp.
Phil. (*with emotion*) Down, down—
Puppies Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp.
Phil. Down, i' the name of heaven!—
Bdel. I have quick ears
To your request: the word hath proved a cheat
To many* yet its bidding shall be done. (*descends from the bema.*)
Phil. Curse on yourself, and curse upon this pottage!
I have shed tears: this moment saw the miracle!
But my *will* shared not in the guilt! 'twas but
Repletion and these lentils.
Bdel. Are we then
Acquitted?
Phil. That's a question hard to solve.
Bdel. Now by all names of filial endearment
Let your thoughts turn to better courses. Take

that their tears and affliction might excite the pity of the judges. Aristophanes humorously introduces a number of puppies on the present occasion.

* According to Florans Christianus, when criminals were thus addressed by the judges, they were apt to consider the court as favourably disposed to them, and to think their punishment would be remitted; but this did not always prove to be the case. The learned reader, who wishes to see a specimen of Athenian *jocularity* connected with this word, during the trial of Socrates, *may consult* Diogenes Laertes, in his life of the illustrious philosopher, and Casaubon's note upon it.—lib. ii. p. 105.

s shell: let Pity hoodwink Justice' eyes,
l drop her token in the mercy-box.
hil. It may not be. When I know music's rules—
that's an art I've not yet master'd.
Idel. Now, sir, (*to Phil.*)
r hand: I'll guide you to the urns.
hil. Is this
one assesses punishments?
hil. The same.
hil. Then here I drop my shell. (*drops a shell.*)
hil. (*to himself.*) He hath mista'en
urn, and sav'd the culprit.
hil. Throw we now
rented way the shells upon the ground;
culprit's fortune stands upon the cast. (*throws out the shells.*)
his son) How go the votes?
Idel. That time will show. (*affects to count them.*) Joy! joy!
ey're in your favour,* dog! why, father, now—
at ails't?
hil. (*fainting.*) Ah well-a-day, some water there!
Idel. Nay, stand erect and keep your feet, man!—
hil (*to his son.*) One word:
e acquitted?—speak.
Idel. He is, by Jove!

Plutarch relates of Alcibiades, that when on his recall from
ly he avoided returning to Athens, being asked "if he could
trust his *country?*" he replied, "Yes; for every thing else;
n a trial for life, not my mother; lest by mistake she should
black ball for a white one."

Phil. I'm a dead man then. (*swoons.*)

Bdel. Psha! away with such
)ull thoughts!—prithee, sir, rise—I pray thee
now.

Phil. (*rising slowly.*) O Conscience, Conscience!
Judge supreme! how wilt
'Thou bear the thought that criminal escaped,
And mine the guilty shell that sav'd him!—Mine!
Mine!
O, what shall be my after-course and fortune!
Pardon, pardon, ye ever-living gods!
Thus on my knees I ask it—'gainst my will
'Twas done, nor am I wont to fashion thus
My ways—am not—upon my soul, am not.
(*Weeps bitterly.*)

Bdel. A truce to such reflections, sir, and leave
Your future life to me: O you shall bear it
Merrily, man!
(*Sings.*) We'll to feast and we'll to hall,
We'll to show and festival;
Heedless of that yard of mouth,
Whence come trooping north and sout'
From Hyperbolus's lips,
Biting quirks and cranks and quips:—
Others may his mock'ries rue:—
But that mouth is shut for you.
And now let's in.

Phil. Do as thou wilt, boy: I am
At your behest.—Oh!—

CHOR. (*to Phil. and Bdel. as they leave the*
Where your wishes conduct you, with spee
be gone,
And our blessing shall wait both on fat'
son.

to the spectators.) To this audience enlightened, our benches who press
nbers past counting, further words we address.
: speech proffer aught that is deep or profound,
t fall not unheeded, nor drop to the ground:
ı the dull and the witless such folly might pass;
to wisdom like your's 'twere eternal disgrace.

PARABASIS.

) a round unvarnish'd tale, if aught such may here avail,
our poet now claims your attention;
.nd let it ope no breach, though the tenor of his speech
point to anger and sharp reprehension.
In this presence here at large, flat injustice he dares charge;
and that too when large love and honour
Iad more fairly been his due for bright largesses, which you
enjoy'd, tho' unknown who their donor.
'riests and prophets,* as they, say into objects oft convey
voice and diction where both are deficient;

* The text alludes by name to a celebrated diviner and ventriloquist of the day, called Eurycles. There has been occasion to observe before, that Aristophanes had not come forward as an acknowledged author till he brought out his Knights.

So of many a bard, I ween, your appellant here hath been
the mouth-piece, tho' secret, efficient.
But this task soon thrown aside, his own proper steeds he tried,
to their mouths fitting curb, bit and snaffle;
Then charioted along with the foremost in the throng
bore the heat and the front of the battle.
Rais'd and swell'd with honours great (such on bard yet never sate)
with meekness and modesty he bore him;
And while his laurels grew, he kept ever in his view
the heights yet unconquer'd before him.
When the swell of private rage foam'd indignant, that the stage
dar'd upbraid lawless love and affection;
And will'd our poet's speech (guilty pleasures not to reach)
should assume a more lowly direction;
Did he heed the loud reproof? no, he wisely kept aloof,
and spurn'd at corruption's base duress;
For never could he choose to behold his dearest* Muse
in the dress of a wanton procuress.
When first the scenic trade of instruction he essay'd,
monsters not men were his game, sirs;

*Μισαις, αισιν ΧΡΗΤΑΙ is the forcible and characteristical expression of the original.

trange Leviathans that ask'd strength and mettle,
and had task'd
Alcides their fury to tame, sirs.
) peril and alarms was his 'prenticeship* of arms,
with a shark fight and battle essaying;
'rom whose eyes stream'd baleful light, like the
blazing balls of sight,
which in Cynna's† fierce face are seen playing.
wath'd and banded round his head, five score sycophants were fed,
ever slav'ring and licking and glueing;
Vhile his voice rose loud and hoarse, like the torrent's angry course,
when death and destruction are brewing:
.dd such stenches as assail from a sea-calf and a
whale,
add loins never owning ablution;
.nd the parts that lie behind!—foh! inspect them
and you'll find
that a camel knows less of pollution.
:ude the portent, fierce and fell, did its sight your
poet quell?
was he seen to a bribe basely stooping!—

* The poet alludes to his comedy of the Knights, and to the attack upon Cleon in that celebrated drama. Aristophanes seems to have been fond of the description which he here gives of that turbulent demagogue, since he has repeated it with little variation in another of his comedies. This description is one among those loftier passages which gained our poet the appellation of the "*prægrandis senex*" from that rare union of high birth, distinguished talents, and spotless manners—the admirable Persius.

† Cynna *was a courtezan of the time.*

No, his blows still fell unsparing that and next
year, when came warring
with foes of a different trooping.
Then the vigour of his hand check'd those fevers
of the land,
those distempers* and plagues of the nation;
Who when day had quench'd its fires, had stout
halters for their sires,
and for grand-dads work'd close suffocation.
Bed and couch by day they kept, but a tempest
from them swept
of the law's utmost pains;—inquisitions,
Warrant, summons, witness-pleas,—fright'ning such
as lov'd their ease,
or had milk in their soft dispositions.
To the magistrates† outright fled the many in their
fright;
while you, in our bard tho' possessing
A cathartic to the hand for these evils of the land,
turn'd traitors and spurn'd at the blessing.
Hence his drama of last year,‡ crush'd before 'twas
ripe of ear;—
for the seed, being quite a new sample,

* Though the poet evidently alludes here to his comedy of the Clouds, and his attack upon the Sophists, much of the allusion is now uncertain and obscure.

† The magistrate particularly specified is that one of the nine archons, or principal magistrates of Athens, called the Polemarch. The Polemarch had more particularly the strangers and sojourners of Athens under his care.—See a very amusing speech of Lysias (his twenty-third) on the subject.

‡ The poet again alludes to the failure of his first comedy of the Clouds.

Scarce push'd head above the ground, ere a thousand feet were found
on the delicate stranger to trample.
Yet in spite of such an end,—(so may Bacchus be my friend—
at my cups and libations I'll swear it,)
Of all our bards have writ, for conception and for wit,
no comedy yet hath come near it.
'Twas in quite a novel strain,* rich and varied in its vein,
unexampled for cunning invention:
And with you the shame now sits, that in hearing it your wits
were gravell'd and lack'd comprehension.
The wise will hold the bard not the less in high regard,
and mourn his unmerited disaster:
True his chariot came not whole nor unbroken to the goal,
yet in speed say what rival had past her?—
Taught by this example,
My good friends, no more trample
On such poets as reach
In their plots and their speech
At a course bold and free
And a fair novelty.

* We must consider these, and many other passages, (not certainly conceived in the spirit of deference of modern times,) partly as a *jeu de Théâtre*, and partly as a specimen of that spirit of understanding which subsisted between the writers of the Old Comedy, and their *audience*.

Let their diction and fiction,
Met by no contradiction,
Claim a place in the chest
Of your apples* possest;
This believe if ye do,
Vest and cloak the year through
Will rich odours dispense,
Hitting keenly the sense
With a smell of ability,
Wit and gentility.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O the days that are gone by, O the days so blithe and bland,
When my foot was strong in dance,† and the spear was in my hand!
Then my limbs and years were green—I could toil and yet to spare,
And the foeman to his cost knew what strength and mettle are.
O the days that are gone by!
Now upon this head are thrown
Whiter hairs than ever shone
On the bird who breasts and braves,
Silver-bosom'd, silver waves.
Yet beneath this head of grey
Latent fires and embers play;

* The citron seems to have been the apple more particularly alluded to.

† The martial dance is here most probably intended. Socrates, in a poetical fragment, bears witness that those who by dancing pay most religious honour to the gods, are also the best warriors. On the connexion between chorus dancing and valour, see Athenæus, lib. xiv. p. 628.

And at urgent need I show
Youth on my determin'd brow.
Much, believe, should I repine
Bart'ring these old limbs of mine
For a modern youngster's frame:
For the faces and the graces,
Braided locks and mincing paces,
Of the fopling who disgraces
Love and manhood's better name.

FULL CHORUS.

ıny here, good gents and friends, my strange costume who see,
ıold this sting which girds my waste and marvel what it be;
meaning and its purport, if patient ear he lend,
: here engage, however dull, he soon shall comprehend.
st, we, who own this tail-piece, are men of Attic birth,
d who alone claim founder's* kin with this our mother earth.

* The Athenians particularly prided themselves on being τοχθονες, i. e. sprung from the earth;—a produce of the l on which they lived. "General consent," says Isocrates in passage of his speech called Panegyrica, which hardly admits translation, "allows this city of ours to be the most ancient, : largest and the most celebrated in the world. Honourable this commencement is, what follows is still more to our glory. : this land has become our habitation, not by the expulsion of hers, nor by being found empty of tenants, nor were we a ixed collection from *other nations*; but so honourable and no- : *has been our birth, that the* land which gave us being is that *ich has ever been in our* possession, we being really indige-

Our mettle and our services to this our native soil,
The foreign foe we leave to tell, who came our land to spoil.
With boiling rage and fury, with man and horse he came,
And threaten'd all our hives to burn with brimstone and with flame.
But soon as he was landed, with spear and shield we ran,
Put the contest to the trial, fighting stoutly man by man.
With rage our lips we swallow'd; while the darts so thick did fly,
They seem'd to form a coverlid between ourselves and sky.
But Pallas sent her *night-bird; and as the owlet flew
Across the host, our armies hope and joyous omens drew.
So by the help of Heaven, ere yet the day did close,
We shouted word of victory, and routed all our foes.
With might and main they trudged it;—we follow'd at their heels;—
And prick'd their Persian trowsers just, as fishermen prick eels.

nous, and able to address our city by those names which most mark consanguinity; for none but we among the Greeks are entitled to call the same spot their nurse, their country, and their mother."—*Isæc.* vol. i. p. 106.

* *The flight* of an owl across an army, just commencing an *engagement*, was reckoned among the fortunate omens by the *Athenians.*

r speed was well intended, yet each one as he fled,
gave, by way of legacy, a sting upon his head:
still they say in foreign lands, do men this language hold,
e's nothing like your Attic WASP, so testy yet so bold.

SEMI-CHORUS.

e days that are gone by, O the days that are no more,
n my eye was bold and fearless, and my hand was on the oar!
ily, O merrily, I beat the brine to lath,
ocean cross'd, sack'd cities were the foot-tracks of my path.
O the days that are gone by!
Then had none a care to reach
At the nicer parts of speech,
Reasoning much on taste and tact,
Quick at tongue, but slow to act!
Lie nor tale did then hunt down
Worth and Honour through the town;
(Sycophants and liars base
Were as yet an unborn race)
But who handled best the oar,
He the palm of merit bore—
This it was gave Medes the law:
And for isle and town did measure
Toll and stipulated* treasure,

Aristophanes alludes to the annual payments levied on th
s after the defeat of Xerxes' invasion, as a provision against
ccurrence of a similar nature.

That rich store, on which at pleasure
You our youngsters lay your paw.

FULL CHORUS.

Small reflection and inspection, needs it, friends of mine, to see
In the Wasps and us your CHORUS, wondrous similarity
Form and fashion, life and temper—one and all in us agree.

Reckon first, (nor fear your judgments may disparage either side,)
Common feelings of resentment, jealous wrath and testy pride:
Ends the matter here?—for answer let our course of life be tried.

Like the wasps we swarm and hive us—not in tenements of straw;—
We take wing and instant settle on the courts of common law:—
Some the Archon, some the' Odeum,* others the Eleven† draw,

Want we neither num'rous parties, who back walls and there take station,
Huddling, plodding, earthward nodding dull and frequent salutation;
Cell-bred worms like, scarce awaken'd into motion and sensation.

* The Odeum was the theatre where the musical prizes were decided. The archon also kept his court there.

† The Eleven, so called from their number, were officers somewhat resembling our sheriffs. They were elected out of the body of the people, each of the ten tribes sending one member; to these was added a Registrar to make up the number.

wit and pungent weapon are our
of existence—
have we and prick prick us into a
most sweet subsistence;—
ne one among a thou who dares offer
us resistance.
we not our drones moreover, who repose
in idle leisure,
tary and yet feasting, and regaling them at
pleasure—
sting unarm'd, yet sparing in their food
nor kind, nor measure.
st stroke of all we feel it, that an idle
brood be fed
cost, who never handled our or jav'lin,
never bled,
much as rais'd a blister in their suff'ring
country's stead.
point this matter draw I:—if my fellows
think with me,
all crush this race in future, and promul-
gate a decree;—
'n—*he who wants a sting must look to want*
a judge's fee.†

ripides and Plato use the same language as our author.—
plicibus, 240. *De Rep.* l. viii. 500.

s clear that this comedy ought to have ended immediately
hese addresses of the Chorus, or even before them. The
was complete; and whatever else is added must be a mere
tation. The translator has accordingly taken the liberty
idering it as a separate performance.

THE

DICAST TURNED GENTLEMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON, CHORUS.

SCENE—*A private room, hung round with various sorts of costly apparel.*

Phil. *WHAT, boy, discard my cloak, that trusty friend
Who bore me safe through all the mighty conflict
Where our best friend was Boreas'† blasts! Never, son.

* The father and son enter quarrelling together: the son wishing to improve the paternal costume; the father strongly and obstinately objecting.

† Pausanias, in his Arcadics, says that Boreas performed this good office for the Athenians more than once. But the particular occasion here referred to, is that well known storm mentioned by Herodotus, *lib. vii. c. 189*, which did so much damage to *the Persian fleet. Boreas*, according to the tradition of the

Bdel. You miss your better interests, refusing.
Phil. I fit me out indeed in gala suits!
Boy, I know better; 'twas but t'other day
My fuller's* bill there stood me in a groat
For damage done my own poor wardrobe.
Bdel. Well, but
Make trial first: 'twas your own choice to be
A debtor, sir, to my good offices.
Phil. And what wouldst have of me?
Bdel. (*taking it off.*) First, you'll cashier
This cloak: then please to throw this mantle round
Your neck, cloak-fashion, sir.
Phil. That men should thus
Extend their breed, and purchase suffocation
From their own offspring!
Bdel. Now take this;—on with't:—
No words, I beg.
Phil. And what may this be call'd?
Bdel. Some call it Persis, others Gaunacus.
Phil. Gads me! I took it for a Thymet-blanket.
Bdel. No marvel; you are fresh—untutor'd—new—
Have never been at Sardis;† you had else
Been graced with better knowledge sure.
Phil. True, true,

Greeks, married Orithya, an Athenian female, daughter of Erectheus; and hence the favour which the Athenians thus met at his hands.—*Plato in Phædro*, 337.

* The lower citizens of Athens generally wore robes without any dye in them, for the convenience of having them thus repaired; the rich, on the contrary, preferred coloured cloths.—*Thes. Char.* 18.

† *Sardis*: a great mart for articles of fashionable dress.

ver was at Sardis—yet methinks
cloak is much like that is worn by Morychus.*
del. Your pardon there: this cloak was made
at Ecbatane.
hil. Say you? Why then your woofs of Ecbatane
emble much the breed of flitter tripes.
del. Softly, this is the handy-work of foreigners,
l cost a world of cash; why this one robe
ht suck you up a hundred pound in wool.
hil. Call it woolsucker then, instead of gaunacus.
said I right, young truepenny!—
del. Steady, now:
't shift your ground so:—there now.
(*helps him on with the cloak.*)
hil. Curse the beast:
's set me all on fire.
del. On with it: quick, man;—
h hesitate?
hil. I'll none of it: that's flat—
if I must have something warm, e'en wrap
oven round me.
del. Prithee, sir, proceed—
be your valet.
hil. Harky'e, hast a flesh-hook?
del. For what?
hil. To catch me ere I turn to dissolution.

Morychus was a tragic poet. He wore thick clothes as be-
of a cold and delicate habit of body. He is ridiculed in the
arnians and the Peace as a great epicure, particularly in

Bdel. Now doff those shoes; (*aside*) were ever seen their fellows!
Here is a pair of the true Spartan cut.
Phil. What, and make traitors of my feet! go shod
In foreign hides!
Bdel. In with your foot—tread firm—
I wish you joy—you're now on Spartan—
Phil. Ground,
I guess you mean. The more should you take shame
To make me thus set foot in a foe's country.
Bdel. Now sir, the other foot.
Phil. I crave your pardon—
I've a toe there of the true Attic breed,
That hates your Spartan like the devil.
Bdel. Nay,—sir—
Indeed it must be done.
Phil. Wretch that I am,
And all this plague to cross my ripest years too!
Bdel. Quick: quick: you trifle with your shoeing—now, sir,
Forward, and let your gait be such as suits
A man, whose purse is full: easy and tripping,
Like Salaconius'!
Phil. Have at you then: (*struts about*)
Mark my costume, my bearing and my gait:
And tell me now, of all our wealthies whom I
Resemble most.
Bdel. Nay to my mind there's nought
So much resembles thee, as a fresh wound
That has a coat of garlic plaster on't!—
But come—suppose now you frequent with wits

: men of *parts—with some of our great scho
lars,
p-read—full to a plethora with knowledge :
e you such lofty topics of discourse
nay befit your company?
'hil. Nay, nay,
ve me to entertain a parley with them.
ldel. Produce your samples.
'hil. I've a thousand—boy :
rimis, I will tell them how the Lamia
ı caught—and, save the mark—smelt not of
roses
he taking, ha, boy! next—observe me—how
dopion's mother—
ldel. Trite, sir, trite!—the figments
"the' olden time"—mere day-dreams of the
nursery:—
ır tales of men and manners; facts, home facts,
'e you of these, sir?
'hil. I'm familiar with them.
ldel. A case, a case, sir.
'hil. "Once upon a time
veasel and a mouse"—
ldel. Hold, in heaven's name—
ıy man! this savours strongly of †Theagenes,
olt, blockhead, idiot, left-handed wretch,
was thus he took a scavenger to task)

Literally, *right-handed men.* Of the superstitions of the
eeks, as directed by right and left, it is unnecessary to speak;
epithets right-handed men and left-handed men grew neces-
ily out of these ominous opinions as common terms of eulogy
l reproach.

Theagenes is *noted by the Scholiast*, as a person not in the
t possible odour at the time.

What! to bring mice and weasels 'twixt the wind
And nose of our nobility?"

Phil. What would you then?

Bdel. Something that smacks of grandeur and magnificence:—
Your Holy Mission—there—with the two props
O' the' church—good *Androcles and pious Cleisthenes

Phil. Mission!—Commission, boy, you mean: yes, yes,
I trailed a pike at Paros—by the token
(*sighs*) I pouch'd a brace of obols for my services.

Bdel. Then shift your tone: tell how Epheudion box'd
And wrestled with Ascondas—how the man
Was old and grey; but then stout-ribb'd, strong-handed,
With bowels and a breast of steel.

Phil. Go to,
Go to! as if men wrestled here †steel-breasted!

Bdel. And yet 'tis thus our sophists and our wits
Discourse.—Again—suppose you've foreigners
At table, sir, when vanity is most
On the alert—What have you that smacks richest
Of mettle in your youthful days, to tell of?

Phil. (*eagerly*) There I am with you, boy (*pauses, then emphatically*) the very prime
And top of all my feats was when I stole

* Androcles and Cleisthenes were men of infamous lives. For an account of the sacred Athenian embassies, called θεωρίαι, see a delightful chapter in the French Anacharsis.

† A play of words upon the double meaning of the word θωραξ. To a people so fond of punning as the Athenians, the favourite exercise of the palæstra naturally furnished many, the humour of which can now be but faintly appreciated.

*Ergasion's vine-props. Eh! what sayst, my younker?

Bdel. A plague upon your vine-props! vine-props, quotha!

A chase, a hunt; a hare well run to death,
Or a wild boar spear'd—have you none of these
To play the braggart on?—mayhap a victory
Won at the festival of †Torches:—good now,
Bethink you, sir:—some enterprise of pith
And moment sure, your earlier days afford.

Phil. (*meditates*) Nay, boy, I have't—a feat most brilliant too—

Observe—'twas how Phayllus—he—the racer,
Abused me, gave me scurrilous language—how
I fil'd my action 'gainst him:—how I cast him
By ‡two good votes, and I but yet,—observe,
A lubber not thus high. What sayst to that?

Bdel. Enough, enough—now sit ye down, and learn

* It is clearly the object of the poet to hold up the judicial character to contempt; and the insolent and oppressive manner in which the office of dicast was discharged, must have made this ridicule very agreeable to great part of the audience.

† The festival of torches, celebrated in the Ceramicus, was instituted in honour of Prometheus, and it recorded the invention of fire. The candidate who ran the course without extinguishing the torch which he carried in his hand, claimed the victory. The use of lamps and torches, both in religious worship and for the purposes of common life, was claimed by the Egyptians as their invention. A grand festival, called the festival of the lighting of lamps, was solemnized with peculiar devotion in that country. From the use of torches and lamps thus introduced into their religious ceremonies, came the practice of burning them at the shrines of illustrious personages. *Athen. Letters*, vol. ii. p. 96. The reader need not be reminded of this custom as still prevailing in Catholic countries.

‡ *This is in perfect keeping with the character of the old dicast. Phayllus has been mentioned in the Acharnians.*

To feed and take your dinner like a gentleman.

Phil. Pleasant enough! and how wouldst have me sit?

Bdel. With decency, and like a man of fashion—

Phil. As thus? (*putting himself into a ridiculous attitude*)

Bdel. Nay, spare my eyes.

Phil. Or thus?

Bdel. In mercy.—

Observe—your legs should be extended, thus;
Your limbs easy and free, like one well practis'd
In his gymnastics.—Mark me, I beseech you.
Then you commend the plate, or cast an eye
Upon the fretted roof; perchance the curtains
May claim a look of passing admiration.*
(*affecting to call his slaves*) Hoa, there within!
bring †water for our hands—
Bring in the tables :‡ quick! set on the dishes:
'Tis done! the banquet's ended, hands are wash'd;
Libations made,—

Phil. Aye, in a dream I grant ye—

Bdel. A strain from the attending Lyrist follows.
Then for your fellow-drinkers, there are met
Theorus, Cleon, Æschines, and Phanus,
And a rough fellow at Acestor's side
Of the same fashion as himself—you join
The circle—well—§catches go round—let's see

* Strictly speaking, all this fell within the province of the professed flatterer and parasite.

† At Greek meals ablutions were performed both before and after eating.

‡ It appears from *Ath.* l. ii. 60. that this was the custom in Athenian houses; the practice prevails in Greece to this day. *Douglas*, p. 143.

§ In the original, *Scolia*, songs sung at the entertainments of the ancients. Some, according to Archbishop Potter, were bu-

How will you bear y -
Phil. y, for a song,
Not one of all our *n els me.
Bdel. To the proo - ose Cleon—good:
what next?
I chant a stanza from Harmodius—good—
You take me up—now I begin.
(*preludes, then sings*)

"Burgh and city, hill and dale,
Search them all—and mark my tale;—
You'll not find in Attic land—

Phil. (*preludes, then sings*)

'Mong the little or the great
For this knave a duplicate,
Take him either tongue or hand."

Bdel. 'Twill cost your life to utter such a speech;
He'll bellow endless exile, ruin, death,
Within your ears.
Phil. Then I've another strain:

"Stop and pause, madd'ning wretch, hold thy phrensied career!
'Tis for Athens I plead, 'tis for her I show fear:
Impending destruction hangs over her walls:
The bolt's shot—all is over—she totters, she falls!"

morous and satirical; others were of an amorous description; and many of them turned upon the most serious topics, upon points of morality, upon practical exhortations or sentences, and upon the praises and actions of illustrious men. It appears further, that of these songs, some were sung by the whole company joining in a chorus; others by all the company in their turns, and a third sort by some few who were best skilled in music; this last was termed *scolium*, from a Greek word signifying crooked, as being sung out of course, and not by every man in his own place, like the two *former*.

* *Alluding to the division of the Athenians*, into the men of the *mountain, men of the plain*, and men of the sea.

Bdel. Put case, Theorus then, your next-hand neighbour,
Grasp hard at Cleon's hand and chant as follows:
" *As the story-books tell*
In old times it befell,
That Admetus —but read and you'll know, sirs,
For the gallant and brave,
Who think light of a grave,
How the heart-springs more cheerily flow, sirs."
What ready answer have you now to that?
Phil. An answer, boy, full, loud and musical.
From sycophants base
Who are looking for place,
Jove in mercy thy servant defend!
From tricksters that fawn
Upon purple or lawn;
But most from a two-sided friend!
Then you have Æschines,
A man of parts and a right delicate ear,
And he sets off as follows.
Fair Cleitagora and I,
And the men of Thessaly,
Once a day had wealth in store;—
But theirs is gone—and woe is me!
For mine lies buried in the sea;
Live he who helps my purse to more!
Bdel. You know these matters to a nicety;—
But come,
Supper awaits us, sir, at Philocleimon's.
(*speaks to a servant*) Harkye, lad, take your chest and lay *therein—

* The custom among the ancients of the guests bringing their own share of the entertainment has already been noticed in the *Acharnians*.

t we may have wherewith to make us merriment.

'hil. Nay, an you love me, son, beware of drink!
wine;—from wine come blows—breaking of doors—
asting of stones: home reels my drunkard, dozes
way his head-ache, wakes at morn, and finds
e has most swinging damages to pay.

Bdel. Not if you drink with gentlemen; d'ye mark me?
For I speak not of ragamuffins: have you
Err'd then? some friend begs pardon, and the' offence
Is quash'd: or else yourself tell pleasant tales
From *Æsop or the Sybarites;—such tales
As we are wont to hear at merry-makings.
The plaintiff smiles, and you're anon acquitted.

Phil. Aye, is it so, old true-penny? then be it
My aim (and sure the end will pay the labour)
To learn a stock of these same tales, which wipe
Offence, and put a salve on mischief; now then
I'm at your service, boy: away, away,
Let nought our project stop nor breed delay.

(*exeunt ambo.*)

* The Scholiast makes a difference between the fables of the Sybarites and those of Æsop, which the reader might not expect: the one, he says, related to the actions of men, and the other to those of animals. They served, like the old Fabliaux, as well in name as in purport, to enliven the feast, and repay hospitality.

SCENE II.

CHORUS.

After much and long reflexion I this last conclu
draw,
That for smart right-handed wisdom none my e
ever saw.
But your branded and *left-handed folly I beg l
to pass,
That and more, sirs, at the door, sirs, drop
†Amyni-Ass.
A scion is he
Of that large family;
Whose thought and whose care
Centre whole in their hair,
Of whatever degree,
Rank or kind it may be,
Full-bottom, tie, periwig, curl, or ‡toupe

* Left-handedness is a term of reproach not peculiar to Greeks. The excellent old French satirist Gautier de Coins nounces a serious punishment for those who serve our lad; mains esclanches;" and Quevedo, the Spanish author, has, i Visions, detailed the punishment of left-handed persons at a siderable length.

† The poet, in this little Chorus, plays upon Ameinias th chon, at once parsimonious and foppish. As a law provided none of those distinguished magistrates should be brought t the stage, the poet alters the orthography of the name, and m a change in his family, which affords him also a lash at Æsch Ameinias is ridiculed by the other comic writers of that day, ticularly for his misconduct in an embassy to Pharsalus.

‡ The particular mode of dressing the hair, ridiculed in text, is that which the Greeks called Crobylus.

I saw (under grace)
This hair-braider, in place
Of his rude daily fare—
—A pomegranate and pear,—
Supping lately in state
As *Leogoras' mate.
He plough'd in his might—(*a pause*)
He hath sharp appetite—(*a pause*)
And to give him his due,
So hath †Antiphon too.
On a mission late sent
He to ‡Pharsalus went—
And of whom there the guest he?
Why of all the §Penestæ:
And so it should be;—
For if rank penury
Be a term right in place
For that thrice scurvy race,
One and all will agree,
Of that fair company,
That none could be more a Penestan than he.

* Leogoras is handed down to us as a great gourmand, particularly in the article of pheasants. He was the father of Andocides the Rhetorician.

† The person here satirized seems to have been the diviner and dream-interpreter of that name.

‡ Pharsalus, one of the largest cities in Thessaly, stood in one of those beautiful situations, which Greece so frequently offers to the traveller. The affairs of Thessaly often break upon the reader of Grecian history with an air of romance, but never more than on that occasion when Pharsalus was added to the confederacy formed under that extraordinary man, Jason of Pheræ. *Xenophon's Hellenics.*

§ The Penestæ were nearly to the Thessalians, what the wretched Helots were *to the Spartans*, and the Clarots to the *people of Crete.*

SEMI-CHOR. *A rumour has gone,
I am told, through the town,
That your poet and Cleon
Private terms did agree on,
At that time there—when shearing
And rending and tearing
He thought by a brush
To upset me and crush.—
Worn and torn to the skin,
True, I rais'd a loud din;
But my pains pity none
From the by-standers won:
A laugh and a shout
Threw the rude rabble out,
And gaping Surprise
Stood with wide staring eyes,
To note and to see
If extreme misery
Should wring from my smart
Something biting and tart.
I mark'd in my turn
This their rough unconcern,
And, vex'd at the heart,
I descended—in part—
To an ape's cunning wiles:
I had words, I had smiles:
I spoke, on my creed,
In smooth accent and bland;——

* This obscure Antistrophe, as Mr. Gray remarks, relates to some transaction between Cleon and the poet, of which we know little:—the conclusion of it does not altogether correspond with the bold uncompromising character which is put forth in the parabasis of the play.

Cleon lent on a *reed,
And it went through his hand.

* Literally—*the vine was deceived in what it expected to be its prop*, apparently an Athenian proverb.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

XANTHIAS, CHORUS.

Xant. (*rubbing himself*) Well now: if bliss b
measur'd by the skin,
Commend me, friends, I say, unto the tortoise.
There show'rs of blows may fall, and no harm don
In such a crust hath bounteous nature cas'd him.
For me, let a mere stick but cross these shoulder
And I am a dead man.

CHOR. What ails thee, lad?
For lad I needs must call who feels the whip,
Tho' time tell other tale upon his face.

Xant. Lookye—Was ever such a reprobate
As this old gentleman of ours?—a guest
More petulant or with a fouler mouth
I never witness'd yet, and, my good masters,
That's a bold word to say, where Antiphon,
And Hippylus, and Theophrastus, Lycon,
Lysistratus, and Phrynicus are met
At table—first, he stuff'd and made him high
With wine: then fell to leaping, dancing, shoutin
And all the antics of an ass o'erstuff'd
With roasted barley—then 'twas "Boy—do this,"
"Boy—I command you that"—each word betwee
Commended with a show'r of lusty blows.

Lysistratus, who kept an eye upon him,
Had soon his biting jests and mock similitudes.
He talk'd of **lees most recently enrich'd,*
And *bailiffs who takes refuge in a straw-yard.*
The other rais'd a shout, and twitted him
With *locusts which have cast a thread-bare cloak.*
Then talk'd of †Sthenelus, "*who put to sale*
His furniture for very want and poverty."
This drew from all a thunder of applause,
Save ‡Theophrastus, who wants neither sense
Nor breeding. Well: the senior saw him turn
And bite his lips. Anon the storm fell there:
"And whence," quoth he, "this air of daintiness
In Theophrastus: him, forsooth, who has
A smutty tale for ev'ry rich man's table?
Lickspit and flatterer both! to me this forehead!"
Thus were his insults dealt to all in turn,
Mix'd up with rustic taunts and jibes, and larded
With idle fables, such as had no reference
To what was passing at the time. What would you
Have on't? The wine soon mounts into his head,
And he betakes him to the street, there cudgelling
Each passenger he meets—But yonder see
He comes, stumbling at ev'ry step: I'll off
While yet the cudgel's at a distance. (*exit*)

* It is not quite clear to what these two facetious disputants allude. The "lees recently enriched" may possibly refer to the improvement of the old dicast's person and manners under the care of his son. The straw-yard is perhaps an allusion to the old proverb, "the ass has made his way to the straw yard:" bailiff is substituted for ass in reference to the dicast's employment. The locust and thread-bare cloak are *terms easily* understood.

† Sth*enelus is said to have been a mime* and a tragic actor.

‡ *It is not known who this Theophrastus* was.

SCENE II.*

PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON, CHORUS, SINGING-G

Phil. (*to the crowd*)
Helter, skelter,
To hole and to shelter:
Foot or hand that first nears m
Good blow shall be dealt her.
See ye this flambeau?
He that has felt her,
Knows blisters ensue
Wherever I melt her.

Bdel. To-morrow's sun shall see thee shei
this,
And sorely too—thou most incorrigible!
Aye, brave it as you will, my youthful spark,
To-morrow, mark, we muster all our corps
And summon thee to justice—

Phil. Summon! d—n him
He lacks original opinions! Summon!
Where did he get the term? 'tis obsolete—
Can't stomach it, I tell ye. Summon, quotha
I know of none, but what these lips hold out-
(Buss me, you wench! (*to the singing girl*)—a
you little grass-hopper!)
And—hiccup! down with ballot-boxes—what

* The dicast, as just come from a nightly entertain
enters with a torch in one hand, and leads a singing-girl i
other; he is followed by a crowd of persons whom he has in
in the streets.

To that, old Statute-book? (*to Bdel. who is retiring*)—(*to the crowd*) Eh! sirs, have we
No place, no reverence, that thus you press
Upon our steps?—but where's my man of law,
(*looks about for his son*)
My precedent, my little three* obols? Gone?
Gone to the winds, so let him go.—This way (*speaks to the singing girl*)
My golden butterfly—(*sings*) now we go up,
Up, up—here, use an old man's arm—harder on't—
'Tis old, but equal to the burthen, wench:
And didn't I compass things most cleverly
To steal you as I did from those same merry-makers?
Oddsheart! those rude and frolicking roisterers—
What now, you little giggling thing! dost pay me
With a horse-laugh for't?—hiccup! (steady, boys,
Steady!—) but that's the way with you young wenches
O' the singing school: well, well, be a good child—
And use an old man kindly; and, harkye, girl,
Soon as I've put my boy beneath the turf,
I'll make thee mistress of my house—I will—
At present I'm not master of my own,
D'ye see: (*Sighs*) for sooth I'm young and serve a wardship
Unto my son—'tis a dear skin-flint—crusty
Withal—and scrapes his radishes; confound him!
A sneaking, pitiful, †cummin-splitting fellow,

* As we should say of a lawyer in English, *my six-and-eight-pence.*

† *This proof of Athenian niggardliness* in splitting and dimi-

Still troubled with the megrims, lest myself
Or property should go to waste. (*weeps*) For
His only one—he'hath neither chick nor child
But me—his all in all, and wherewithal.
But yonder see, he comes, as the north wind
Were in his tail, and he must drive before it.
Stand by me, girl—and hold this torch—ecod
I'll banter him a little—'twas his way
With me, ere I was of the *Mysteries.

Bdel. So, sir, a wench must serve your purpo
must it!

You, whose sole suit should be unto your coffin
Think'st to escape for this? Nay, by this light
But thou shalt suffer for't.

Phil. Where are we now?

What is our stomach ripe for suits, old vinegar

Bdel. None of your rude scurrilities to me:
How dar'st thou steal this minstrel from the gue
And rob the feast of its most lovely portion?

Phil. Listen:—when I was at the games (a m
Spectator, mind,) there wrestled with Asconda
A man in years, yclep'd Epheudion.
The lusty senior levell'd fist and beat
The youngster to the ground:—speaks the
clearly,
Or must black eyes (*throws himself into a boxing*
titude) and bruises, say, enforce it?

nishing the most trifling articles at table, is admitted by Aris
into his characteristics of that quality. In *Ethicis*, c. iv. p. 14

* As there was something awful in the Mysteries, it is proba
that those who had passed the ordeal, used to play upon s
persons as were preparing to undergo the initiation. Or
passage may allude to the scurrilous and indecent jests, whi
with the usual Athenian love of strong contrast, formed par
the ceremonial. (See Bentley's Dissert. on Phalaris.)

Bdel. (*drawing back*) Thy matter is well conn'd;
thou hast not seen
The games for nought.

SCENE III.

Characters as before,—PANARIA.

Panaria, or Baking woman. Help, in heaven's
name I ask it!
Stand by me, sir, (*to Bdel.*) and right an injur'd
woman!
This knave (he and no other) has clean ruin'd me.
By the same sign, he struck me with that torch,
Whereby I lost ten loaves, each worth an obol;—
Add four that topp'd the burthen, and . . .
Bdel. (*to Phil.*) Dost hear,
Dost see, dost mark all this?—Thou roisterer!
More suits than this that drunken bout will yet,
I fear, engender—
Phil. To the winds with fear!
Tut, man! a merry tale heals all. My word
Upon't, this wench and I remain not long
At strife.
Pan. (*chafing.*) Well, well! as I'm a person now,
It shall not be without some taste of danger.
No: an my name be Myrtia, (daughter, look-ye!)
To Sostratë and good Ancylion,
My precious wares shall not be lost for nothing!
Phil. List, my good woman, I've a tale to tell
thee.

Pan. Tales! Tales anan! Tales serve not he
believe me.
Phil. But list. *Once ('twas returning from banquet)*
A bold and drunken bitch 'gan bark at Æsop:
"*Bitch,*" quoth the fabulist, "*if that foul tongue*
Of thine could purchase thee a crust, why, bitch,
It were clear proof of sense to bark: if otherwise"—
Pan. What! flouted, mock'd! Observe I summ
thee,
Be who thou wilt, before the market-officers,
For damage done unto my goods and chattels.—
Be this same Chærephon* my witness.
Phil. List
Again, and mark if I speak properly.
A contest rose 'twixt †Lasus and Simonides,
(*The day has long gone by*) *who show'd most mast*
In music—"*'Tis a ‡matter claims no interest*
In me," quoth Lasus.

* Chærephon was one of the scholars and friends of Socrat He prosecuted his studies with such application and intensene that he brought on himself a duskiness of countenance, whi gained him the nickname of the Bat.

† Lasus of Hermione, according to Suidas, lived in the 58 Olympiad; and, as that writer adds, he was by some rank among the seven wise men in the room of Periander. He w the first who wrote a book upon music, and originated the Dit rambic contest. Some foolish stories of him are told in t seventh book of Athenæus. It was this Lasus, according to H rodotus, (*Polymnia*, c. 6.) who detected the interpolations of On macritus, mentioned in the Comedy of the Knights.

‡ This *mot*, which passed into a proverb, has also been ascrib to Hippocleides on the occasion which lost him the hand of t daughter of Cleisthenes, king of Sicyon. See the account that romantic event in the French Anacharsis, t. iii. p. 458. is derived from the Erato of Herodotus, c. 126—130.

Pan. (*fretting*) So! so! so!
Phil. Why, Chærephon,
Thou'rt witness to a woman made of buckthorn!—
E'en such another, faith,—so pale, so woe-begone,—
Euripides suspended on a rock,
And call'd her Ino.*
Bdel. Yonder comes, methinks,
Another plaintiff! Mark, and he too brings
His witness with him.

SCENE IV.

Characters as before,—PLAINTIFF, WITNESS.

Plaint. Oh! oh! oh! I'm bruis'd!
I'm murder'd!—in this presence here I charge
This senior with most rude assault and battery!
Bdel. With battery! Heav'n in its mercy now
Forbid! (*to Plaintiff*) Harkye, sir, name your damages;
Myself will pay them, and owe thanks to boot.
Phil. Let be, let be—I'll make my peace myself.
First I confess, that I assail'd the man;
Nay, further, that I beat him: hither, friend—
Rests it with me to name a compensation,
Or will yourself explain, what sum may spread
A salve upon these wounds?

* Euripides in Medeâ, 1282—89. The story of Ino throwing herself from a high rock into the sea, and the occasion of this violence, are too well known to need repetition.

Plain. Nay, for that matter
E'en let it rest with you :—for me, sirs, I am
A man of peace and quietness, and hate
A *law suit as I hate the devil.

Phil. List now :
There was a Sybarite once who, lacking skill
In horses, yet must needs turn charioteer.
Fate threw him from his car ; and the fall, mark me,
Engender'd on his head a huge contusion.
A friend came up, and what the' advice he gave him?
'Twas this : "Practice no art," quoth he, "henceforth,
In which thou'rt not a master." Hence away
To Pittalus :† by the same rule he'll find
A salve for thee.

Bdel. This tallies with the rest.

Plaint. (*to his witness*) You'll please to bear this answer well in memory.

Phil. A word before you go ; "*It chanced in Sybaris*
A woman broke a pitcher."

Plaint. (*to witness*) Mark : for this too
May ask an attestation.

Phil. *Pitcher straight*
Look'd out his witness ; good ! he summon'd her
Before the Justice : "Pitcher," quoth the' offender,
"Hadst thou let go this attestation, Pitcher,
And look'd thee out a bandage for thy wound,
It would have smack'd much more of sense."

* He must have been a very extraordinary Athenian, entertaining such a disposition.

† Pittalus has been mentioned in the Acharnians as one of the public physicians at Athens.

Plaint. Nay, cease not—
Scoff till the matter come before the court.

SCENE V.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS.

Bdel. So help me, heav'n, thou stay'st no longer here,
But by the waist I'll seize thee—
Phil. And what then?
Bdel. Force thee within the house. If I forbear,
So many summon thee, that witnesses
Will fail them.
Phil. —*In the cause of Æsop once*
The Delphians—
Bdel. "*'Tis a matter claims no interest*
In me"—
Phil. *Made charge that he had filch'd a cup*
From Phœbus: what said Æsop? he made answer,
That once the beetle—
Bdel. Hold, hold, by the gods,
Or this same beetle tale will prove my death,
(*Philocleon is forced out by his son.*
CHOR. (*as he retires*)
Happy greybeard art thou!
To thy fortunes I bow!
That mode of life rude,
Hard, crusty and crude,
To the winds thou mayst give,
And with gentlemen live!
Old habits to change
Is a thing hard and strange;

And yet there have been,
Who by changing the scene,
And haunting with men
Of a different ken,
New manners have taken,
And old ones forsaken.
None meantime will deny
That, at least, will not I,
(Nor any, not winking
At a wrong way of thinking)
All respect to the son
Who such wisdom hath shown.
In a way quite his own
All my senses he won;
And I madden'd for joy,
As I heard the sweet boy.
For well did he battle
His father's wild prattle,
His pro and his con
He put down one by one,
Showing neatly by logic
That wise was the project,
Engend'ring desire
To' embellish his sire,
And fit him, tho' late,
Both for grandeur and state.

SCENE VI.*

XANTHIAS, CHORUS, PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON.

Xant. (*to the Chorus.*) Now, by good liquor, sure
some god hath slipt
The knot of all untoward things, and roll'd them
In a huge flood upon our house! Our senior
Had given long time unto his cups, when lo!
Flute-music came across him. At the sound
He started, let himself all loose to joy,
And a whole night is telling, while he practises
The steps and dances† which the emulate pride
Of ancient Thespis first brought into vogue.
As for our modern masters—tut! he swears them
Mere idiots, and is ready to give proof,
That they are bankrupts in the mighty art.

Phil. (*speaks from within.*) Who holds the door
in stern and watchful state?

Xant. The madman's loose and makes for post
and gate.

Phil. Throw wide the bolts, (*enters dancing,*)
the measur'd steps begin—

Xant. To call it phrensy would be no great sin.

* In the following scene the ridicule is levelled at the dances used on the stage, and more particularly at the σιλακιτισμος, a dance much used by the Grecian women, and of which the chief excellence consisted in throwing the heels higher than the shoulders.

† The ancient poets, says Athenæus, as Thespis, Pratines, Carcinus, and Phrynicus, were called ορχηστοι, (dancers,) because they not only used much dancing in the *choruses* of their plays, but taught *the art to such as wished to learn it.*

Phil. (*dancing*) The twisted side the forceful n
tion owns;
Lows the wide nostril and the back-bone groan:
Xant. He raves—he is possest—drench him w
hellebore.
Phil. (*dancing*) Like the spurr'd cock, by fie
opponent crost,
Strikes Phrynichus*—(*kicking at the slave.*)
Xant. (*rubbing himself*) The art is not yet los
Phil. (*practises*) Float the long arms—
Xant. The case is clearly see
Phil. (*practises*) Spread the wide thighs—
Xant. A ship might sail betwee
Phil. (*practises*) High spring his heels,
Xant. Your own are not in fa
Phil. And win the heavens in a lusty vault.
The' obedient knee-pan, loose and never still,
Twists, turns, and circles at the master's will:
Bdel. (*entering*) Psha! psha! this is mere phr
sy, not agility.
Phil. List all—I stand and challenge rivalry.
Is there who prides him in the dancer's art?
I throw my voice and dare him to the trial:
'Tis to our modern playwrights I address me—
Give me a man that may contend with me—
I pause and wait for a reply: what none?
Bdel. One comes at least, who will not balk y
fancy.
Phil. His name—his name—good wag?
Bdel. 'Tis the middle sp
Of Carcinus.†

* See *Bentley's Dissertation on Phalaris*. Age of Tragedy.
† Carcinus in Greek signifies a crab.—The reader is ill w

Phil. I'll swa
[illegible]fish! I'll beat him
[illegible] teach him in a [illegible]
[illegible]at are the rules of rhythm: surely the knave
[illegible]as yet to learn then.

Bdel. More work for your heels, sir:
Another crabling, see, is coming forward,
Own brother to the first.

Phil. Then gulp—I've swallow'd him.

Bdel. Save us! there's nought but crabs: a third advances,
And still the rogue calls Carcinus his father.

Phil. His species, boykin? cruet or sea-spider?

Bdel. Nay Pinnoteer,* I think, might better suit him—
'Tis a most dwarfish breed, and yet the marmoset
Endites his tragedy!

Phil. Beshrew me, Carcinus,
But thou art happy in thy offspring! Heav'ns, man!
The stage is fill'd with flimsy flutterers!
Well, I must harness me for this encounter—
(*To his son*) Be it your care to furnish me fit pickle,
If I should master this same race of shell-fish.

Chor. (*to his troop*) Friends, awhile now give way, and make room for their play,
thus straiten'd they hardly can frisk it:
A stage there, a stage! we'll sit here in our age,
and mark how these whirligigs whisk it.

in Aristophanes if he does not reckon upon having this pun pursued through the remainder of the present scene. Carcinus and his family are again ridiculed in our author's comedy of the Peace.

* The Pinnoteer *is the smallest of* crabs, and here serves to *designate Xenocles, the tragedian, who* seems to have excited the *particular spleen of Aristophanes.*—See his *Thesmophoriazusæ.*

SEMI-CHOR. Children of a mighty Sire,
Water-gender'd, void of fire!
Now commence your rounds, and throw
To the winds the wanton toe.
By the ocean-skirted sand,
By the shingle and the strand,
Leap, till shrimps, a genial brood,
Claim fair kin and brotherhood.
Long continuous circles wheel,
Point the foot and lift the heel;
Leap till the spectator's gaze
Pay the marvel with his praise;
Leap till Wonder's self throw out
All her transports in a shout.
Like the top beneath the scourge
Endless course and motion urge.
Upward let your legs be thrown,
Till Jove find heav'n not all his own.

CHOR. And see, see, the King* of the shell-fish advancing,
And his offspring he joins, pirouetting and dancing!
Delighted he moves—O the blessed community,
They of dancers the Triad, and he, sirs, the Unity!
My feet itch for a dance; would the bard do us pleasure,
From the stage he'd despatch us and treading a measure;

* Carcinus himself enters here and joins the dance. To make the burlesque more complete, the performers were probably so arranged as occasionally to imitate crabs in their form and motion.

er yet liv'd his peer, who so master'd his art,
o bid all his troop in a galliard depart!

[*Exit Chorus in a grotesque dance.*]

END OF THE WASPS.

SELECT COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE,

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE COLMAN.

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

THE LIFE

OF

TERENCE.

ILIUS TERENTIUS AFER was born at Ca
, and was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a
n senator; who, perceiving him to have an
lent understanding, and a great deal of wit,
ally bestowed on him a liberal education, but
him his freedom in a very early part of his

r poet was beloved and much esteemed by
men of the first rank in the Roman common-
h; and lived in a state of great intimacy with
) Africanus, and C. Lælius.
wrote six comedies. When he offered his
play, which was the Andrian, to the Ædiles,
as ordered to read it to Acilius, one of the
s, the year of the exhibition of that play.
he arrived at that poet's house, he found him
le; and it is said, that our author, being very
y dressed, was suffered to read the opening
play, seated on a very low stool, near the
of Acilius; but scarce had he repeated a
nes, than Acilius invited him to sit down to
r with him; after which Terence proceeded
his play, and finished it to the no small admi-
of Acilius. His six plays were equally ad-
by the Romans.
wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or,

perhaps, to make himself a master of the cust and manners of the Grecians, in order to delin them the better in his writings, he left Rome the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exh ed the six comedies which are now extant: an never returned more.

Volcatius speaks of his death in the follo manner:

> Sed ut Afer sex populo edidit comœdias,
> Iter hinc in Asiam fecit: navim cum semel
> Conscendit. visus nunquam est. Sic vita vacat.
>
> But Terence, having given the town six plays,
> Voyag'd for Asia: but when once embark'd,
> Was ne'er seen afterwards. He died at sea.

He is said to have been of middle stature, teel, and of a swarthy complexion. He le daughter, who was afterwards married to a Ro knight; and at the time of his death he was sessed of an house, together with a garden, taining six acres of land, on the Appian way, c by the Villa Martis.

C. Cæsar speaks of Terence thus:

> Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
> Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator.
> Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
> Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
> Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres
> Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.
>
> And Thou, oh Thou among the first be plac'd,
> Aye, and deservedly, thou half Menander!
> Lover of purest dialogue——And oh,
> That humour had gone hand in hand with ease
> In all thy writings! That thy Muse might stand
> In equal honour with the Grecian stage,
> Nor thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
> This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
> There's wanting in thee, Terence!

THE ANDRIAN.

[redacted]

THE ANDRIAN.

Acted at the Megalesian Games,

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The music, composed for Equal Flutes, Right and Left-handed, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is wholly Grecian: Published, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Consuls.

Year of Rome	-	-	587
Before Christ	-	-	162
Author's Age	-	-	27

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE.
SIMO.
PAMPHILIUS.
CHREMES.
CHARINUS.
CRITO.
SOSIA.
DAVUS.
BYRRHIA.
DROMO.
SERVANTS, &c.
GLYCERIUM.
MYSIS.
LESBIA.
ARCHYLLIS.

SCENE—ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

Bard, when first he gave his mind to write,
ıght it his only business, that his Plays
ld please the people: But it now falls out,
nds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
ime in writing prologues; not to tell
argument, but to refute the slanders
ch'd by the malice of an older Bard.
ıd mark what vices he is charg'd withal!
ınder wrote the Andrian and Perinthian:
r one, and you know both; in argument
diff'rent than in sentiment and style.
t suited with the Andrian he confesses
ı the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
his: and this it is these sland'rers blame,
ing by deep and learned disputation,
. Fables shou'd not be contaminated.
h! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
ı, blaming him, blame Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
ıse great example is his precedent;
ıse negligence he'd wish to emulate
er than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
them, I give them warning, be at peace,
cease to rail, lest they be made to know
ir own misdeeds. Be favourable! sit
h equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
may conclude, what hope to entertain,
comedies he may hereafter write
'*merit approbation* or contempt.

THE

ANDRIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, *and* SERVANTS *with provisions.*

Simo. CARRY these things in: go!
(*Ex. Servants.*)
Sosia, come here;
A word with you!
Sosia. I understand: that these
Be ta'en due care of.
Simo. Quite another thing.
Sosia. What can my art do more for you?
Simo. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.
Sosia. I wait
Your pleasure.
Simo. Since I bought you from a boy
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd
With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave
I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:
The greatest recompense I could bestow.

Sosia. I do remember.
Simo. Nor do I repent.
Sosia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my service good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.
O tell me then at once, what would you? sir!
Simo. I will; and this I must advise you first:
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.
Sosia. Why pretend it then?
Simo. You shall hear all from first to last: and thus
The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown,
Had freer scope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His diposition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?
Sosia. True.
Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy;
Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.
Sosia. And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of life, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

PHRENOCOMIAN LIBRARY.

. So did he shape his life to [illegible] himself
ase and frank good-humour unto
what company soe'er, to them
olly did resign himself; and join'd
: pursuits, opposing nobody,
r assuming to himself: and thus
ase, and free from envy, may you gain
and conciliate friends.
. He rul'd his life
dent maxims: for as times go now,
ance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.
. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,
in woman from the isle of Andros,
'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
erty and cruel kindred driv'n:
me and young.
. Ah! I begin to fear
nischief from this Andrian.
. At first
and thriftily, tho' poor, she liv'd,
er own hands a homely livelihood
earning from the distaff and the loom.
en a lover came, with promis'd gold,
r, and another, as the mind
sily from labour to delight,
k their offers, and set up the trade.
vho were then her chief gallants, by chance
hither, as oft happens with young men,
to join their company. So, so!
within myself, he's smit! he has it!
the morning as I saw their servants
and fro, I'd often call, Here, boy!
, *now, who had Chrysis yesterday?*
ne of this same Andrian.

Sosia. I take you.

Simo. Phædrus, they said, Clinia, or Niceratus
For all these three then follow'd her.—Well, we
But what of Pamphilus?—Of Pamphilus!
He supt, and paid his reck'ning.—I was glad.
Another day I made the like inquiry,
But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:
For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
May well be trusted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who possest a son
So good, so lib'rally dispos'd—In short
Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Sosia. And what prevents its being so?

Simo. I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbour Chrysis dies.

Sosia. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Simo. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleased me then; for in myself I thought,

Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake
It takes this woman's death so nearly, what
Had himself had lov'd? What would he feel
For me, his father? All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sosia. And what—

Simo. You shall hear all. The corpse
Borne forth, we follow; when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form—

Sosia. Not bad, perhaps—

Simo. And look; so modest, and so beauteous, Sosia!
That nothing could exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest, and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and ask'd her women who she was.
Sister, they said to Chrysis: when at once
It struck my mind; So! so! the secret's out;
Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion!

Sosia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the sepulchre; the body's plac'd
Upon the pile, lamented: whereupon
This sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! *there! the frighted* Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;

Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?
Then she in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
O how familiarly!

Sosia. How say you!

Simo. I
Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd say; or how deserv'd
Reproach? or how offended, father?—Her,
Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
I stopt. A fair excuse!

Sosia. You're in the right:
For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me;
Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger-woman. I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sosia. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sosia. How so?

Simo. Father, (he might have said) you have, you know,
Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.

The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humour of another:
Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!
Sosia. What cause remains to chide him then?
Simo. If he
Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my son.
Sosia. Why so?
Simo. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart:* But if-
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?
—If, as I wish it may, it should appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.
Sosia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in!
Simo. Go first; I'll follow you. (*Exit* Sosia.)
Beyond all doubt
My son's averse to take a wife; I saw

* *Bad mind, bad heart. Mala mens, malus animus. Animus, the heart conceives the bad actions, and Mens, the mind, devises the means of carrying them into execution.* Dacier.

How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing—
But here he comes.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. (*to himself.*) I thought 'twere wonder
If this affair went off so easily;
And dreaded where my master's great good h
mour
Would end at last: who, after he perceiv'd
The lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.
Simo. (*behind.*) But now he will; to your co
too, I warrant you!
Davus. This was his scheme; to lead us by t
nose
In a false dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor have given us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old gentleman!
Simo. What says the rogue?
Davus. My master, and I did not see him!
Simo. Davus!
Davus. Well! what now? (*pretending not to him.*)
Simo. Here! this way!
Davus. What can he want? (*to himself.*)
Simo. (*overhearing.*) What say you?
Davus. Upon what? Sir!

Simo. Upon what!
The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.
Davus. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much for that.
Simo. D'ye mind what I say, Sirrah?
Davus. Nothing more, sir.
Simo. But for me now to dive into these matters
May seem perhaps like too severe a father:
For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in season, he had my free leave
To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day
Brings on another stage of life, and asks
For other manners: wherefore I desire,
Or, if you please, I do beseech you, Davus,
To set him right again.
Davus. What means all this?
Simo. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony.
Davus. So they say.
Simo. And then, if such a person enter
An evil counsellor in those affairs,
He tampers with the mind, [illegible]
Davus. Troth, I don't co[illegible] this.
Simo. No?
Davus. No, I'm Davus [illegible]
Simo. Then for the re[illegible]
You choose I should spe[illegible]
Davus. By all means.
Simo. If I discover th[illegible]
You get to your dog's tr[illegible]
Or try to show how sh[illegible]
I'll have you beat to mo[illegible]
In prison, sirrah! upon [illegible]

That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me n
Or don't you understand this neither?
Davus. Clearly.
You have spoke out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round abo
Simo. I could excuse your tricks in any thin
Rather than this.
Davus. Good words! I beg of you.
Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give warning,
That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed! (*E*

SCENE III.

DAVUS.

Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound
The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage; which, if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do; nor can resolve
To help the son, or to obey the father.
If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!
I tremble for his life; if I assist him,
I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old cuff,
Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,
He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
To break the match. If he discovers it,
Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd

To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
To throw me into prison, right or wrong.
Another mischief is, this Andrian,
Mistress or wife, 's with child by Pamphilus.
And do but mark their confidence! 'tis sure
The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.
Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd
*To educate: and have among themselves
Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen. "There was
"Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreckt
"Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:
"And Chrysis' father took this orphan-wreck,
"Then but an infant, under his protection."
Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
And yet the story pleases them. And see!
Mysis comes forth. But I must to the †forum
To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
Should find him first, and take him unawares.

(*Exit.*)

* *To educate.* *Decreverunt* tollere. The word *tollere* strictly signifies *to take up*, and alludes to the custom of those times. As soon as a child was born, it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed. *Dacier.*

† *The Forum.* The forum is very frequently spoken of in the comic authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a public place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the courts of justice, a public walk, and an exchange.

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS. (*Speaking to a servant within.*)

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:
You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth
That Lesbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
In her first labour.—Well, well! she shall come.
—Observe how earnest the old gossip is, (*coming forward*)
Because this Lesbia is her pot companion.
—O grant my mistress, Heav'n, a safe delivery,
And let the midwife trespass any where
Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
Pamphilus all disorder'd: How I fear
The cause! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

SCENE V.

PAMPHILUS, MYSIS *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?
Mysis What's the matter?
Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's wrong
If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Mysis. Alas! what's this I hear?

Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change my mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
Is losing life.—Was ever man so crost,
So curst as I?—Oh Pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
For so I must suspect, they breed some monster:
Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.

Mysis. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
My father! what to say of him?—Oh shame!
A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the forum, Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, said he: Prepare;
Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
His urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,

And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Mysis. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
He should confer with her; or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! save you!

Mysis. Save you! sir. (*Coming forwards.*)

Pam. How does she?

Mysis. How! oppress with wretchedness.
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!
Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honour! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Mysis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd—

Pam. Do you think me then so vile?
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?

Mysis. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her? Oh, Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium

Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began.
My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will—
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, guardian, father: All our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care.—
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.

Mysis. So we trust.

Pam. What make you from her?

Mysis. Going for a midwife.

Pam. Haste then! and hark, besure take special heed,
You mention not a word about the marriage,
Lest this too give her pain.

Mysis. I understand.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.

Char. How, Byrrhia? Is she to be married, say you,
To Pamphilus to-day?
Byr. 'Tis even so.
Char. How do you know?
Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the forum.
Char. Woe is me!
Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and overwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its cares.
Byr. Nay, prithee master, since the thing you wish
Cannot be had, e'en wish for that which may!
Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.
Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you strove,
To quench this passion, than, with words like these,
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?
Char. How readily do men at ease prescribe

To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like me,
You would not talk thus.

Byr. Well, well, as you please.

Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, e'er give up all for lost.

Byr. What now?

Char. I will intreat him, beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

Byr. Ay, that something's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak to him?

Byr. Why not? for tho' you don't obtain your suit,
He will at least imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him, in case he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base suspicions!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, save you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploring comfort, safety, help, and counsel,
You see me now before you.

Pam. *I do lack*

Myself both help and counsel—But what mean
you?

Char. Is this your wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, so they say.

Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if so, this day
You see the last of me.

Pam. How so?

Char. Ah me!
I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in love
With your bride, sir.

Pam. I' faith so am not I.
Tell me, Charinus, has aught further past
'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam. Would there had!

Char. Now by our friendship, by my love, I beg
You would not marry her.——

Pam. I will endeavour.

Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart——

Pam. My heart!

Char. At least
Defer it some few days; while I depart
That I may not behold it.

Pam. Hear, Charinus;
It is, I think, scarce honesty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you desire it.

Char. You have reviv'd me.

Pam. Now if you, or he,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;

Act, pl , devise, invent, strive all you can
To mak her your's; and I'll do all I can
That she may not be mine.
Char. Enough.
Pam. I see
Davus, and in good time: for he'll advise
What's best to do.
Char. But you, you sorry rogue, (*to Byrrhia*)
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, sirrah, get you gone!
Byr. With all my heart. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS *hastily.*

Davus. Good Heaven's, what news I bring!
what joyful news!
But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of joy?
Char. There's something pleases him.
Pam. No matter what.
He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.
Davus. And he, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended wedding——
Char. Do you hear?
Davus. Poor soul, is running all about the town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go?
Or which way run?
Char. Why don't you speak to him?

Davus. I'll go.
Pam. Ho! Davus! stop, come here!
Davus. Who calls?
O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!
Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.
Pam. I'm ruin'd, Davus.
Davus. Hear me!
Pam. Undone!
Davus. I know your fears.
Char. My life's at stake.
Davus. Your's I know also.
Pam. Matrimony mine.
Davus. I know it.
Pam. But to-day.
Davus. You stun me; plague!
I tell you I know ev'ry thing: you fear
(*to Charinu*
You should *not* marry her.—You fear you *should.*
(*to Pan*
Char. The very thing.
Pam. The same.
Davus. And yet that *same*
Is nothing. Mark!
Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.
Davus. I will then. Chremes
Won't give his daughter to you.
Pam. How d'ye know?
Davus. I'm sure of it. Your father but just nc
Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you should wed to day; with much beside,
Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
Run to the forum to inform you of it:

There, Sai [illegible] an eminence, look round:
No Pam[illegible] : I ngnt by chance on Byrrhia;
Inquire; he hadn't seen you. Vext at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
A doubt arose within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up so suddenly! This don't agree.
Pam. Well, what then?
Davus. I betook me instantly
To Chremes' house; but thither when I came,
*Before the door all hush. This tickled me!
Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.
Davus. I watch'd awhile:
Mean time no soul went in, no soul came out;
†No matron; in the house no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in——
Pam. I understand: a potent sign!
Davus. Does this seem like a nuptial?
Pam. I think not,
Davus.
Davus. *Think not*, d'ye say? you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some potherbs, and a pennyworth
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.
Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.

* *Before the door all hush.* Terence has not put this remark into the mouth or Davus without foundation. The house of the bride was always full, and before the street-door were musicians, and those who waited to accompany the bride.—*Dacier.*

† *No matron.* Married women, neighbours, and relations; whose business it was to attend the lady, whose name (Pronuba) as well as office was much the same as that of the modern bride-maid.

Davus. And yet you are undone.
Char. How so? since Chremes
Will not consent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.
Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to him,
She must of course wed you. Look to it well;
Court the old gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or else—
Char. You're right: I will about it straight,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewel. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Pam. What means my father then? why counterfeit?
Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his daughter,
He'd think himself in fault; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.
But granting you refuse her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you, and then
Comes all the storm.
Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit—
Davus. He is your father, sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, do drive her hence.
Pam. To drive her hence?
Davus. Directly.

Pam. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, Davus, what were best to do?
Davus. Say that you'll marry.
Pam. How!
Davus. And where's the harm?
Pam. Say that I'll marry!
Davus. Why not?
Pam. Never, never.
Davus. Do not refuse!
Pam. Persuade not!
Davus. Do but mark
The consequence.
Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.
Davus. No such thing.
Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus:
I have you wed to-day; I will, quoth you:
What reason has he to reproach you then?
Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,
And put him to confusion; all the while
Secure yourself: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you;
So obstinately too, you need not pause,
Or change these measures, lest he change his mind:
Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
"No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
"A libertine."—Alas, you're much deceiv'd:
For know, your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks *you bear* an easy mind,
He too will grow indiff'rent, and seek out

Another match at leisure: the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.
Pam. D'ye think so?
Davus. Beyond all doubt.
Pam. See, what you lead me to.
Davus. Nay, peace!
Pam. I'll say so then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.
Davus. Oh confidence!
Pam. She drew
This promise from me, as a firm assurance
That I would not forsake her.
Davus. We'll take care.
But here's your father: let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO *at a distance.*

Simo. I return to see
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Davus. Now is he sure that you'll refuse to wed
From some dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To disconcert you. See, you keep your ground!
Pam. If I can, Davus.
Davus. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a single word
In anger with you, do but say you'll wed.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA *behind.*

Byr. To-day my master bade me leave all else
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
Follow'd the old man hither: yonder too
Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!
Simo. I see them both together.
Davus. Now mind. (*apart to* Pam.)
Simo. Here, Pamphilus!
Davus. Now turn about,
As taken unawares. (*apart.*)
Pam. Who calls? my father!
Davus. Well said! (*apart.*)
Simo. It is my pleasure that, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.
Davus. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply.
(*aside.*)
Pam. In that, and the rest of your commands,
I shall be ready to obey you, sir!
Byr. How's that! (*overhearing.*)
Davus. Struck dumb. (*aside.*)
Byr. What said he? (*listening.*)
Simo. You perform
Your duty, when you cheerfully comply
With my desires.
Davus. *There! said I* not the truth? (apart to *Pam.*)

Byr. My master then, so far as I c
May whistle for a wife.
Simo. Now then go in,
That when you're wanted you be fou
Pam. I go.
Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs
'Tis an old saying, and a true one to
"Of all mankind each loves himself t
I've seen the lady; know her beautif
And therefore sooner pardon Pamphi
If he had rather win her to his arms,
Than yield her to the' embraces of m
I will go bear these tidings, and rece
Much evil treatment for my evil new

SCENE VII.

Manent SIMO *and* DAVUS.

Davus. Now he supposes I've s
hand
And loiter here to practise it on him
Simo. Well, what now, Davus?
Davus. Nothing.
Simo. Nothing, say you?
Davus. Nothing at all.
Simo. And yet I look'd for someth
Davus. So, I perceive, you did :-
him. (*aside*)
Simo. Can you speak truth?
Davus. Most easily.
Simo. Say then,

Is not this wedding most irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?
Davus. No, faith: or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know:
Then 'twill be over; for he sees the thing
In its true light.
Simo. I praise him for't.
Davus. While you
Restrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd; and even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.
Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.
Davus. Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reason to complain of you.
Simo. For what?
Davus. A trifle.
Simo. Well, what is't?
Davus. Nay, nothing.
Simo. Tell me, what is't?
Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expense.
Simo. I?
Davus. You.
A feast of scarce ten drachms! Does this, says he,
Look like a wedding-supper for his son?
What friends can I invite?—especially
At such a time as this?—and, truly, sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.
Simo. Hold your peace.
Davus. I've ruffled him. (*aside.*)

Simo. I'll look to that. Away! (*Exit I*
What now? what means the varlet? P
rogue,
For if there's any knavery on foot,
He, I am sure, is the contriver on't.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of Simo's house*—MYSIS, LESBIA, *going towards the house of Glycerium.*

Mysis. Ay, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia;
Women scarce ever find a constant man.
Simo. The Andrian's maid-servant! Is't not?
Davus. Ay.
Mysis. But Pamphilus——
Simo. What says she? (*overhearing.*)
Mysis. Has been true.
Simo. How's that? (*overhearing.*)
Davus. Would he were deaf, or she were dumb. (*aside.*)
Mysis. For the child, boy or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.
Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.
Lesbia. A good young gentleman!
Mysis. Oh, very good.
But in, in, lest you make her wait.
Lesbia. I follow. (*Exeunt Mysis and Lesbia.*)

SCENE II.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! (*aside.*)
Simo. How's this? (*to himself*)
And can he be so mad? What! educate
A harlot's child!—Ah, now I know their drift;
Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last.
Davus. (*listening*) What's this he says he h
smelt out?
Simo. Imprimis, (*to himself*)
'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour,
Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.
Glycerium. (*within*) Juno Lisina, save me! hel
I pray thee.
Simo. Hey day! already? Oh ridiculous!
Soon as she heard that I was at the door
She hastens to cry out. Your incidents
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.
Davus. Mine, sir?
Simo. Are you players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?
Davus. I do not comprehend you.
Simo. (*apart*) If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have expos'd me to! But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA.—ARCHYLLIS *appears at the door.*

Lesbia to Arch. (*within*) As yet, Archyllis, all the symptoms seem
As good as might be wish'd in her condition;
First, let her make ablution: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much:
And presently I will be here again. (*coming forward.*)
Now, by this good day, Master Pamphilus
Has got a chopping boy: Heav'n grant it live!
For he's a worthy gentleman, and scorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Simo. This too, where's he that knows you would not swear,
Was your contrivance?
Davus. My contrivance! what, sir?
Simo. While in the house, forsooth, the midwife gave
No orders for the lady in the straw:
But having issued forth into the street,
Bawls out most lustily to those within.
—Oh *Davus, am I then so* much your scorn?

Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,
With such a shallow, barefac'd, imposition?
You might at least, in reverence, have us'd
Some spice of art, wer't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, should I find you out.

Davus. I' faith now he deceives himself, n
(as

Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten
In case you play'd me false? But all in vain:
For what car'd you?—What! think you I belie
This story of a child by Pamphilus?

Davus. I see his error: Now I know my g
(as

Simo. Why don't you answer?

Davus. What! you don't believe it?
As if you had not been inform'd of this? (arc

Simo. I been inform'd?

Davus. What then you found it out? (arch

Simo. D'ye laugh at me?

Davus. You must have been inform'd:
Or whence this shrewd suspicion?

Simo. Whence! from you:
Because I know you.

Davus. Meaning, this was done
By my advice.

Simo. Beyond all doubt: I know it.

Davus. You do not know me, Simo.—

Simo. I not know you?

Davus. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.——

Simo. Falsely, hey?

Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before

Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.

Davus. You've found it out?
Yet by and bye they'll bring the bantling here,
And lay it at our door. Remember, sir,
I give you warning that will be the case;
That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks!
I would fain cure your ill opinion of me.
Simo. But how d'ye know?
Davus. I've heard so, and believe so.
Besides a thousand things concur to lead
To this conjecture. In the first place, she
Profess'd herself with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falsehood. Now that she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid's despatch'd immediately to bring
A midwife to her, and withal a child;
You too they will contrive shall see the child,
Or else the wedding must proceed.
Simo. How's this?
Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
Why did you not directly tell my son?
Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myself?
For we all know how much he doated on her:
But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you mean while
Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The Gods, I hope, will prosper!
Simo. Get you in.
Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
What's requisite. (*Exit* Davus.)
He has not wrought upon me
To yield *implicit credit* to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he said be true.

But, true or false it matters not: to me
My son's own promise is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my son: If I succeed,
What can I rather wish than to behold
Their marriage rites to-day? For since my son
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,
Should he refuse, but I may force him to it:
And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES.

Simo. Chremes, Good day!
Chremes. The very man I look'd for.
Simo. And I for you.
Chremes. Well met.—Some persons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your son to-day:
And therefore came I here, and fain would know
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.
Simo. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd
What I request, and what you wish to know.
Chremes. I hear; what would you? speak.
Simo. Now by the Gods;
Now by our friendship, Chremes, which, begun
In infancy, has still increas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my son,
Whose preservation wholly rests on you;

Let me intreat this boon: and let the match
Which should have been, still be.
Chremes. Why, why intreat?
Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me.
Think you, that I am other than I was,
When first I gave my promise? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promises more harm
Than good to both, you also, I beseech you,
Consult our common interest, as if
You were her father, Pamphilus my son.
Simo. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes,
Intreat it may be done; nor would intreat,
But that occasion urges.
Chremes. What occasion?
Simo. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my son.
Chremes. I hear. (*ironically.*)
Simo. A breach so wide as gives me hopes
To sep'rate them for ever.
Chremes. Idle tales!
Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.
Chremes. Ay marry, thus it is.
Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.
Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief now;
While time permits, while yet his passion's sore
From contumelies; ere these women's wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud
Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion.
Give him a wife: by intercourse with her,
Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon, I hope,
He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.
Chremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
That he'll *be constant,* or that I can bear it.

Simo. How can you know, unless you make the trial?

Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.

Simo. The mischief, should he fail,
Is only this: divorce, which heav'n forbid!
But mark what benefits if he amend!
First, to your friend you will restore a son;
Gain to yourself a son-in-law, and match
Your daughter to an honest husband.

Chremes. Well!
Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you naught that lies in me.

Simo. I see I ever lov'd you justly, Chremes.

Chremes. But then——

Simo. But what?

Chremes. Whence is't you know
That there's a difference between them?

Simo. Davus,
Davus, in all their secrets, told me so;
Advis'd me too, to hasten on the match
As fast as possible. Would he, d'ye think,
Do that, unless he were full well assur'd
My son desir'd it too?—Hear what he says.
Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to seek you.
Simo. What's the matter?
Davus. Why is not the bride sent for? it grows
late.
Simo. D'ye hear him?—Davus, I for some time
'as fearful of you; lest, like other slaves, [past
s slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me,
nd baffle me, to favour my son's love.
Davus. I, sir?
Simo. I thought so: and in fear of that
onceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.
Davus. What secret, sir?
Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
lmost begin to think you may be trusted. [last.
Davus. Yov've found what sort of man I am at
Simo. No marriage was intended.
Davus. How! none!
Simo. None.
ll counterfeit, to sound my son and you.
Davus. How say you?
Simo. Even so.
Davus. Alack, alack!
never could have thought it. Ah, what art!
(*archly.*)
Simo. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in,
t opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.
Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? (*aside.*)

Simo. I told him all,
That you had just told me,———
Davus. Confusion! how? (*aside.*)
Simo. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at length
With much ado prevail'd.
Davus. Undone! (*aside.*)
Simo. How's that? (*overhearing.*)
Davus. Well done! I said.
Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obstacle.
Chremes. I'll home awhile,
Order due preparations, and return. (*Exit.*)
Simo. Prithee, now, Davus, seeing you alone
Have brought about this match———
Davus. Yes, I alone.
Simo. Endeavour farther to amend my son.
Davus. Most diligently.
Simo. It were easy now,
While his mind's irritated.
Davus. Be at peace.
Simo. Do then: where is he?
Davus. Probably at home.
Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Lost and undone! To prison with me straight!
No prayer, no play: for I have ruin'd all:
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus

With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my sole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Against the other's will.—Oh cunning fool!
Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But see, he's coming. Would my neck were broken! (*retires.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS *behind.*

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?
Davus. I'm a lost man.
Pam. And yet I must confess,
That I deserv'd this, being such a dolt,
A very idiot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile slave. I suffer for my folly,
But will at least take vengeance upon him.
Davus. If I can but escape this mischief now,
I'll answer for hereafter.
Pam. To my father
What shall I say?—And can I then refuse,
Who have but now consented? with what face?
I know not what to do.
Davus. I' faith nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on something to delay the match.
Pam. Oh! (*seeing* Davus.)
Davus. I am seen.
Pam. So, good sir! what say you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.
Davus. (*coming forward*) But I'll deliver yo

Pam. Deliver me?
Davus. Certainly, sir.
Pam. What, as you did just now?
Davus. Better, I hope.
Pam. And can you then believe
That I would trust you, rascal? You amend
My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?
You, who to-day, from the most happy state,
Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I
Fortel it would be thus?
Davus. You did indeed.
Pam. And what do you deserve for this?
Davus. The gallows.
—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.
Pam. Alas,
I have not leisure for your punishment.
The time demands attention to myself,
Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Is this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then such inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?
—Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
To make the promise good, then force perforce
Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
Then too, oh shameless impudence, they cry,
"Who then are you? and what are you to me?
"Why should I render up my love to you?
"Faith, neighbour, charity begins at home."
—Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,
Which they before assum'd without a cause.
—What shall I do? go to him? on my wrongs
Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
What will that profit, say you?—very much.
I shall at least embitter his delight,
And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

To him PAMPHILUS *and* DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
By my imprudence, unless Heav'n forefend,
I've ruin'd both myself and you.
Char. Imprudence!
Paltry evasion! You have broke your faith.
Pam. What now?
Char. And do you think that words like thes
Can baffle me again?
Pam. What means all this?
Char. Soon as I told you of my passion for h
Then she had charms for you.—Ah, senseless
To judge your disposition by my own!
Pam. You are mistaken.
Char. Was your joy no joy,
Without abusing a fond lover's mind,
Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.
Pam. Take her?
Alas, you know not what a wretch I am:
How many cares this slave has brought upon m
My rascal here.
Char. No wonder, if he takes
Example from his master.
Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thu
Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but r
A dreadful altercation with your father:
And therefore he's enraged, nor could prev

On you, forsooth, to wed. (*ironically.*)
Pam. To show you then,
How little you conceive of my distress,
These nuptials were mere semblance, mockery all,
Nor was a wife intended me.
Char. I know it:
You are constrained, poor man, by inclination.
Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know—
Char. I know
That you're to marry her.
Pam. Why rack me thus?
Nay hear! He never ceas'd to importune
That I would tell my father I would wed;
So prest, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.
Char. Who did this?
Pam. Davus.
Char. Davus!
Pam. Davus all.
Char. Wherefore?
Pam. I know not: but I know the gods
Meant in their anger I should listen to him.
Char. Is it so, Davus?
Davus. Even so.
Char. How, villain?
The gods confound you for it!—Tell me, wretch,
Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given else?
Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not dishearten'd.
Char. True. (*ironically.*)
Davus. This way has fail'd;
We'll try another way: unless you think,
Because the business has gone ill at first,

We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.
Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.
Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave,
To strive with might and main, by day and night
With hazard of my life, to do you service:
'Tis your's, if I am crost, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I spare no pains. Do better if you can,
And send me packing.
Pam. Ay, with all my heart:
Place me but where you found me first.
Davus. I will.
Pam. But do it instantly.
Davus. Hist! hold awhile:
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.
Pam. Nothing to you.
Davus. I'm thinking.
Pam. What, at last? [sently
Davus. Your business shall be done, and pre

SCENE III.

Enter Mysis.

Mysis to Glycer. (*within*) Be where he will, I'
find your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my sou
Forbear to vex yourself.
Pam. Mysis!
Mysis. Who's there?
Oh Pamphilus, well met, sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Mysis. My mistress, by the love you bear her, begs
Your presence instantly. She longs to see you.

Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This sore breaks out afresh.
Unhappy that we are, thro' your curst means,
To be tormented thus! (*to* Davus.)—She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore sends.

Char. From which how safe you were, had he been quiet! (*pointing to Davus.*)

Davus. Aye, if he raves not of himself enough,
Do, irritate him. (*to Charinus.*)

Mysis. Truly that's the cause;
And therefore 'tis, poor soul, she sorrows thus.

Pam. Mysis, I swear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will desert her; tho' assur'd
That I for her make all mankind my foes.
I sought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wish us put asunder!
Death, nought but death shall part us.

Mysis. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,
To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well:
But if that cannot be, come what come may,
Why let him know, 'twas I . . . What think you now? (*to Char.*)

Char. That we are wretches both.

Davus. My brain's at work.

Char. Oh brave!

Pam. *I know what you'd* attempt.

Davus. *Well, well:*
I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.
Davus. E'en now.
Char. What is't!
Davus. For him, sir, not for you.
Be not mistaken.
Char. I am satisfied.
Pam. Say, what do you propose?
Davus. This day, I fear,
Is scarce sufficient for the execution,
So think not I have leisure to relate.
Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence, I
Pam. I'll to Glycerium. (*E*
Davus. Well, and what mean you?
Whither will you, sir?
Char. Shall I speak the truth?
Davus. Oh to be sure: now for a tedious tal
Char. What will become of me?
Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then sufficient, if I give you
The respite of a day, a little day,
By putting off his wedding?
Char. Ay, but Davus,—
Davus. But what?
Char. That I may wed—
Davus. Ridiculous!
Char. If you succeed, come to me.
Davus. Wherefore come?
I can't assist you.
Char. Should it so fall out—
Davus. Well, well, I'll come.
Char. If aught I am at home. (*E*

SCENE IV.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

. Mysis, wait here till I come forth.
For what?
. It must be so.
Make haste, then.
. In a moment. (*Exit to Glycerium's.*)

SCENE V.

MYSIS *alone.*

e securely then count nothing our's?
Gods! I thought this Pamphilus
itest good my mistress could obtain,
over, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:
what woe, poor wretch, endures she not
:count? Alas, more ill than good.
comes Davus.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DAVUS *with the child.*

Prithee, man, what now?
re you carrying the child?
Oh, Mysis,
I need of all your ready wit,
ir cunning.

Mysis. What are you about?
Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door,
Mysis. What, on the bare ground?
Davus. From the altar then*
Take herbs and strew them underneath.
Mysis. And why
Can't you do that yourself?
Davus. Because, that if
My master chance to put me to my oath
That 'twas not I who laid it there, I may
With a safe conscience swear. (*gives her the child.*)
Mysis. I understand.
But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?
Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend
What I propose.—(*Mysis lays the child at Sime's door.*), O Jupiter! (*looking out.*)
Mysis. What now?

* *From the altar*, &c. Donatus and Scaliger the father have written that the Altar mentioned here, was the altar usually placed on the stage. When a tragedy was acted, the altar was dedicated to Bacchus, when a comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the stage-altar has no connection with this passage: This adventure is not to be considered as an incident in a comedy, but as a thing which passes in the street. Probability therefore must be preserved; which it cannot be, if one of the stage-altars is employed in this place. At Athens every house had an altar at the street door; (which street-altars are also often mentioned in Plautus.) These altars were covered with fresh herbs every day, and it is one of these altars, to which Terence here alludes. *Dacier.*

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!—I change
My first intended purpose.
Mysis. What you mean
I can't imagine.
Davus. This way from the right,
I'll counterfeit to come:—And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the discourse as need requires.
Mysis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.
But if I can assist, as you know best,
Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay.
(*Davus retires.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES, *going towards Simo's.*

Chremes. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? (*seeing the child*) by Hercules, a child! Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?
Mysis. Where is he gone?
(*looking after Davus.*)
Chremes. What, won't you answer me?
Mysis. (*looking about*) Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

(Davus *coming forward and pretending not to see them.*)

Davus. Good heavens, what confusion at the forum!
The people all disputing with each other!
The market price is so confounded high. (*loud.*)
What to say else I know not. (*aside.*)

Mysis. (*to Davus*) What d'ye mean
(*Chremes retires, and listens to their conversation.*)
By leaving me alone?

Davus. What farce is this?
Ha, Mysis, whence this child? Who brought it here?

Mysis. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question?

Davus. Whom should I ask, when no one else is here?

Chremes. (*behind*) I wonder whence it comes. (*to himself.*)

Davus. Wilt answer me? (*loud.*)

Mysis. Ah! (*confused.*)

Davus. This way, to the right! (*apart to Mysis.*)

Mysis. You're raving mad.
Was't not yoursêlf?

Davus. I charge you not a word,
But what I ask you. (*apart to Mysis.*)

Mysis. Do you threaten me?

Davus. Whence comes this child? (*loud.*)

Mysis. From our house.

Davus. Ha! ha! ha!
No wonder that a harlot has assurance.

Chremes. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I take it.

Davus. Do we then seem to you such proper folks
To play these tricks upon? (*loud to Mysis.*)

Chremes. I came in time. (*to himself.*)

Davus. Make haste, and take your bantling from our door. (*loud.*)
Hold! do not stir from where you are, besure. (*softly.*)

Mysis. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!

Davus. Wench, did I speak to you or no? (*loud.*)

Mysis. What would you?

Davus. What would I? Say, whose child have you laid here?
Tell me. (*loud.*)

Mysis. You don't know?

Davus. Plague of what I know:
Tell what I ask. (*softly.*)

Mysis. Your's.

Davus. Our's? Whose? (*loud.*)

Mysis. Pamphilus's.

Davus. How say you? Pamphilus's? (*loud.*)

Mysis. Why, is't not?

Chremes. I had good cause to be against this match. (*to himself.*)

Davus. O monstrous impudence! (*bawling.*)

Mysis. Why all this noise?

Davus. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth
Into your house last night?

Mysis. Oh rogue!

Davus. 'Tis true.

I saw old Canthara stuff'd out?
Mysis. Thank heav'n,
*Some free women were present at her l
Davus. Troth, she don't know the g
for whom
She plays this game. She thinks, should
see
The child lay here, he would not grant l
ter.
Faith, he would grant her the more willi
(t
Chremes. Not he indeed.
Davus. But now one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle hin
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.
Mysis. The fellow's drunk.
Davus. One piece of knavery begets a
Now I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens— (lou
Chremes. How!
Davus. †And that by law he will be
wed her.
Mysis. Why prithee is she not a citize
Chremes. What a fine scrape was I wit
Of being drawn into! (*to himself.*)
Davus. What voice is that? (*turni*
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. At

* *Some free women. Free women:* For in Greece
Italy, slaves were not admitted to give evidence. *D*

† *And that by law,* &c. Among the laws of Athe
equitable one, which compelled the man to marry h
had debauched, if she was a free woman. Cooke.

Chremes. I have heard all already.
Davus. You've heard all?
Chremes. Yes, all, I say, from first to last.
Davus. Indeed?
Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade
Should be dragg'd hence to torture—This is he!
(*to Mysis.*)
Think not 'twas Davus you imposed upon.
Mysis. Ah me!—Good sir, I spoke the truth indeed.
Chremes. I know the whole.—Is Simo in the house?
Davus. Yes sir. (*Exit Chremes.*)

SCENE VIII.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS. *Davus runs up to her.*

Mysis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my mistress every word—
Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done!
Mysis. How should I?
Davus. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwise have been contrived
That he should know what we would have him.
Mysis. Well,
You should have given me notice.
Davus. Is there then
No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say
Falls *naturally from the* heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

SCENE IX.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this street
They say that Chrysis liv'd: who rather chose
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honestly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.
But I see persons to inquire of. (*goes up.*) Save you!

Mysis. Good now, who's that I see! is it not Crito,
Chrysis's kinsman? Ay, the very same.

Crito. O Mysis, save you!

Mysis. Save you, Crito!

Crito. Chrysis
Is then—ha?

Mysis. Ay, she has left us, poor soul!

Crito. And ye; how go ye on here?—pretty well?

Mysis. We?—as we *can*, as the old saying goes,
When as we *would* we cannot.

Crito. And Glycerium,
Has she found out her parents?

Mysis. Would she had!

Crito. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appris'd of that,
I'd ne'er have set foot here: for this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her sister.

What Chrysis left, she takes possession of:
And now for me, a stranger, to commence
A law-suit here, how good and wise it were,
Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her some gallant too, some defender:
For she was growing up a jolly girl
When first she journied hither. They will cry
That I'm a petty-fogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.—And besides it were not well
To leave her in distress.

Mysis. Good soul! troth, Crito,
You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.

Crito. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me to her,
That I may see her.

Mysis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus. I will in with them: for I would not choose
That our old gentleman should see me now.

(*Exuent.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. Enough already, Simo, and enough
I've shown my friendship for you; hazarded
Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd
My daughter's peace and happiness for ever.

Simo. Ah, Chremes, I must now intreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.

Chremes. Mark how unjust you are thro' wilfulness!
So you obtain what you demand, you set
No bounds to my compliance, nor consider
What you request; for if you did consider,
You'd cease to load me with these injuries?

Simo. What injuries?

Chremes. Is that a question now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one possest with other love, averse
To marriage; to expose her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane
To work a cure for your distemper'd son?
You had prevail'd; I travell'd in the match,
While circumstances would admit; but now
The case is chang'd, content you:—It is said,
That she's a citizen; a child is born:
Prithee excuse us!

Simo. Now, for heaven's sake,
Believe not them, whose interest it is
To make him vile and abject as themselves.
These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: when the occasion's past,
That urges them to this, they will desist.
Chremes. Oh, you mistake: E'en now I saw the maid
Wrangling with Davus.
Simo. Artifice! mere trick.
Chremes. Ay, but in earnest; and when neither knew
That I was there.
Simo. It may be so: and Davus
Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS *from* Glycerium's.

Davus (*to himself.*) He may be easy now I warrant him—
Chremes. See yonder's Davus.
Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?
Davus. By my assistance, and this stranger's safe. (*to himself.*)
Simo. What mischief's this? (*listening.*)
Davus. A more commodious man,
Arriving just in season, at a time
So critical, I never knew. (*to himself.*)
Simo. A knave!
Who's that he praises? (*listening.*)

Davus. All is now secure. (*to himself.*)
Simo. Why don't I speak to him?
Davus. My master here! (*turning about.*)
What shall I do? (*to himself.*)
Simo. Good sir, your humble servant! (*sneering.*)
Davus. Oh Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now
Prepar'd within.
Simo. You've taken special care. (*ironically.*)
Davus. E'en call them when you please.
Simo. Oh, mighty fine!
That to be sure is all that's wanting now.
—But tell me, sir! what business had you there?
(*pointing to* Glycerium's.)
Davus. I? (*confused.*)
Simo. You.
Davus. I———? (*stammering.*)
Simo. You, sir.
Davus. I went in but now. (*disordered.*)
Simo. As if I ask'd, how long it was ago.
Davus. With Pamphilus.
Simo. Is Pamphilus within?
—Oh torture!—Did not you assure me, sirrah,
They were at variance?
Davus. So they are.
Simo. Why then
Is Pamphilus within?
Chremes. Oh *why* d'ye think?
He's gone to quarrel with her. (*sneering.*)
Davus. Nay but, Chremes,
There's more in this, and you shall hear strange news.
There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is just arriv'd here; confident and shrewd;
His look bespeaks him of some consequence.

A grave severity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

Simo. What story now?

Davus. Nay, nothing, sir, but what I heard him say.

Simo. And what says he, then?

Davus. That he's well assur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo! (*calling.*)

Davus. What now?

Simo Dromo!

Davus. Hear me.

Simo. Speak but a word more—Dromo!

Davus. Pray, sir, hear!

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleasure, sir?

Simo. Here drag him headlong in,
And truss the rascal up immediately.

Dromo. Whom?

Simo. Davus.

Davus. Why?

Simo. Because I'll have it so.
Take him, I say.

Davus. For what offence?

Simo. Off with him!

Davus. If it appear that I've said aught but truth,
Put me to death.

Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Davus. But though it should prove true, sir!

Simo. True or false,
See that you keep him bound: and do
Bind the slave hand and foot. Away!
(*Exeunt Dromo a*

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

By heaven,
As I do live, I'll make you know this da
What peril lies in trifling with a maste
And make him know what 'tis to plagu
Chremes. Ah, be not in such rage.
Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes,
Filial unkindness!—Don't you pity me
To feel all this for such a thankless son
Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pam
Have you no shame! (*calling at Glycer*

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls?—Undone! my fatl
Simo. What say you? Most——
Chremes. Ah, rather speak at once
Your purpose, Simo, and forbear repro
Simo. As if 'twere possible to utter a
Severer than he merits!—Tell me ther
Glycerium is a citizen?
Pam. They say so.

Simo. They say so!—Oh amazing impudence!—
Does he consider what he says? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of shame?—To be so weak of soul,
Against the custom of our citizens,
*Against the law, against his father's will,
To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.
Pam. Wretch that I am!
Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your passion; from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
—But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rature? Why rue his sins?
—No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.
Pam. My father!
Simo. How, *my father!*—can I think
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd
Against your father's will? And witnesses
Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?
—You've gain'd your point.
Pam. My father, but one word!
Simo. What would you say?
Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.
Simo. Hear him?
What must I hear then, Chremes?
Chremes. Let him speak.

* *Against the law.* There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen should marry a stranger; which law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens, from all offices of trust and honour. See *Plutarch's Life of Pericles.* Cooke.

Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear
Pam. I confess
I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confess. To you, my
I yield myself; dispose me as you pl
Command me! say, that I shall take
Leave her;—I will endure it, as I m
This only I beseech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffe
To clear myself, and bring him here
Simo. Bring him here!
Pam. Let me, father!
Chremes. 'Tis but just:
Permit him!
Pam. Grant me this!
Simo. Well, be it so. (*Exi*
I could bear all this bravely, Chreme
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd
Chremes. For a great fault a little
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* C

Crito. Say no more!
Any of these inducements would prev
Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.
Chremes. Whom do I see? Crito, th
Nay certainly 'tis Crito.
Crito. Save you, Chremes!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?
Crito. Accident.
But is this Simo?
Chremes. Ay.
Simo. Asks he for me?
So, sir, you say that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?
Crito. Do you
Deny it?
Simo. What then, s you come prepar'd?
Crito. Prepar'd! for what?
Simo. And dare you ask for what?
Shall you go on thus with impunity?
Lay snares for inexpe enc'd, lib'ral, youth,
With fraud, temptation, and fair promises,
Soothing their minds ——
Crito. Have you your wits?
Simo. —And then
With marriage solder up their harlot loves?
Pam. Alas, I fear the stranger will not bear this. (*aside.*)
Chremes. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not think thus;
He's a good man.
Simo. A good man he?—To come,
Altho' at Athens never seen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding day!—
Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?
Pam. But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. (*aside.*)
Simo. A sharper!
Crito. How?
Chremes. *It is his* humour, Crito; do not heed *him.*

Crito. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him.—Do I stir
In these affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.
—"A man of Athens once upon a time
"Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with
"him
"This very woman, then an infant. He
"In this distress applied, it so fell out,
"For help to Chrysis' father—
Simo. All romance.
Chremes. Let him alone.
Crito. And will he interrupt me?
Chremes Go on.
Crito. "Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
"Was my relation. There I've often heard
"The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
"There too he died."
Chremes. His name?
Crito. His name, so quickly?—Phania.
Chremes. Amazement!
Crito. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania;
But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus.
Chremes. Oh Jupiter!
Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.
Chremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wish!—
Inform me,
Whose daughter, said he, was the child? his own?
Crito. No, not his own.
Chremes. Whose then?
Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine undoubtedly!
Crito. What say you?
Simo. How!
Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!
Simo. But why believe you this?
Chremes. That Phania was my brother.
Simo. True. I knew him.
Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence;
And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia;
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.
Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness.
Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.
Pam. I do believe you, father.
Chremes. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.
Pam. Away
With all your doubts! You puzzle a plain cause.
(*aside.*)
Crito. What is that doubt?
Chremes. The name does not agree.
Crito. She had another, when a child.
Chremes. What, Crito?
Can you remember?
Crito. I am hunting for it.
Pam. Shall then his memory oppose my bliss,
When I can minister the cure myself?
No, I will not permit it.—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Pasibula.
Crito. True.
Chremes. The same.

Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.
Simo. Chremes, I trust you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.
Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe so.
Pam. And now, my father——
Simo. Peace, son! the event
Has reconcil'd me.
Pam. O thou best of fathers!
Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?
Chremes. And with good cause if Simo hinder not.
Pam. Sir! (*to Simo.*)
Simo. Be it so.
Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus.
Pam. I am content.
Chremes. I'll to her instantly: and prythee, Crito,
Along with me! for sure she knows me not.
(*Exeunt Chremes and Crito.*)
Simo. Why do you not gives orders instantly
To bring her to our house?
Pam. The' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.
Simo. It can't be.
Pam. Why?
Simo. He has other business of his own,
Of nearer import to himself.
Pam. What business?
Simo. He's bound.
Pam. Bound! how, sir!
Simo. How sir?—neck and heels.
Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd!
Simo. It shall be done.

. Cut instantly.
. I'll in, and order it. (*Exit.*)
. O what a happy, happy day is this!

SCENE VIII.

Enter CHARINUS *behind.*

·. I come to see what Pamphilus is doing:
ere he is.
. And is this true?—Yes, yes,
· 'tis true, because I wish it so.
ore I think the life of Gods eternal,
it their joys are permanent; and now,
il hath her content so absolute,
too am immortal, if no ill
ı betwixt me and this happiness.
· a bosom-friend now to pour out
itacies before him!
·. What's this rapture? (*listening.*)
. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome:
, I know, will join in transport with me.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. (*entering*) Where's Pamphilus?
Pam. O Davus!
Davus. Who's there?
Pam. I.
Davus. Oh Pamphilus!
Pam. You know not my good fortune.
Davus. Do you know my ill-fortune?
Pam. To a tittle.
Davus. 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills
Should reach your ears, before your joys reach mine.
Pam. Glycerium has discover'd her relations.
Davus. Oh excellent!
Char. How's that? (*listening.*)
Pam. Her father is
Our most dear friend.
Davus. Who?
Pam. Chremes.
Davus. Charming news!
Pam. And I'm to marry her immediately.
Char. Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking? (*listening.*)
Pam. And moreover,
For the child Davus——
Davus. Ah, sir, say no more.
You're the only fav'rite of the Gods.

ar. I'm made
s be true. I'll speak to them. (*comes forward.*)
m. Who's there?
nus! oh, well met.
ar. I give you joy.
m. You've heard then—
ar. Ev'ry word: and prythee now,
ur good fortune, think upon your friend.
mes is now your own; and will perform
ever you shall ask.
m. I shall remember.
re tedious to expect his coming forth:
g with me then to Glycerium!
s, do you go home, and hasten them
tch her hence. Away, away!
vus. I go. (*Exeunt Pam. and Char.*)
(*Davus, addressing the audience.*)
not till they come forth: Within
l be betroth'd; within, if aught remains
ne, 'twill be concluded—Clap your hands!

THE BROTHERS.

THE BROTHERS;

:d at the Funeral Games of L. Æmilius Paulus, n by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Afri- ıs: Principal Actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus, Minutius Prothimus: The Music composed for ian Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius. :en from the Greek of Menander: First acted, Anicius and M. Cornelius, Consuls.

Year of Rome - - - - - - 593
Before Christ - - - - - - 160

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE.
DEMEA.
MICIO.
ÆSCHINUS.
CTESIPHO.
HEGIO.
SANNIO.
SYRUS.
GETA.
DROMO.
PARMENO, other Servants, &c.
SOSTRATA.
CANTHARA.
MUSIC-GIRL, and other Mutes.

SCENE—ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

d perceiving his piece cavill'd at
critics, and his adversaries
enting what we're now to play,
own cause; and you shall be the judges,
he merits praise or condemnation.
napothnescontes is a piece
us, a comedy which Plautus,
anslated, call'd COMMORIENTES.
ginning of the Grecian play
youth, who rends a girl perforce
ocurer: and this incident,
l by Plautus, render'd word for word,
ard interwoven with his *Brothers*,
piece which we represent to-day.
f this be theft, or honest use
emain'd unoccupied.—For that
dice tells that certain noble persons
bard, and write in concert with him;
h they deem a heavy slander, he
is greatest praise: that he can please
o please you, who all the people please
o in war, in peace, in counsel, ever
ler'd you the dearest services,
bore their faculties so meekly.
not now the story of the play:
ld men, who first appear, will open;
n act be shown.—Be favourable;
ur candour to the poet now
s *future* earnestness to write!

THE

BROTHERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MICIO.

lo, Storax!—Æschinus did not return
t night from supper; no, nor any one
ll the slaves, who went to see for him.
'is commonly,—and oh how truly!—said,
ou are absent, or delay, 'twere best
t should befal you, which your wife denounces,
which in anger she calls down upon you,
n that which kindest parents fear.—Your wife,
ou delay, or thinks that you're in love,
ov'd, or drink, or entertain yourself,
ing your pleasure, while she pines at home
nd what a world of fears possess me now!
v anxious that my son is not return'd;
t he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
ods, that a man should suffer any one
wind himself so close about his heart,
o grow dearer to him than himself!
l yet he is not *my* son, but my brother's
se bent of mind is wholly different.

I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet and serene town-life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has past his days entirely in the country
With thrift and labour; married; had two sons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be control'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other childr=
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practise impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;
And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him
Oft he comes open-mouth'd—Why how now, Micio!
Why do you ruin this young lad of our's?
Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—'Tis hard in him, unjust, and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:

He who performs his duty, driven to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary;
But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
To his own ways again: But he whom kindness,
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children.—But is this the man,
Whom I was speaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He seems uneasy too, I know not why,
And I suppose, as usual, comes to wrangle.

SCENE II.

Enter Demea.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to see you well.

Demea. Oho!
Well met: the very man I came to seek.

Micio. But you appear uneasy: What's the matter?

Demea. Is it a question, when there's Æschinus
To trouble us, what makes me so uneasy?

Micio. I said it would be so.—What has he done?

Demea. What has he done? a wretch, whom
neither ties
Of shame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to speak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now?
Micio. What has he done?
Demea. Burst open doors, and forc'd
His way into another's house, and beat
The master and his family half dead;
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
The whole town cries out shame upon him, Micio
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk—
And if we needs must draw comparisons,
Does not he see his brother, thrifty, sober,
Attentive to his business in the country?
Not given to these practices? and when
I say all this to him, to you I say it.
You are his ruin, Micio.
Micio. How unjust
Is he, who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right, but what he does himself!
Demea. Why d'ye say that?
Micio. Because you, Demea,
Judge wrongly of these matters. 'Tis no crime
For a young man to wench, or drink.—'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This,
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourself, from that
Which want constrain'd you to. It is not fair,
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,
We likewise should have done thus. Wherefore
you,

ee you a man, would let your younger son,
w, while it suits his age, pursue his pleasures;
ther than, when it less becomes his years,
hen, after wishing long, he shall at last
rid of you, he should run riot then.
Demea. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
it no crime, d'ye say, for a young man
take these courses?
Micio. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
r stun me with the self-same thing for ever!
ur elder son you gave me for adoption;
's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
e an offence to me, and I must bear
e burden. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?
s at my cost.——Or wench? I will supply him,
hile 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
mistresses perhaps will shut him out.
Has he broke open doors? we'll make them
good.
torn a coat? It shall be mended. I,
ank heaven, have enough to do all this,
d 'tis as yet not irksome.—In a word,
cease, or choose some arbiter between us:
prove that you are more in fault than I.
Demea. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those,
o know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!
Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counsel.
Demea. You! do you counsel any thing?
Micio. Nay, nay;
ou persist, I'm gone.
Demea. Is't thus you treat me?

Micio. Must I still hear the same thing o'er
o'er?
Demea. It touches me.
Micio. And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other,
For to concern yourself with both, appears
As if you'd redemand the boy you gave.
Demea. Ah, Micio!
Micio. So it seems to me.
Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy,
And squander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er say one word——
Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?
Demea. You may trust me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am not a stranger to him.
—But if I once oppose—Well, well, I've done.
You wish I should take care of one. I do
Take special care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wish he *should* be: which your ward,
I warrant, shall find out one time or other.
I will not say aught worse of him at present.
(*Exi*

SCENE III.

MICIO *alone.*

Though what he says be not entirely true,
There's something in it, and it touches me.
But I dissembled my concern with him,
Because the nature of the man is such,
To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;
And even thus I scarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame, or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himself.
Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there he has not lov'd? to whom
He has not made some present?—And but lately
Tir'd, I suppose, and sick of wantonness)
He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afresh.—Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it instantly,
What he is to be met with at the forum. (*Exit.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, *the* MUSIC GIRL, *and a Crowd of People.*

San. HELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's sake!
Assist a miserable harmless man!
Help the distrest!
Æsch. (*to the girl*) Fear nothing: stand just there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, shall he lay hands upon you.
San. Ay, but I will, in spite of all the world.
Æsch. Rogue as he is, he'll scarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to-day.
San. One word, sir Æschinus! that you may not
Pretend to ignorance of my profession;
*I'm a procurer.

* *I'm a procurer.* He says this to Æschinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republic from their traffic in slaves. It was forbid to abuse them, on pain of disinheritance. Hence in Lucian a young man, complaining of being disinherited by his father, says, τις πορνοβοσκος ὑβρισεν "what slave-merchant accuses me of having maltreated him?"

Der

Æsch. True.
San. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to absolve yourself, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I shan't care *that* for your excuse. (*snapping his fingers.*) Be sure,
I'll prosecute my right; nor shall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way.
——"I'm sorry that I did it; and I'll swear
"You are unworthy of this injury,"——
Though all the while I'm us'd most scurvily.
Æsch. (*to Par.*) Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.
San. That sha'n't signify.
Æsch. (*to Par.*) Now in with her!
San. (*stepping between*) I'll not allow it.
Æsch. (*to Par.*) Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.—
Stand close to that pimp's side—there—there—just there!
And now be sure you always keep your eyes
Stedfastly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fist directly in his face.
San. Ay, if he dare.
Æsch. (*to Par.*) Now mind!—(*to Sannio.*) Let go the girl!
(*Sannio still struggling with the girl, Æschinus winks, and Parmeno strikes Sannio.*)
San. Oh monstrous!
Æsch. He shall double it unless

You mend your manners.

(*Parmeno strikes Sannio again.*)

San. Help, help: murder, murder!

Æsch. (*to Par.*) I did not wink: but you had better err
That way than t'other.—Now go in with her.

(*Parmeno leads the girl into Micio's house.*)

San. How's this?—Do you reign king here, Æschinus?

Æsch. Did I reign king, you should be recompens'd
According to your virtues, I assure you.

San. What business have you with me?

Æsch. None.

San. *D'ye know
Who I am, Æschinus?

Æsch. Nor want to know.

San. Have I touch'd aught of your's, sir?

Æsch. If you had,
You should have suffer'd for it.

San. What greater right
Have you to take away my slave, for whom
I paid my money? answer me!

Æsch. 'Twere best,
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troublesome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the house, and there
Lash'd without mercy.

San. How, a freeman lash'd!

Æsch. Ev'n so.

San. O monstrous tyranny! Is this,

* *D'ye know who I am?* Nottin' qui sim? A law term, signifying, "Do I owe you any thing?" Donatus.

his the liberty they boast of here,
mmon to all?
Esch. If you have brawl'd enough,
ase to indulge me with one word, you pimp.
Dan. Who has brawl'd most, yourself, or I?
Esch. Well, well!
more of that, but to the point!
Dan. What point?
at would you have?
Esch. Will you allow me then
speak of what concerns you?
Dan. Willingly:
ak but in justice.
Esch. Very fine! a pimp,
l talks of justice!
Dan. Well, I am a pimp;
e common bane of youth, a perjurer,
ublic nuisance, I confess it: yet
ever did you wrong.
Esch. No, that's to come.
Dan. Prithee return to whence you first set out, sir!
Esch. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl
twenty minæ; which sum we will give you.
Dan. What if I do not choose to sell the girl?
ll you oblige me?
Esch. No.
Dan. I fear'd you would.
Esch. She's a free-woman, and should *not* be sold.
d, as such, *by due course of law I claim her.

By due course of law I claim her. Ego liberali illam assero

Now then consider which you like the best,
To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, pimp, till I come back again.
(*E*

SCENE II.

SANNIO *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags 1
Out of my own house; cudgels me most soun
And carries off my slave against my will:
And after this ill treatment, he demands
The music-girl to be made over to him,
At the same price I bought her.—He has pou
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deserves so nobly at my hands,
He should no doubt be gratified.—Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the cash, I'm still content.
But this I guess will be the case: as soon
As I shall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witnesses immediately,
To prove that I have sold her.—And the mon
Will be mere moon-shine.——"By and by.'
"To-morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, tho' much wrong
Might I but get the money after all:

causâ manu. Law terms. The defenders of the liberty o
other were called *Assertores*, and the suit commenced or
account called *Liberalis causa*, an action of freedom. Dor

For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he must receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Conclusions to no purpose.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. (*to Æsch. within*) Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; ay, and own
That he's well treated too. (*coming forward.*)
Why how now, Sannio?
What's the dispute I overheard just now
'T'wixt you and my young master?
San. Never was
Any dispute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.
Syrus. All your fault.
San. What could I do?
Syrus. Give a young man his way.
San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Syrus. Nay, but do you know my meaning, Sannio?
To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves *in the end, sometimes*, the greatest gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,

Had you abated somewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with interest?

San. I never purchase hope with ready money.

Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to ensnare men, Sannio.

San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were best: yet I was ne'er so crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.

Syrus. Pshaw! I know your spirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,
So you might do a kindness to my master!
—Besides they say you're setting out for Cyprus.
(*carelessly.*)

San. Ha! (*alarm'd*)

Syrus.—And have bought up a large stock of goods
To carry over thither.—Hir'd a vessel.
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in suspense:
When you return, I hope, you'll settle this.

San. I shall not budge a foot.—Undone by heav'n!
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this.
(*aside.*)

Syrus. He fears. I've thrown a small rub in his way. (*aside.*)

San. (*to himself*) Confusion! they have nick'd me to a hair!
I've bought up sev'ral slaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miss my time
At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loss.
Then if I leave this business broken thus,

All's over with me: and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and stale.
"—What! come at last?—Why did you stay so long?
"Where have you been?"—that it were better lose it,
Than wait for it so long, or sue for't then.
Syrus. (*coming up to him*) Well, have you calculated what's your due?
San. Monstrous oppression! Is this honourable,
Or just in Æschinus, to take away
My property by force?
Syrus. So, so! he comes. (*aside.*)
—I have but one word more to say to you.
See, how you like it.—Rather, Sannio,
Than run the risk to get or lose the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he shall contrive
To scrape together by some means ten minæ.
San. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of losing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has loosen'd all my teeth:
My head is swell'd all over like a mushroom:
And will he cheat me too? I'm going no where.
Syrus. Just as you please—Have you aught else to say,
Before I go?
San. Yes, one word, prithee, Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I should be driven to commence a suit,
Let him return me my bare due at least;
The sum she cost me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendship yet;
But *you shall find I will* not be ungrateful.

Syrus. I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho,
He is rejoic'd about his mistress.
San. Say,
Will you remember me?
Syrus. Hold, hold a little! (*Syrus and San. retire.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the stage.*

Ctes. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome, when
Conferr'd by those, from whom we most expect them.
O brother, brother, how shall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I rise to such a height of praise
But your deservings will out-top me still:
For in this point I am supremely blest,
That none can boast so excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.
Syrus. (*coming forward*) O Ctesipho!
Ctes. (*turning round*) O Syrus! where's my brother?
Syrus. At home, where he expects you.
Ctes. Ha! (*joyfully.*)
Syrus. What now?
Ctes. What now!—by his assistance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself.

What could exceed it?—But who's there?—The door
Creaks on the hinges. (*offering to go off.*)
Syrus. Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. Where is that rascal?
San. (*behind*) He inquires for me.
Has he brought out the cash with him?—Confusion!
I see none.
Æsch. (*to Ctesipho*) Ha! well met: I long'd to see you.
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe. Away
With melancholy!
Ctes. Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
Oh my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,
—Ah, I'm asham'd to praise you to your face,
Lest it appear to come from flattery,
Rather than gratitude.
Æsch. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,
That all the world, had they desir'd to do it,
Could not assist *you.*

Ctes. 'Twas my modesty.

Æsch. Pshaw! it was folly, and not mod
For such a trifle, almost fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Ctesipho!

Ctes. I've been to blame.

Æsch. Well, what says Sannio?

Syrus. He's pacified at last.

Æsch. I'll to the forum,
And pay him off.—You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl.

San. Now urge the matter, Syrus!
(*apart t*

Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to l
prus.

San. Not in such haste: tho' truly I've
To loiter here.

Syrus. You shall be paid: ne'er fear!

San. But all?

Syrus. Yes, all: so hold your tong
follow!

San. I will. (*Exit after Æschinus—Syru*

Ctes. Hist! harkye, Syrus!

Syrus. (*turning back*) Well, what now?

Ctes. For heaven's sake discharge tha
fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale should reach my father's ears: a
I am undone for ever.

Syrus. It sha'n't be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you i
And entertain yourself with her; and ord
The couches to be spread, and all prepar'
For, these preliminaries once despatch'd,
I shall march homewards with provisions.

es. Do!
since this business has turn'd out so well,
spend the day in mirth and jollity!
(*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Sos. PRITHEE, good nurse, how will it go with her?
Can. How go with her? Why well I warrant you.
Sos. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurse.
Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er were present at a labour,
Or never had been brought to bed yourself.
Sos. Alas, I've no soul here: we're all alone.
Geta is absent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æschinus.
Can. He'll be here presently, I promise you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a single day
Go by, but he is sure to visit us.
Sos. He is my only comfort in my sorrows.
Can. Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And since your daughter suffer'd violence,
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.
Sos. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The Gods preserve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *hastily at another part of the Stage.*

Geta. We are now
So absolutely lost, that all the world
Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune, that has fallen
On me, my mistress, and her daughter, all
Would not avail.—Ah me! so many troubles
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them,
Rape, poverty, oppression, solitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
Oh wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!
Sos. (*to Canthara*) Ah, why should Geta seem thus terrified,
And agitated!
Geta. (*to himself*) Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity control or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom
He shamefully committed violation!
Sos. I don't well understand him.
Can. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata!
Geta. (*to himself*) Alas,
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With such fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.—There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
First I'd tread out the stinking snuff his father,

Who gave the monster being.—And then,
Who urg'd him to it,—how I'd tear him!-
I'd seize him round the waist, and lift him
Then dash his head against the ground, a
The pavement with his brains.—For Æsch
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him
Headforemost down some precipice.—The
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample under fo
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
This heavy news as soon as possible? (*g*

Sos. Let's call him back.—Ho, Geta!

Can. Whosoe'er
You are, excuse me.

Sos. I am Sostrata. [I sought you, M

Geta. Where, where is Sostrata? (*turn*
Impatiently I sought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.

Sos. What is the matter? why d'ye tremb

Geta. Alas!

Sos. Take breath!—But why thus mov
Geta?

Geta. We're quite———

Sos. Quite what?

Geta. Undone: we're ruin'd, Madam.

Sos. Explain, for heaven's sake!

Geta Ev'n now———

Sos. What now?

Geta. Æschinus———

Sos. What of Æschinus?

Geta. Has quite
Estrang'd himself from all our family

Sos. How's that? confusion! why?

Geta He loves another.

Sos. Wretch that I am!

Geta. Nor that clandestinely;
But snatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
Sos. Are you sure of this?
Geta Sure? With these very eyes I saw it, Madam.
Sos. Alas, alas! What then can we believe!
To whom give credit?—What? our Æschinus!
Our very life, our sole support, and hope!
Who swore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap, and in that way
Wring from him his consent to marry her!
Geta. Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather
What course were best to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?
Can. Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be disclos'd, d'ye think?
Geta. I'd not advise it.
For first, that he has quite abandon'd us,
The thing itself declares. If we then make
The story known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confess,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he should wed your daughter.—For which reasons,
Silence is requisite.
Sos. Ah, no: not I.
Geta. What mean you?
Sos. To disclose the whole.
Geta. How, Madam!
Think what you are about.

Sos. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worse state than now.
In the first place my daughter has no portion,
And that which should have been her second dowry,
Is also lost; and she can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the rest,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he lost to vouch the fact.
In short, since I am conscious to myself,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no sordid love of gain, nor aught,
Unworthy of my daughter or myself,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

Geta. Well, I agree, 'twere better to disclose it.

Sos. You then away, as fast as possible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinsman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever show'd a great regard for us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one else cares for us.

Sos. And you, good Canthara, away with haste,
And call a midwife; that we may be sure
Of her assistance in the time of need.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE III.

Enter DEMEA.

Dem. Confusion! I have heard that Ctesipho
Was present with his brother at this riot.
This is the sum of all my miseries,

If he, even he, a sober, hopeful lad,
May be seduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where shall I inquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into some vile brothel.
That profligate persuaded him, I'm sure.
—But here comes Syrus; He can tell me all.
And yet this slave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm inquiring for him,
He'll never tell me any thing, a rogue!
I'll not discover my design.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the stage.*

Syrus. (*to himself*) We've just
Disclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er saw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.
Dem. Oh heaven,
The folly of the man! (*listening.*)
Syrus. (*to himself*) He prais'd his son;
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burst with rage. (*listening.*)
Syrus. (*to himself*) He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beside,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! if you'd have your business well ta'en care of,
Commit it to this fellow!
Syrus. (*overhearing*) Who's there? Demea!
I did not see you, sir. How goes it?

Dem. How?
I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.
Syrus. (*negligently*) Silly enough, to say the truth, and idle.
(*To servants within*)—Cleanse you the rest of those fish, Dromo: let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return it shall be bon'd; till then
It must not be.
Dem. Are crimes like these——
Syrus. (*to Demea*) Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry shame upon them.
(*To servants within*)—See that those salt fish are well soak'd, Stephanio.
Dem. Gods, is this done on purpose? Does he think
'Tis laudable to spoil his son? Alas!
I think I see the day, when Æschinus
Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier.
Syrus. O Demea! That is to be wise: To see
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.
Dem. What! is the music-girl at your house?
Syrus. Ay,
Madam's within.
Dem. What! and is Æschinus
To keep her at home with him?
Syrus. I believe so;
Such is their madness.
Dem. Is it possible?
Syrus. A fond and foolish father!
Dem. I'm asham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.

Syrus. Ah!
ere is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
ter isn't because you're present that I say this—
ere is a mighty difference between you!
e are, from top to toe, all over wisdom:
, a mere dotard.—Would you e'er permit
er boy to do such things?
Dem. Permit him? I?
should I not much rather smell him out
months before he did but dream of it?
Syrus. Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to me?
Dem. Heaven keep him ever as he is at present.
Syrus. As fathers form their children, so they prove.
Dem. But now we're speaking of him, have you seen
e lad to-day? (*with an affected carelessness.*)
Syrus. Your son d'ye mean?—I'll drive him
o the country. (*aside*)—He is hard at work
on your grounds by this time. (*to Demea.*)
Dem. Are you sure on't?
Syrus. Sure? I set out with him myself.
Dem. Good! good!
as afraid he loiter'd here. (*aside.*)
Syrus. And much
rag'd, I promise you.
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. A quarrel with his brother at the forum,
out the music-girl.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Ay, faith:
did not *mince the* matter: he spoke out.
as the cash was telling down in pops,

All unexpected, Master Ctesipho
Cries out—" Oh Æschinus, are these your courses?
Do you commit these crimes; and do you bring
Such a disgrace upon our family?"

Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.

Syrus. —" You squander not
The money only, but your life, your honour."

Dem. Heaven bless him! he is like his ancestors.
(*weeping.*)

Syrus. Father's own son, I warrant him.

Dem. Oh Syrus!
He's full of all those precepts, he!

Syrus. No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good instruction.

Dem. I spare no pains; neglect no means
train him.
—In short, I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himself.
——" Do this."——

Syrus. Good!

Dem. " Fly that."

Syrus. Very good!

Dem. " This deed
Is commendable."

Syrus. That's the thing!

Dem. " That's reprehensible."

Syrus. Most excellent!

Dem. " And then moreover——

Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience just at present.
I've got an admirable dish of fish;
And I must take good care they are not spoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,

s, as 'twere in you to leave undone
things you just now mention'd: and I try,
ording to my weak abilities,
teach my fellow-slaves the self-same way.
This is too salt.—This is burnt up too much.
hat is not nice and cleanly.—That's well
done.
d and do so again."—I e m
I give them the best pre
hort, I bid them look o me
in a mirror, Demea, and t e
duty of a cook.—This school of ours,
n, is idle: but what can you do?
ording to the man must be the lesson.
Could you ought else with us?
Dem. Your reformation.
Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?
Dem. Straight.
Syrus. For what should you do here where nobody,
ever good your precepts, cares to mind them?
(*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

DEMEA *alone.*

en will hence, since he, on whose account
ither came, is gone into the country.
is my only care, *he's* my concern.
brother, since he needs will have it so,
y look to Æschinus himself.——But who

Is coming yonder? *Hegio, of our tribe?
If I see plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And such men now-a-days are wondrous scarce,
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from him.
How I rejoice to see but the remains
Of this old stock! Ah, life's a pleasure now.
I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,
And have a little conversation with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO, GETA *conversing at a distance.*

Hegio. Good heaven! a most unworthy action,
Geta!
Can it be true?
Geta. Even so.
Hegio. A deed so base
Sprung from that family?—Oh Æschinus,
I'm sure this was not acting like your father.
Demea. (*behind*) So! he has heard about this music-girl,
And is affected at it, though a stranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monstrous! would that he were somewhere nigh,
And heard all this!
Hegio. Unless they do what's just,
They shall not carry off the matter thus.

* *Hegio, of our tribe.* We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number.

Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our sole friend, our guardian, and our father.
The good old Simulus, on his death-bed,
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you desert us,
We are undone indeed.

Hegio. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and, with honesty, I cannot.

Dem. I'll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!

Hegio. The man I look'd for.—Save you, Demea!

Dem. Your pleasure!

Hegio. Æschinus, your elder son,
Adopted by your brother, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honest man,
And of a gentleman.

Dem. How so?

Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?

Dem. Ay, sure,

Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.

Dem. How!

Hegio. Hold, Demea; for the worst is still to come.

Dem. Is there aught worse?

Hegio. Much worse: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and youth
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
—Soon as his sense returning made him conscious
Of his rash outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Intreating, vowing constancy, and swearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:

This is the tenth month.—He, good gentleman,
Has got a music-girl, heav'n bless the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
Dem. And are you well assur'd of this?
Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itself, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And besides,
This Geta here—as servants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleness—maintains them;
The sole support of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.
Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not so, good Demea!
Nay, Æschinus, I'm sure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.
Dem. (*aside*) I'm ashamed: and what
To do or what to say to him, I know not.
Pamphila. (*within*) *Ah me! I'm torn to pieces!
—Racking pains!
Juno Lucina, help me! save, I pray thee!
Hegio. Ha! Is she then in labour, Geta?
Geta. Yes, sir.
Hegio. Hark! she now calls upon your justice, Demea!
Grant her then freely, what law else will claim.
And heaven send, that you may rather do
What honour bids! But if you mean it not,
Be sure of this: that with my utmost force

* *Ah me!* &c. This is the second instance in our author of the outeries of a woman in labour: a circumstance not easily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days. I shall not defend the practice; but cannot help observing, that, allowing such an incident, Terence, in the present instance, makes a most pathetic and oratorical use of it.

I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father.
He was my kinsman! we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, strive, nay lose
My life itself, before I will forsake them.
—What is your answer?

Dem. I'll find out my brother:
What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.

Hegio. But still remember, Demea, that the more
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honest men.

Dem. Go to: we'll do you justice.

Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me in to Sostrata. (*Exit with Geta.*)

SCENE VII.

DEMEA, *alone.*

This is more than I foretold; and well
If his intemperance would stop *here!*—But this
Immoderate indulgence must produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter HEGIO, *speaking to* SOSTRATA *at the door.*

Be of good cheer, my Sostrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the forum,
And tell him the whole story: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but speak his mind to me, and then
I shall know how to act accordingly. (*Exit.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?
Syrus. Long since.
Ctes. Nay; speak the truth!
Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Ctes. I wish,
So that his health were not the worse for it,
He might so heartily fatigue himself,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed these three days!
Syrus. I wish so too; and more, if possible.
Ctes. With all my heart; for I would fain consume,
As I've begun, the live-long day in pleasure.
Nor do I hate that farm of our's so much
For any thing, as that it is so near.
For if 'twas at a greater distance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very sure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Question me where I've been, that I've not seen him
All the day long; and what shall I reply?
Syrus. What, can you think of nothing?
Ctes. No, not I.

Syrus. So much the worse.—Have you no client,
Or guest? [friend,

Ctes. I have. What then?

Syrus. You've been engag'd
With them.

Ctes. When not engag'd? It cannot be.

Syrus. It may.

Ctes. Ay marry, for the day I grant you.
But if I pass the night here, what excuse
Then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ah! I would it were the custom
To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!
—But be at ease? I know his mind so well,
That when he raves the loudest, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.

Ctes. How so?

Syrus. He loves
To hear you prais'd. I sing your praises to him,
And make you out a little god.

Ctes. Me!

Syrus. You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child,
For very joy.—But have a care! (*looking out.*)

Ctes. What now?

Syrus. *The wolf i' the' fable!

Ctes. What, my father?

Syrus. He.

Ctes. What's the best, Syrus?

Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.

Ctes. You have not seen me, if he asks: d'ye hear?

Syrus. Can't you be quiet? (*pushes out Ctesipho.*)

* *The wolf in the fable.* Lupus in fabula. A proverb, signifying that the person of whom we are speaking is at hand.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA *at another part of the stage.*

Dem. Verily, I am
A most unhappy man! for first of all,
I cannot find my brother any where;
And then besides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers,
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesipho was not there. What shall I do?

Ctesipho. (*peeping out*) Syrus
Syrus. What?
Ctes. Does he seek me?
Syrus. Yes.
Ctes. Undone!
Syrus. Courage!
apart.

Demea. (*to himself*) Plague on it, what ill luck is
I can't account for it; but I believe [this!
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the first who feels our woes; the first
Who knows of them; the first who tells the news;
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.

Syrus. (*behind*) Ridiculous! he says he knows all
And he alone is ignorant of all. [first;

Dem. I'm now return'd to see if Micio
Be yet come home again.

Ctes. (*peeping out*) Take care, good Syrus,
He don't rush in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care.
Ctes. 'Faith, I'll not trust to you,
But shut myself and her in some by-place
Together: that's the safest.
Syrus. Well away! (*Ctesipho disappears.*)
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.
apart.

Dem. (*seeing Syrus*) But see that rascal Syrus coming hither!

Syrus. (*advancing hastily, and pretending not to see Demea*)

By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know
How many masters I'm to have.—Oh monstrous!

Dem. What does he howl for? What's the meaning on't?

Hark ye, my good sir! prithee tell me, if
My brother is at home.

Syrus. *My good sir!* Plague!
Why do you come with your *good sirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd.

Dem. What's the matter?

Syrus. What's the matter!
Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgel'd me and the poor music-girl
Almost to death.

Dem. Indeed?

Syrus. Indeed. Nay see
How he has cut my lip! (*pretending to show it.*)

Dem. On what account?

Syrus. The girl, he says, was bought by my advice.

Dem. Did not you say you saw him out of town
A little while ago?

Syrus. And so I did.
But he came back soon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy. Was not he asham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat me;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? (*showing.*)

Dem. Oh rare, Ctesipho!

'ather's own son! A man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith, if he is wise,
He'll hold his hands another time.
Dem. Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!—Because he beat
A helpless girl, and me a wretched slave,
Who durst not strike again;—oh, to be sure,
Mighty brave, truly!
Dem. Oh, most exquisite!
My Ctesipho perceiv'd, as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this business.
—But is my brother here?
Syrus. Not he. (*sulkily.*)
Dem. I'm thinking
Where I shall seek him.
Syrus. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.
Dem. How, sirrah?
Syrus. Even so.
Dem. I'll break your head.
Syrus. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place?
Syrus. D'ye know the portico
Just by the market, down this way? (*pointing.*)
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go up that street; keep straight along; and then
You'll see a hill; go straight down that: and then
On this hand there's a chapel; and just by
A narrow lane. (*pointing.*)
Dem. Where? (*looking.*)
Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.

D'ye know it, sir?

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go through that lane.

Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.

Syrus. Ay, very true:
No more it is, sir.—What a fool I am!
I was mistaken.—You must go quite back
Into the portico; and after all,
This is the nearest and the safest way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' house? the rich man?

Dem. Ay.

Syrus. When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left,
Keep straight along that street, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right,
And then, on this side of the city gate,
Just by the pond, there is a baker's shop,
And opposite a joiner's.—There he is.

Dem. What business has he there?

Syrus. He has bespoke
Some tables to be made with oaken legs
To stand the sun.

Dem. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave!—But I lose time. I'll after him.

(*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Ay, go your ways, I'll work your old shrunk shanks
As you deserve, old Drybones!—Eschinus

Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd.
Ctesipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myself too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and tossing off my cups,
In lazy leisure lengthen out the day. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can see nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit so much commendation.
'Tis but my duty to redress the wrongs
That we have caus'd: unless, perhaps, you took me
For one of those, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expostulation an affront;
And having first offended, are the first
To turn accusers.—I've not acted thus;
And is't for this that I am thank'd?
Hegio. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourself to her, what you have just told me:
—That the suspicion, fall'n on Æschinus,
Sprung from his brother and the music-girl.
Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go.
Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raise her spirit drooping with the load
Of grief and misery, and have perform'd

Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myself,
And tell her the whole story.

Micio. No, I'll go.

Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd,
Because of their distress and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould satisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourself.

Micio. What you have said is just, and very true.

Hegio. Let me conduct you in.

Micio. With all my heart. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.

ÆSCH. *alone.*

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear shakes my limbs, amazement fills my soul,
And in my breast despair shuts out all counsel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myself?
Such a suspicion is now fallen on me:
And that so grounded on appearances,
Sostrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the music-girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurse. For meeting her by chance,
As she was sent from hence to call a midwife,

, and ask'd her of my Pamphila.
s she in labour? are you going now
call a midwife?"—"Go, go, Æschinus!
ay, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
ol'd us enough with your fine promises,"
. she.—"What now?" says I.—"Farewel,
"enjoy
e girl that you're so taken with!"—I saw
diately their cause of jealousy:
contain'd myself, nor would disclose
rother's business to a tattling gossip,
hom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
t what shall I do now? shall I confess
girl to be my brother's; an affair
h should by no means be reveal'd?—But not
vell on that.—Perhaps they'd not disclose it:
much doubt if they would credit it:
any proofs concur against myself.—
e her off; I paid the money down;
vas brought home to me.—All this, I own,
own fault. For should I not have told
ther, be it as it might, the whole?
uld, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
arry Pamphila.—What indolence,
till this hour! now, Æschinus, awake!
first I'll go, and clear myself to them.
the door. (*goes up.*)—Confusion! how I
tremble!
guilty-like I seem, when I approach
house! (*knocks.*) Hola! within! 'Tis I;
Eschinus. Come, open somebody
oor immediately!—Who's there? A stranger!
ep aside. (*retires.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. (*to Sostrata within*) Do as I've told you,
I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all. [Sostrata.
—But who knock'd at the door? (*coming forward.*)
Æsch. (*behind.*) By Heav'n, my father!
Confusion!
Micio. (*seeing him*) Æschinus!
Æsch. What does *he* here? (*aside.*)
Micio. Was't you that knock'd?—What, not a word! Suppose
I banter him a little. He deserves it,
For never trusting this affair to me. (*aside.*)
—Why don't you speak?
Æsch. Not I, as I remember. (*disordered.*)
Micio. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring
What business could have brought you here.—He blushes.
All's safe, I find. (*aside.*)
Æsch. (*recovering*) But prithee, tell me, sir,
What brought *you* here?
Micio. No business of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the forum,
To be his advocate.
Æsch. In what?
Micio. I'll tell you.
This house is tenanted by some poor women, [on't,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—Nay, I'm sure
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.

h. Well?
o. A young woman and her mother.
h. Well? [it seems,
o. The father's dead.—This friend of mine,
her next relation, by the law
d to marry her.
h. Confusion! (*aside.*)
o. How?
h. Nothing.—Well?—pray go on, sir!—
o. He's now come
e her home; for he is of Miletus.
h. How! take her home with him?
o. Yes, take her home.
h. What! to Miletus?
o. Ay.
h. Oh torture! (*aside.*)—Well?
ay the women?
o. Why, what *should* they? Nothing.
the mother has devis'd a tale
her daughter's having had a child
e one else, but never mentions whom:
m, she says, is prior; and my friend
not to have her.
h. Well? and did not this
sufficient reason?
o. No.
h. No, sir?
all this next relation take her off?
o. Ay, to be sure: why not?
h. Oh barbarous, cruel!
o speak plainly, sir,—ungenerous!
o. Why so?
h. Why *so, sir?*—What d'ye think
ne of him, the poor unhappy youth

Who was connected with her first;—who still
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life;—
When he shall see her torn out of his arms,
And borne away for ever?—Oh shame, shame!

Micio. Where is the shame on't?—Who betroth'd, who gave her? [he,
When was she married? and to whom? Where is
And wherefore did he wed another's right?

Æsch. Was it for her, a girl of such an age,
To sit at home, expecting till a kinsman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her?
—This, sir, it was your business to have said,
And to have dwelt on it.

Micio. Ridiculous!
Should I have pleaded against him, to whom
I came an advocate?—But after all,
What's this affair to us? or, what have we
To do with them? let's go!—Ha! why those tears?

Æsch. Father, beseech you, hear me!

Micio. Æschinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already:
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.

Æsch. So may you ever love me,
And so may I deserve your love, my father.
As I am sorry to have done this fault,
And am asham'd to see you!

Micio. I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind:
But I'm afraid you are too negligent.
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law
Forbade your touching.—'Twas a fault, a great one:
But yet a natural failing. Many others,

ıbt bad men, have often done the same.
after this event, can you pretend
ok the least precaution? or consider'd
should be done, or how?—If shame forbade
elling me yourself, you should have found
other means to let me know of it.
ı these doubts, ten months have slipt away.
ve betray'd, as far as in you lay,
lf, the poor young woman, and your child,
did you think the gods would bring about
usiness in your sleep; and that your wife,
nt your stir, would be convey'd to you
ur bed-chamber?—I would not have you
egligent in other matters.—Come,
up, son! you shall wed her.
h. How!
io. Cheer up,

h. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!
o. Mock you? I? wherefore?
h. I don't know; unless
so much desire it may be true,
fore fear it more.
io.——Away; go home;
ray the gods, that you may call your wife
!
h. How's that? my wife? what! now?
io. Now.
h. Now?
io. Ev'n now, as soon as possible.
h. May all
ods desert me, sir, but I do love you,
than *my eyes!*
o. Than her?

Æsch. As well.
Micio. That's much.
Æsch. But where is that Milesian?
Micio. Gone:
Vanish'd: on board the ship.—But why d'ye loite?
Æsch. Ah, sir, you rather go, and pray the gods
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs.
Micio. I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said. (*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS, *alone.*

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?
Should I not love him? bear him in my bosom?
Ah! his great kindness has so wrought upon me,
That it shall be the study of my life
To shun all follies, lest they give him pain.
—But I'll in straight, that I may not retard
My marriage by my own delay. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.

DEMEA, *alone.*

I'm tir'd
With walking.—Now great Jove confound you, Syrus;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,
Nor any person who had seen my brother.
——Now I'll in therefore and set up my rest
In his own house, till he comes home again. (*going.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.
Dem. But here he is.—I have long sought you, Micio.
Micio. What now?
Dem. I bring you more offences; great ones;
Of that sweet youth——
Micio. See there!
Dem. New; capital!
Micio. Nay, nay, no more!
Dem. *Ah, you don't know——*
Micio. I do,

Dem. O fool, you think I mean the music-g
This is a rape upon a citizen.
Micio. I know it.
Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?
Micio. Why not endure it?
Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?
Micio. No; to be sure I'd rather——
Dem. There's a child born.
Micio. Heav'n bless it!
Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.
Micio. I have heard so.
Dem. And is he
To marry her without a fortune?
Micio. Ay.
Dem. What's to be done then?
Micio. What the case requires.
The girl shall be brought over here.
Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that be proper?
Micio. What can I do else?
Dem. What can you do?—If you're not grief'd,
It were at least your duty to appear so.
Micio. I have contracted the young wom him:
The thing is settled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehensions I've remov'd.
This is still more my duty.
Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure,

I bear it patiently. The life of man
Is like a game at tables. If the cast
Which is most necessary be not thrown,
That, which chance sends, you must correct by art.
Dem. Oh rare *corrector!*—By your *art* no less
Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder music-wench; who, out of hand,
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.
Micio. Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her.
Dem. What will you do then?
Micio. Keep her in my house.
Dem. Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the same house!
Micio. Why not?
Dem. Have you your wits?
Micio. Truly I think so.
Dem. Now, so help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To sing with you.
Micio. Why not?
Dem. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?
Micio. To be sure.
Dem. And you
Dance hand in hand with them?
Micio. Ay.
Dem. Ay?
Micio. And you
Make one amongst us too upon occasion.
Dem. Ah! are you not asham'd on't?
Micio. Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and seem as it becomes you,
Cheerful and free of heart at your son's wedding.

—I'll but speak with the bride and Sostrata,
And then return to you immediately.

SCENE X.

DEMEA, *alone.*

Jove, what a life! what manners! what distr
A bride just coming home without a portio
A music-girl already there in keeping;
A house of waste; the youth a libertine;
The old man a dotard!—'Tis not in the pow
Of Providence herself, howe'er desirous,
To save from ruin such a family.

SCENE XI.

Enter at a distance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus. (*to himself*) Faith, little Syrus, you'v
special care
Of your sweet self, and play'd your part most
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd fo
To take a turn or two abroad.
Dem. (*behind*) Look there!
A pattern of instruction!
Syrus. (*seeing him*) But see there:

der's old Demea. (*going up to him*) What's
the matter now?
l why so melancholy?
lem. Oh thou villain!
yrus. What! are you spouting sentences, old
wisdom?
lem. Were you my servant——
yrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
l settle your affairs most wonderfully.
lem. I'd make you an example.
yrus. Why? for what?
lem. *Why*, sirrah?—In the midst of this disturb
ance,
l in the heat of a most heavy crime,
ile all is yet confusion, you've got drunk,
if for joy, you rascal!
yrus. Why the plague
l I not keep within? (*aside.*)

SCENE XII.

Enter Dromo *hastily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
sipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! (*pushing him off.*)
Dem. What's this he says of Ctesipho?
Syrus. Pshaw! nothing.
Dem. How, dog, is Ctesipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. *Why does he* name him then?

Syrus. It is another
Of the same name—a little parasite—
D'ye know him?
Dem. But I will immediately. (*going.*)
Syrus. (*stopping him*) What now? where now?
Dem. Let me alone. } (*struggling.*)
Syrus. Don't go!
Dem. Hands off! what, won't you? must I brain you, rascal?
(*disengages himself from Syrus, and exit.*)

SCENE XIII.

SYRUS, *alone.*

He's gone—gone in—and faith no welcome roarer—
—Especially to Ctesipho.—But what
Can I do now? unless till this blows over,
I sneak into some corner, and sleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't.
(*Exit reeling.*)

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO *from* SOSTRATA.

Micio. (*to Sostrata within*)
All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Sostrata,
As I've already told you, when you please.
(*comes forward.*)

But who's this *forces open our street-door
With so much violence?

Enter DEMEA *on t'other side.*

Dem. Confusion! death!
What shall I do? or how resolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations?—Heav'n! Earth! Sea!

Micio. (*behind*) So! all's discover'd: that's the thing he raves at.

—Now for a quarrel!—I must help the boy.

Dem. (*seeing him*) Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!

Micio. Appease your wrath, and be yourself again!

Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myself again;
I spare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own proposal too, that you should never
Concern yourself with Ctesipho, nor I
With Æschinus. Say, was't not so?

Micio. It was:
I don't deny it.

Dem. Why does Ctesipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a mistress, Micio?—Is not justice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myself with your's,
Meddle not you with mine!

* *Forces open our street-door, &c.* I forgot to observe before, that in Athens the street-doors were made to open outwards; so that when any one was coming out, the noise of the door (which is often mentioned in these comedies) served to give notice to those in the street, that they might escape being hurt, and make way for the opening of the door. *Dacier.*

Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old saying,
"All things are common among friends."
Dem. How smart!
Put off with quips and sentences at last!
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patie
Demea.
—First, if you are griev'd at their extravaganc
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune
Supposing it sufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I should take a wif
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, scrape, and save; do every thing you
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon th
Let them use freely! As your capital
Will not be wasted, what addition comes
From mine, consider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing this impartially, you'll spare
Yourself, and me, and them, a world of troub
Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals.
Micio. Hold!
I understand; and meant to speak of that.
There are in nature sundry marks, good Dem
By which you may conjecture easily,
That when two persons do the self-same thin
It oftentimes falls out, that in the one
'Tis criminal, in t'other 'tis not so:
Not that the thing itself is different,
But he who does it.—In these youths I see
The marks of virtue; and I trust, they'll prov
Such as we wish them. They have sense, I
Attention, in its season: liberal shame:

And fondness for each other; all sure signs
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And tho' they stray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear they'll prove
Too inattentive to their interest.
Oh my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded, than there's need:"
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons too.

Dem. Have a care
That these fine arguments, and this great mildness
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio!

Micio. Peace!
It shall not be: Away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, smooth your brow.

Dem. Well, since at present things are so, I must.
But then I'll to the country with my son
To-morrow at first peep of day.

Micio. At midnight,
So you'll but smile to-day.

Dem. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.

Micio. Ay; there you've hit it.
For by that means you'll keep your son at home;
Do but secure her.

Dem. I'll see that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of ashes, smoke, and meal:

Nay at high noon too she shall gather stubble,
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.

Micio. Right! now you're wise.—And then I'd make my son
Go to bed to her, tho' against his will.

Dem. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!
I feel——

Micio. Ah! that again!

Dem. I've done.

Micio. In then!
And let us suit our humour to the time.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

DEMEA *alone.*

NEVER did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him, that those things he thought he knew,
He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by. |The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing so advantages a man,
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs:
He always led an easy, cheerful life:
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expenses centred in himself.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;
—A new uneasiness!—and then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,

I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a small expense, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.
—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let *me* too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. Oh sir! your brother has despatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.
Dem. Who's there?—
What, honest Syrus! save you: how is't with you?
How goes it?

Syrus. Very well, sir.
Dem. (*aside*) Excellent!
Now for the first time I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "honest Syrus!
"How is't?—How goes it?"—(*to Syrus*) You have prov'd yourself
A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.
Syrus. I thank you, sir.
Dem. I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

Geta. (*to Sostrata within*) Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
—But here is Demea. Save you!
Dem. Oh! your name?
Geta. Geta, sir.
Dem. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without success. (*aside*)
Geta. 'Tis kind in you

To think of your poor slave, sir,
Dem. (*aside*) First of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. They murder me with their delays; and while
They lavish all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waste the live-long day in preparation.
Dem. How does my son?
Æsch. My father! are you here?
Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride?
Æsch. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the music and the singers.
Dem. Pshaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æsch. Well?
Dem. Ne'er mind singers, company, lights, music;
But tell them to throw down the garden wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.
Æsch. I will. Oh charming father!

Dem. (*aside*) *Charming!* See there! he calls
me *charming* now.
—My brother's house will be a thorough-fare;
Throng'd with whole crowds of people; much expense
Will follow: very much, what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
—Ho! order Babylo immediately
To pay him twenty minæ.—Prithee, Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?
Syrus. What?
Dem. Down with the wall!—(*Exit Syrus*)—You, Geta, go, and bring
The ladies over.
Geta. Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! (*Exit Geta.*)
Dem. They're worthy of it.—What say you to this? (*to Æschinus*)
Æsch. I think it admirable.
Dem. 'Tis much better,
Than for a poor soul, sick, and lying-in,
To be conducted thro' the street.
Æsch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, sir.
Dem. 'Tis just my way.—But here comes Micio.

SCENE V.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. (*at entering*) My brother order it, d'ye say? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?
Dem. 'Twas my order;
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!
Æsch. Pray do, sir! (*to Micio.*)
Micio. I don't oppose it.
Dem. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
First, there's the mother of the bride—
Micio. What then?
Dem. Worthy and modest.
Micio. So they say.
Dem. In years.
Micio. True.
Dem. And so far advanc'd, that she is long
Past child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Micio. What means all this?
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's (*to Æsch.*) to bring him to it.
Micio. I marry her?
Dem. You.
Micio. I?
Dem. Yes, you I say.

Micio. Ridiculous!
Dem. (*to Æsch.*) If you're a man, he'll do't.
Æsch. (*to Micio.*) Dear father!
Micio. How!
Do you then join him, fool?
Dem. Nay, don't deny:
It can't be otherwise.
Micio. You've lost your senses!
Æsch. Let me prevail upon you, sir!
Micio. You're mad.
Away!
Dem. Oblige your son.
Micio. Have you your wits?
I a new married man at sixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman;
Is that what you advise me?
Æsch. Do it, sir!
I've promis'd them.
Micio. You've promis'd them indeed!
Prithee, boy, promise for yourself.
Dem. Come, come!
What if he ask'd still more of you?
Micio. As if
This was not ev'n the utmost.
Dem. Nay, comply!
Æsch. Be not obdurate!
Dem. Come, come, promise him.
Micio. Won't you desist?
Æsch. No, not till I prevail.
Micio. This is mere force.
Dem. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Micio. Tho' this appears to me absurd, wrong,
foolish,

And quite repugnant to my scheme of life,
Yet, if you're so much bent on't, let it be!
Æsch. Obliging father, worthy my best lov
Dem. (*aside*) What now?—This answers t
wish.—What more?
—Hegio's their kinsman, (*to Micio*) our rel
too,
And very poor. We should do *him* some ser
Micio. Do what?
Dem. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it h
To live upon.
Micio. So little, do you call it?
Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He
been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily. In short,
That saying, Micio, I now make my own,
Which you so lately and so wisely quoted;
"It is the common failing of old men,
"To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that stain. The saying's tru
And should be practis'd.
Micio. Well, well; be it so,
If he requires it. (*pointing to Æsch.*)
Æsch. I beseech it, father.
Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, sou
body.
Micio. I'm glad to find you think me so.
Dem. I foil him
At his own weapons. (*aside.*)

SCENE VI.

To them SYRUS.

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.
Dem. A good fellow!—Truly
Syrus, I think, should be made free to-day.
Micio. Made free! He?—Wherefore?
Dem. Oh, for many reasons.
Syrus. Oh Demea, you're a noble gentleman.
I've taken care of both your sons from boys;
Taught them, instructed them, and given them
The wholesomest advice, that I was able.
Dem. The thing's apparent: and these offices,
To cater;—bring a wench in, safe and snug;
—Or *in mid-day prepare an entertainment;—
—All these are talents of no common man.
Syrus. Oh most delightful gentleman!
Dem. Besides,
He has been instrumental too this day
In purchasing the music-girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We should reward him for it.
It will encourage others.—In a word,
Your Æschinus would have it so.

* *In mid-day prepare an entertainment. Apparare* de die *convivium.*—The force of this passage consists in the words *de die*, because, as has been observed in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at supper, and an entertainment in the day-time was considered as a debauch. *Dacier.*

Micio. Do you
Desire it?
Æsch. Yes, sir,
Micio. Well, if you desire it—
Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free!
(*Syrus kneels; Mycio strikes him, being th ceremony of manumission, or giving a slav his freedom.*)
Syrus. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but most of all, to Demea!
Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune.
Æsch. So am I.
Syrus. I do believe it; and I wish this joy
Were quite complete, and I might see my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free as well as I.
Dem. The very best of women!
Syrus. And the first
That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.
Dem. Indeed! the first who suckled him!—Nay then,
Beyond all doubt, she should be free.
Micio. For what?
Dem. For that. Nay take the sum, whate'er it be
Of me.
Syrus. Now all the pow'rs above grant all
Your wishes, Demea!
Micio. You have thriv'n to-day
Most rarely, Syrus.
Dem. And besides this, Micio,
It would be handsome to advance him something
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.
Micio. Not that. (*snapping his fingers.*)
Æsch. He's honest.

yrus. Faith, I will return it.
but advance it.
Esch. Do, sir!
ficio. Well, I'll think on't.
lem. I'll see that he shall do't. (*to Syrus.*)
yrus. Thou best of men!
Esch. My most indulgent father!
ficio. What means this?
ence comes this hasty change of manners,
brother?
ence flows all this extravagance? and whence
s sudden prodigality?
lem. I'll tell you:
show you, that the reason, why our sons
nk you so pleasant and agreeable,
ıot from your deserts, or truth, or justice,
: your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
low, therefore, if I'm odious to you, son,
:ause I'm not subservient to your humour,
ll things, right or wrong; away with care!
:nd, squander, and do what you will!—But if,
hose affairs where youth has made you blind,
;er, and thoughtless, you will suffer me
counsel and correct—and in due season
ılge you—I am at your service.
Esch. Father,
ll things we submit ourselves to you.
at's fit and proper, you know best,—But what
ll come of my poor brother?
lem. I consent
ıt he shall have her: let him finish there.
Esch. All now is as it should be.—(*to the audience*) Clap your hands!

PHORMIO.

PHORMIO.

ACTED AT THE ROMAN SPORTS.

L. Postumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, urule Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius urpio, and L. Attilius Prænestinus: the music, mposed for unequal flutes, by Flaccus, freedman Claudius: taken entirely from the Epidicazonos of Apollodorus: acted four times, C. Fans, and M. Valerius, consuls.

Year of Rome, - - - - - - -	592
Before Christ, - - - - - - -	159

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE.
DEMIPHO.
CHREMES.
ANTIPHO.
PHÆDRIA.
CRATINUS.
GRITO.
HEGIO.
PHORMIO.
DORIO.
GETA.
DAVUS, *and other Servants.*

NAUSISTRATA.
SOPHRONA.

SCENE—ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

The old bard finding it impossible
To draw our poet from the love of verse,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to scare him from the stage;
Pretending that in all his former plays
The characters are low, and mean the style;
Because he ne'er describ'd a mad-brain'd youth,
Who in his fits of phrensy thought he saw
A hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and beseeching him
To give her aid.—But did he understand,
That when the piece was first produc'd, it ow'd
More to the actor, than himself, its safety,
He would not be thus bold to give offence.
—But if there's any one that says or thinks,
"That had not the old bard assail'd him first,
"Our poet could not have devis'd a prologue,
"Having no matter for abuse;"—let such
Receive for answer, "that altho' the prize
"To all advent'rers is held out in common,
"The veteran poet meant to drive our bard
"From study into want: *He* therefore chose
"To answer, though he would not first offend.
"And had his adversary but have prov'd
"A generous rival, he had had due praise;
"Let him then bear these censures, and reflect,
"*Of his own slanders 'tis* the due return.

"But henceforth I shall cease to speak of him,
"Altho' he ceases not himself to rail."
But now what I'd request of you, attend!
To-day I bring a new Play, which the Greeks
Call Epidicazomenos; the Latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio:
Phormio, whom you will find a parasite,
And the chief engine of the plot.—And now,
If to our poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear; be favourable; and be silent!
Let us not meet the same ill fortune now,
That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the actors' merit, seconded
By your good-will and candour, has restor'd us.

PHORMIO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DAVUS *alone.*

ra, my worthy friend and countryman,
to me yesterday; for some time past
w'd him some small balance of account;
he desir'd, I would make up; I have;
brought it with me: for his master's son,
nform'd, has lately got a wife;
uppose this sum is scrap'd together
bride-gift. Alack, how hard it is,
he, who is already poor, should still
v in his mite, to swell the rich man's heap!
he, scarce ounce by ounce, from short allowance,
y defrauding his own appetite,
par'd, poor wretch! Shall she sweep all at once,
eding with what labour it was got?
moreover, shall be struck for more;
ıer gift, when madam's brought to bed!—
ıer too, when master's birth-day's kept,
hey initiate him.—All this Mamma
carry off, the bantling her excuse.
that Geta?

SCENE II.

Enter Geta.

Get. (*at entering*) If a red-hair'd man
Inquire for me———
Dav. No more! he's here.
Get. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.
Dav. Here, take this! (*gives a purse*) [illegible]
told: you'll find it right;
The sum I ow'd you.
Get. Honest, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
Dav. And well you may, as men and times go
Things, by my troth, are come to such a pass,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.—But, pray, why so sad?
Get. I?—You can scarce imagine what dread,
What danger I am in.
Dav. How so?
Get. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it secret.
Dav. Away, fool!
The man, whose faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to trust with words?—And to what end
Should I deceive you?
Get. List then!
Dav. I'm all ear. [Chremes;
Get. D'ye know our old man's elder brother,
Dav. Know him?—ay sure.
Get. You do?—And his son Phædria?

. As well as I know you.
It so fell out,
he old men were forc'd to journey forth
same season. He to Lemnos, ours
licia, to an old acquaintance
ad decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
eedling letters, almost promising
ins of gold.
. To one that had so much,
han enough already ?
Prithee, peace!
's his passion.
. Oh, would I had been
of fortune ; I !
At their departure,
o old gentlemen appointed me
of governor to both their sons.
A hard task, Geta!
Troth, I found it so.
ry genius for my sins ordain'd it.
I took upon me to oppose :
t, while I was trusty to the' old man,
ung one made my shoulders answer for it.
So I suppose : for what a foolish task
against the pricks!
I then resolv'd
them their own way in ev'ry thing.
Ay, then you made your market.
Our young spark
no mad pranks at first : But Phædria
immediately a music-girl :
f her to distraction! She belong'd
ost avaricious sordid pimp ;
l we *aught to give* :—the' old gentlemen

Had taken care of that. Nought else remain'd
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
*To lead her out to school, and hand her home
We, too, for lack of other business, gave
Our time to Phædria. Opposite the school,
Whither she went to take her lessons, stood
†A barber's shop, wherein most commonly
We waited her return. Hither one day
Came a young man in tears: we were amaz'd,
And ask'd the cause. Never (said he, and wep
Did I suppose the weight of poverty
A load so sad, so insupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I saw but now,
Not far from hence, a miserable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother. Near the corpse
She sat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintan
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty too was exquisite.—In short
He mov'd us all: And Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and visit her?"—"Why, a
"I think so," said the other, "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you please."—We went, arriv'
And saw her.—Beautiful she was indeed!
More justly to be reckoned so, for she
Had no additions to set off her beauty.
Her hair dishevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
In tears, and miserably clad: that if

* *To lead her out to school.* Music-schools, where the m
merchants sent their girls to attain accomplishments, wh
might enhance their price.—*Cooke.*

† *A barber's shop.* Barbers' shops in Athens and Rome w
places of public resort for conversation, much of the nature
our coffee-houses.—Patrick.

he life and soul of beauty had not dwelt
Vithin her very form, all these together
lust have extinguish'd it.—The spark, possess'd
lready with the music-girl, just cried,
She's well enough."—But our young gentle-
man—
Dav. Fell, I suppose, in love.
Get. In love indeed.
t mark the end! Next day, away he goes
the old woman straight, beseeching her
let him have the girl:—"Not she indeed!
Vor was it like a gentleman, she said,
'or him to think on't: She's a citizen,
n honest girl, and born of honest parents:—
'he would marry her indeed, by law
le might do *that;* on no account, aught else."
Iur spark, distracted, knew not what to do:
once he long'd to marry her, at once
aded his absent father.
Dav. Would not he,
l he return'd, have giv'n consent?
Get. To wed
irl of neither family nor fortune?
er.
Dav. What then?
Get. What then! There is a parasite,
: Phormio, a bold enterprising fellow,
o—all the gods confound him!—
Dav. What did he?
Get. Gave us the following counsel.—"There's
a law
hat orphan girls should wed their next of kin,
Vhich law obliges too their next of kin

"To marry them.—I'll say, that you're her kin-
man,
"And sue a writ against you. I'll pretend
"To be her father's friend, and bring the cause
"Before the judges. Who her father was,
"Her mother who, and how she's your relation,
"All this sham evidence I'll forge; by which
"The cause will turn entirely in my favour.
"You shall disprove no title of the charge;
"So I succeed.—Your father will return; [own."
"Prosecute me;—what then?—The girl's our
Dav. A pleasant piece of impudence!
Get. It pleas'd
Our spark at least: He put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was cast; and married.
Dav. How say you?
Get. Just as you have heard.
Dav. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?
Get. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, whate'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.
Dav. Why, that's well said,
And like a man.
Get. All my dependence is
Upon myself.
Dav. And that's the best.
Get. I might
Beg one to intercede for me,
Who may plead thus—"Nay, pardon him this once!
"But if he fails again, I've not a word
"To say for him."—And well if he don't add,
"When I go hence, e'en hang him!"
Dav. What of him,

Gentleman-usher to the music-girl?
How goes he on?
Get. So, so!
Dav. He has not much
To give perhaps.
Get. Just nothing, but mere hope.
Dav. His father, too, is he returned?
Get. Not yet. [him?
Dav. And your old man, when do you look for
Get. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
Dav. Would you aught else
With me, good Geta?
Get. Nothing, but farewel! (*Exit Davus.*)
Ho, boy! what, nobody at home! (*Enter boy.*)
Take this,
And give it Dorcium. (*Gives the purse and Exit.*)

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

Ant. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my best friend!—That I
Should tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconsiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
Phæ. What now?
Ant. Is that a question? And from you,
Who know the' atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had entered Phormio's mind

To give such counsel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind desire,
To this rash act, the source of my misfortunes!
I should not have possess'd her: that indeed
Had made me wretched some few days.—But then
This constant anguish had not torn my mind.—

Phæ. I hear you.

Ant. —While each moment I expect
His coming to divorce me.

Phæ. Other men
For lack of what they love, are miserable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wish'd and pray'd for. Now, by Heaven,
Might I, so long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unsatisfied, unblest!
How happy yours, in full possession!—One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous disposition,
And honest fame, without expense, you've got:
The wife whom you desir'd!—in all things blest,
But want the disposition to believe so.
Had you like me, a scoundrel-pimp to deal with,
Then you'd perceive—But sure 'tis in our nature,
Never to be contented.

Ant. Now to me,
Phædria, 'tis you appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to consider still,
To keep, pursue, or quit her: I, alas,
Have so entangled and perplext myself,
That I can neither keep, nor let her go.
—What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I see
Running this way?—'Tis he himself.—Ah me!
How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE IV.

Enter at a distance GETA *running.*

Get. Confusion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to shun, nor how
To extricate myself; for this bold stroke
Of ours, can't long be hid.
Ant. What's this confusion?
Get. Then I have scarce a moment's time to think.
My master is arriv'd.
Ant. What mischief's that?
Get. Who, when he shall have heard it, by what art
Shall I appease his anger?—Shall I speak?
Twill irritate him.—Hold my peace?—enrage him.
Defend myself?—Impossible!—Oh, wretch!
Now for myself in pain, now Antipho
Distracts my mind—But *him* I pity most;
For *him* I fear; 'tis *he* retains me here:
For, were it not for *him*, I'd soon provide
For my own safety—ay, and be reveng'd
On the old greybeard—carry something off,
And show my master a light pair of heels.
Ant. What scheme to rob and run away is this?

Get. But where shall I find Antipho? where seek him?
Phæ. He mentions you.
Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the messenger of some ill news.
Phæ. Have you your wits?
Get. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
Phæ. Let's call him back!
Ant. Holo, you! stop!
Get. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.
Ant. Geta!
Get. (*turning*) The very man I wish'd to meet!
Ant. Tell us, what news?—in one word, if you can.
Get. I'll do it.
Ant. Speak!
Get. This moment at the Port——
Ant. My father?
Get. Even so.
Ant. Undone!
Phæ. Heyday!
Ant. What shall I do?
Phæ. What say you? (*to Geta*)
Get. That I've seen
His father, sir,—your uncle.
Ant. How shall I,
Wretch that I am! oppose this sudden evil?
Should I be so unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
Get. Since that's the case then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.

Ant. Alas!
not myself.
Get. But now you should be most so, Antipho.
: if your father should discern your fear,
'll think you conscious of a fault.
Phæ. That's true.
Ant. I cannot help it, nor seem otherwise.
Get. How would you manage in worse difficulties?
Ant. Since I'm not equal to hear this, to those
ıould be more unequal.
Get. This is nothing.
ɔh, Phædria, let him go! why waste our time?
ill be gone. (*going*)
Phæ. And I. (*going*)
Ant. Nay, prithee, stay!
ıat if I should dissemble?—Will that do?
(*endeavouring to assume another air.*)
Get. Ridiculous!
Ant. Nay, look at me! Will that
ffice?
Get. Not it.
Ant. Or this?
Get. Almost.
Ant. Or this?
Get. Ay! now you've hit it. Do but stick to that;
swer him boldly; give him hit for dash,
r let him bear you down with angry words.
Ant. I understand you.
Get. "Forc'd"—"against your will"—
y law"—"by sentence of the court"—d'ye take me?

hat old gentleman is that, I see
er end o' the' street?
'Tis he himself.
not face him. (*going*)
. Ah, what is it you do?
e d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, stay, I say.
r. I know myself and my offence too well.
ou then I commend my life and love. (*Exit*)

SCENE V.

Manent PHÆDRIA *and* GETA.

Phæ. Geta, what now?
Get. You shall be roundly chid;
I soundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
—But what e'en now we counsell'd Antipho,
It now behoves ourselves to practise, Phædria.
Phæ. Talk not of what behoves, but say at or
What you would have me do.
Get. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to rest,
At your first vent'ring on this enterprise?
"That Phormio's suit was just, sure, equitab
"Not to be controverted."—
Phæ. I remember.
Get. Now then that plea! or, if it's possil
One better or more plausible.
Phæ. I'll do't.
Get. Do you attack him first! I'll lie in
To reinforce you, if you give ground.
Phæ. Well. (*they retire.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. How's this? A wife! what, Antipho! and ne'er
ask my consent?—nor my authority——
Or, grant we pass authority, not dread
My wrath at least?—To have no sense of shame?
—Oh, imprudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adviser!
Get. Geta at last.
Dem. What they will say to me,
Or what excuse they will devise, I wonder.
Get. Oh, we have settled that already: Think
Of something else.
Dem. Will he say this to me,
—"Against my will I did it"—"Forc'd by law"—
—I hear you: I confess it.
Get. Very well.
Dem. But conscious of the fraud, without a word
In answer or defence, to yield the cause
Tamely to your opponents—did the law
Force you to *that* too?
Phæ. That's home.
Get. Give me leave!
I'll manage it.
Dem. I know not what to do:
This stroke has come so unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, past belief.
—I'm so enrag'd, I *can't* compose my mind
To *think upon it.*—Wherefore ev'ry man,

When his affairs go on most swimmingly,
Ev'n then it most behoves to arm himself
Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick—
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing should seem new or strange. But
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear gain.

Get. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful, how much a wiser man
I am than my old master. My misfortunes
I have consider'd well.—At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or set to labour in the fields; of these
Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.
—But why delay to' accost the' old gentleman,
And speak him fair at first?

(*Phædria goes forward.*)

Dem. Methinks I see
My nephew Phædria.

Phæ. My good uncle, welcome!

Dem. Your servant!—But where's Antipho?

Phæ. I'm glad
To see you safe——

Dem. Well, well!—But answer me.

Phæ. He's well: hard by.—But have affair
turn'd out
According to your wishes?

Dem. Would they had!

Phæ. Why, what's the matter?

Dem. What's the matter, Phædria?
You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my absence

Phæ. What! are you angry with him about that?

Get. Well counterfeited!

Dem. Should I not be angry?
Let me but set eyes on him, he shall know
That his offences have converted me
From a mild father to a most severe one.

Phæ. He has done nothing, uncle, to offend you.

Dem. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together:
Know one, and you know all.

Phæ. Nay, 'tis not so.

Dem. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand,
To bear him out: when t'other slips, *he's* ready:
Each in their turn!

Get. I'faith the' old gentleman
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.

Dem. If 'twere not so, you'd not defend him, Phædria.

Phæ. If, uncle, Antipho has done a wrong
Or to his interest, or reputation,
I am content he suffer, as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a snare for inexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compassion
Add to the poor?

Get. Unless I knew the cause,
I should imagine this was truth he spoke.

Dem. What judge can know the merits on your side,
When you put in no plea; as he has done?

Phæ. *He has behav'd* like an ingenuous youth.

When he came into court, he wanted pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, so much
He was abash'd by fear and modesty.

Get. Oh brave!—But why, without more la
time
Don't I accost the' old man? (*going up*). My
ter, welcome!
I am rejoic'd to see you safe return'd.

Dem. What! my good master Governor!
slave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My son in charge.

Get. I've heard you for some time
Accuse us all quite undeservedly,
And me, of all, most undeservedly.
For what could I have done in this affair?
A slave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.

Dem. I grant it.
Nay more—the boy was bashful—I allow it.
—You but a slave.—But if she had been prov'
Ever so plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion,
And let her seek some other for a husband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?

Get. 'Twas not the thought, but money tha
wanting.

Dem. He might have borrow'd it.

Get. Have borrow'd it!
Easily said.

Dem. If not to be had else,
On interest.

Nay, now indeed you've hit it.
uld advance him money in your life?
Well, well, it shall not, and it cannot be
hould suffer her to live with him
a single day. There is no cause.
l I might see that fellow, or could tell
ne resides!
What, Phormio!
*The girl's patron.
He shall be with you straight.
Where's Antipho?
Abroad.
Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.
I'll go directly. (*Exit.*)
aside) Ay, to Pamphila. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

:, and thank the Gods for my return;
to the forum, and convene some friends,
y be present at this interview,
ormio may not take me unprepar'd. (*Exit.*)

irl's patron. Istum patronum mulieris. They who un-
carry on a law-suit for another, were called *Patroni.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PHORMIO, GETA.

Phor. AND Antipho, you say, has slunk aw
Fearing his father's presence?
Get. Very true.
Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?
Get. 'Tis even so.
Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd?
Get. Indeed.
Phor. The sum of all, then, Phormio, re
you;
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this c
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!
Get. I do beseech you.
Phor. (*to himself*) What if he inquire?—
Get. Our only hope's in you.
Phor. (*to himself*) I have it!—Then,
Suppose he offer to return the girl?—
Get. You urg'd us to't.
Phor. (*to himself*) Ay! it shall be so.
Get. Assist us!
Phor. Let him come, old gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd
With all my counsels.
Get. What d'ye mean to do?
Phor. What would you have me do,
contrive

That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage
Turn'd upon me?

Get. Brave fellow! friend indeed!
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Lest all this noble confidence of yours
End in the stocks at last.

Phor. Ah, 'tis not so.
I'm an old stager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've bastinadoed
Almost to death? aliens and citizens?
The oftener, still the safer.—Tell me then,
Didst ever hear of actions for assault
And batt'ry brought against me?

Get. How comes that?

Phor. Because the net's not stretch'd to catch the hawk,
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for those
Who do us none at all: in them there's profit,
In those mere labour lost. Thus other men
May be in danger, who have aught to lose;
I, the world knows, have nothing.—You will say,
They'll seize my person.—No, they won't maintain
A fellow of my stomach.—And they're wise,
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the highest benefit.

Get. It is impossible for Antipho
To give you thanks sufficient.

Phor. Rather say,
No man sufficiently can thank his patron.
You at free cost to come anointed, bath'd,
Easy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He *gnaws his heart*, you laugh; eat first, sit first.

And see a doubtful banquet plac'd before you!
Get. Doubtful! what phrase is that?
Phor. Where you're in doubt,
What you shall rather choose. Delights like the
When you but think how sweet, how dear, th
are;
Him that affords them must you not suppose
A very deity?
Get. The old man's here.
Mind what you do! the first attack's the fiercest
Sustain but that, the rest will be mere play.
(*they retire*

SCENE II.

Enter at a distance DEMIPHO.—HEGIO, CRATINUS CRITO, *following*.

Dem. Was ever man so grossly treated, thi
—This way, sirs, I beseech you. [y
Get. He's enrag'd!
Phor. Hist! mind your cue; I'll work him.
—(*coming forward and speaking loud*) Oh, ye Go
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinswoman?
Get. He does.
Phor. And who her father was, he does
know?
Get. No.
Dem. (*to the lawyers*) Here's the very fellow
believe,
Of whom I have been speaking.—Follow me

Phor. (*aloud*) And that he does not know who
Stilpho was?
Get. No.
Phor. Ah, because, poor thing, she's left in want,
r father is unknown, and she despis'd.
hat will not avarice do?
Get. If you insinuate
' master's avaricious, woe be to you!
Dem. (*behind*) Oh impudence! he dares accuse
me first.
Phor. As to the youth, I cannot take offence,
ıe had not much knowledge of him; since,
w in the vale of years, in want, his work
ı livelihood, he nearly altogether
'd in the country: where he held a farm
der my father. I have often heard
e poor old man complain, that this his kinsman
glected him.—But what a man! A man
most exceeding virtue.
Get. Much a one:
ırself and he you praise so much.
Phor. Away!
l I not thought him what I've spoken of him,
ould not for his daughter's sake have drawn
many troubles on our family,
ıom this old cuff now treats so scandalously.
Get. What, still abuse my absent master, rascal?
Phor. It is no more than he deserves.
Get. How, villain!
Dem. Geta! (*calling.*)
Get. Rogue, robber, pettifogger! (*to Phormio, pretending not to hear Demipho.*)
Dem. Geta!
Phor. Answer. (*apart to* Geta.)

Get. (*turning*) Who's that?—Oh!
Dem. Peace!
Get. Behind your back
All day without cessation has this knave
Thrown scurvy terms upon you, such as none
But men like him can merit.
Dem. Well! have done:
(*putting Geta by, then addressing Phormio*)
Young man! permit me first to ask one question,
And, if you please, vouchsafe to answer me.
—Who was this friend of your's? Explain! as how
Might he pretend that I was his relation?
Phor. So! you fish for't, as if you did'nt know
(*sneeringly*)
Dem. Know! I!
Phor. Ay; you.
Dem. Not I: you, that maintain
I ought, instruct me how to recollect.
Phor. What! not acquainted with your cousin
Dem. Plague!
Tell me his name.
Phor. His name? ay!
Dem. Well, why don't you?
Phor. Confusion! I've forgot the name. (*apart*)
Dem. What say you?
Phor. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
(*apart to Geta*)——Pshaw
I will not tell.—As if you didn't know,
You're come to try me. (*loud to Demipho.*)
Dem. How! I try you?
Get. Stilpho. (*whispering Phormio.*)
Phor. What is't to me?—Stilpho.
Dem. Whom say you?

Phor. Stilpho:
Did you know Stilpho, sir?
Dem. I neither know him,
Nor ever had I kinsman of that name.
Phor. How! are you not asham'd?—But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an estate
Of some ten talents——
Dem. Out upon you!
Phor. Then
You would have been the first to trace your line
Quite from your grandsire and great grandsire.
Dem. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large
How she was my relation: so do you!
Say, how is she my kinswoman?
Get. Well said!
Master, you're right.—Take heed!
(*apart to Phormio.*)
Phor. I have explain'd
All that most clearly, where I ought, in court.
If it were false, why did not then your son
Refute it?
Dem. Do you tell me of my son?
Whose folly can't be spoke of as it ought.
Phor. But you, who are so wise, go, seek the judge:
Ask sentence in the self-same cause again:
Because you're lord alone; and have alone
Pow'r to' obtain the judgment of the court
Twice in one cause.
Dem. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And *rather than hear* you, as if she were

Indeed related to us, as the law
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: take her hence,
And with her take five minæ.
Phor. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleasant gentleman!
Dem. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjust?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?
Phor. Is't even so, sir?—Like a common!
When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain
That you should pay her hire, and whistle he
Or, lest a citizen, through poverty
Bring shame upon her honour, does it order
That she be given to her next of kin
To pass her life with him? which you forbid.
Dem. Ay; to her next of kin: but why to
Or wherefore?
Phor. Oh! that matter is all settled;
Think on't no more.
Dem. Not think on't! I shall think
Of nothing else, till there's an end of this.
Phor. Words, words!
Dem. I'll make them good.
Phor. But, after all,
With you I have no business, Demipho!
Your son is cast, not you.
Dem. Be assur'd
That all I've said, he says; or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my house.
Get. He's angry. (*apart.*)
Phor. No; you'll think better on't.
Dem. Are you resolv'd,
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way!

Phor. He fears, though he dissembles. } *apart.*
Get. Well begun! }
Phor. Well; but what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd:
'Twere well, and like yourself, that we were friends.
Dem. I! friend to you? or choose to see, or hear you!
Phor. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years consider!
Dem. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourself!
Phor. Ah! don't be angry!
Dem. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and soon,
Or I shall turn her headlong out o' doors.
So much for Phormio.
Phor. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beseems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I shall bring a swinging writ against you.
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? (*apart to Geta.*)
Get. I understand. (*apart.*) (*Exit Phormio.*)

SCENE III.

Dem. With how much care, and what solicitude
My son affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himself and me! nor comes
Into my sight, that I might know at least
Or what he *says*, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and see if he's come home, or no.

Get. I'm gone. (*Exit.*)
Dem. You see, sirs, how this matter stands.
What shall I do? Say, Hegio!
Heg. Meaning me?
Cratinus, please you, should speak first.
Dem. Say then,
Cratinus!
Cra. Me d'ye question?
Dem. You.
Cra. Then I,
Whatever steps are best I'd have you take.
Thus it appears to me. Whate'er your son
Has in your absence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And so you'll find.
That's my opinion.
Dem. Say now, Hegio!
Heg. He has, I think, pronounc'd most learn
But so 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis shameful to attempt it.
Dem. Say you, Crito!
Cri. The case, I think, asks more delibera
'Tis a nice point.
Heg. Would you ought else with us?
Dem. You've utter'd oracles. (*Exeunt law*
I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before.

Re-enter GETA.

Get. He's not return'd.
Dem. My brother, as I hope, will soon arri
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the port, and ask when they expect hi

Get. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
that has past.—But here he comes in time.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a distance ANTIPHO.

Ant. (*to himself*) Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
u're much to blame, to be so poor in spirit.
at! steal away so guilty-like? and trust
ur life and safety to the care of others?
uld they be touch'd more nearly than yourself?
me what come might of ev'ry thing beside,
ld you abandon the dear maid at home?
ld you so far deceive her easy faith,
d leave her to misfortune and distress?
, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?
Get. (*coming forwards*) I'faith, sir, we have
thought you much to blame
your long absence.——
Ant. You're the very man
t I was looking for.
Get. ——But ne'ertheless
've miss'd no opportunity.
Ant. Oh, speak!
w go my fortunes, Geta? has my father
suspicion that I was in league
h Phormio?
Get. Not a jot.
Ant. And may I hope?
Get. I don't know.
Ant. Ah!

Get. Unless that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.—
Ant. Nothing new.
Get. —And Phormio, as on all occasions else,
Prov'd himself a brave fellow.
Ant. What did *he?*
Get. Out-swagger'd your hot father.
Ant. Well said, Phormio!
Get. —I did the best I could too.
Ant. Honest Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.
Get. Thus, sir,
Stand things at present. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.
Ant. For what?
Get. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.
Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta,
Since by his sentence I must live or die!
Get. But here comes Phædria.
Ant. Where?
Get. *From his old school. (*they retire.*)

SCENE V.

Enter from Dorio's DORIO, PHÆDRIA *following.*

Phæ. Nay, hear me, Dorio!
Dorio. Not I.

* *From his old school. Ab suâ palæstrâ.—Palæstra* was properly the school of gymnastic exercises for the Grecian youth. Geta, therefore, in allusion to that, pleasantly calls the procurer's house the *palæstra* of Phædria, much in the same vein of humour that he used in talking of him at the opening of the play.

ut a word!
Let me alone.
ray, hear me!
I am tir'd
ing the same thing a thousand times.
ut what I'd say, you would be glad to
ır.
Speak then! I hear.
an't I prevail on you
ut these three days?—Nay, where d'ye
?
I should have wonder'd had you said aught
v.
ehind) This pimp, I fear, will work him-
f no good.
ear so too.
Von't you believe me?
Guess.
Ipon my honour.
Nonsense.
I'is a kindness
epaid with interest.
Words, words!
ou'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.
Pshaw!
ry; 'tis not long.
You're in the same tune still.
Iy kinsman, parent, friend,——
Ay, talk away.
an you be so inflexible, so cruel,
her pity, nor entreaties touch you?
And can you be so inconsiderate,
iconscionable, Phædria,

To think that you can talk me to your purpose,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?

Ant. (*behind*) Poor Phædria!

Phæ. (*to himself*) Alas! he speaks the truth.

Get. (*to Ant.*) How well they each support their characters!

Phæ. (*to himself*) Then that this evil should have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like distress!

Ant. (*going up*) Ha! what now, Phædria?

Phæ. Happy, happy Antipho!——

Ant. I?

Phæ. Who have her you love in your possession,
Nor e'er had plagues like me to struggle with!

Ant. In my possession? yes, I have indeed,
As the old saying goes, a wolf by the ears.
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.

Dorio. 'Tis just my case with him.

Ant. (*to Dorio*) Thou thorough bawd!
—(*to Phædria.*) What has he done?

Phæ. Done?—The inhuman wretch
Has sold my Pamphila.

Get. What! sold her?

Ant. Sold her?

Phæ. Yes; sold her.

Dorio. (*laughing*) Sold her.—What a monstrous crime!
A wench he paid his ready money for.

Phæ. I can't prevail upon him to wait for me,
And to stave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtained the money from my friends,
According to their promise.—If I do not
Pay it you then, don't wait a moment longer.

Dorio. You stun me.

Ant. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he asks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaisance
Shall be requited doubly.
Dorio. Words; mere words!
Ant. Can you then bear to see your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?—Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?
Dorio. Nor I, nor you.
Get. Plague on you!
Dorio. (*to Phæ.*) I have, against my natural disposition,
Borne with you several months, still promising,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a spark,
Who'll prove a ready paymaster, no sniveler:
Give place then to your betters!
Ant. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day settled
That you should pay the money down.
Phæ. There was.
Dorio. Do I deny it?
Ant. Is the day past?
Dorio. No.
But this has come before it.
Ant. Infamous!
Ar'n't you ashamed of such base treachery?
Dorio. Not I, while I can get by't.
Get. Scavenger!
Phæ. Is this just dealing, Dorio?
Dorio. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, use me.
Ant. Can you deceive him thus?

Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis *he* deceives *me:* he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has disappointed me,
But I am still the same to *him* as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the mon
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come first I'll follow my old rule,
"The first to pay, shall be first serv'd." Fa

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, GETA.

Phæ. What shall I do? Unhappy that I am
How shall I, who am almost worse than nothi
Raise such a sum so suddenly?—Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promise of it.
Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miserable?
My best friend Phædria, who but now, you sa
Assisted me so heartily?—No—Rather
Let us, since there is need, return his kindn
Get. It is but just, I must confess.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can save him.
Get. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Get. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Get. He is: what then?

Ant. A word to the wife, Geta!
Get. Say you so?
Ant. Ev'n so.
Get. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? will not it be triumph,
So I but 'scape a scouring for your match,
That you must urge me to run risks for *him?*
Ant. He speaks the truth, I must confess.
Phæ. How's that?
And I a stranger to you, Geta?
Get. No:
Nor do I hold you such. But is it nothing,
That the old man now rages at us all,
Unless we irritate him so much further,
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?
Phæ. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me!
Now then, while I remain, speak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!
Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?
Phæ. Wherever she's convey'd, I'll follow her,
Or perish.
Get. Heaven prosper your designs!
Gently, sir, gently!
Ant. See, if you can help him.
Get. Help him! but how?
Ant. Nay, think, invent, devise;
Lest he do something we repent of, Geta!
Get. I'm thinking. (*pausing*)—Well then I believe he's safe.
But I'm afraid of mischief.
Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.
Get. Tell me the sum you have occasion for.
Phæ. But *thirty* minæ.

Get. Thirty! monstrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.
Phæ. Dog-cheap.
Get. Well, say no more.
I'll get them for you.
Phæ. O brave fellow!
Get. Hence!
Phæ. But I shall want it *now*.
Get. You'll have it *now*.
But Phormio must assist me in this business.
Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon him,
He'll bear it all: for he's a friend indeed.
Get. Let's to him quickly then!
Ant. D'ye want any help?
Get. We've no occasion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almost dead with fear;
And see you comfort her.—Away! d'ye loiter?
Ant. There's nothing I would do so willingly. (*Exit.*)
Phæ. But how will you effect this?
Get. I'll explain
The matter as we go along.—Away! (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Well, Chremes? have you brought your daughter with you,
On whose account you went to Lemnos?
Chre. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chre. It seems the mother, grown impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here so long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journied here, they said, in search of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appris'd of this,
What kept you there so long then?
Chre. A disease.
Dem. How came it? what disease?
Chre. Is that a question?
Old age itself is a disease.—However,
The master of the ship, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their safe arrival hither.
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my son's misfortune
During my absence?
Chre. Ay; and it confounds me,
For to another should I tender her,
I must relate the girl's whole history,
And whence arises my connection with her.

You I can trust as safely as myself:
But if a stranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peac
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife should know of thi
Which if she does, I've nothing else to do,
But shake myself,* and leave my house direct
For I've no friend at home, except myself.

Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touche
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promise to you good.

SCENE II.

Enter, at another part of the Stage, GETA

Get. (*to himself*) I never saw a more shrewd
than Phormio.
I came to let him know, we wanted money,
With my device for getting it; and scarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demande
To meet with Demipho: and thank'd the goc
That it was now the time to show himself
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bade him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring the' old gentleman.—And there he

* *But shake myself, &c. Ut me excutiam.* Alluding t
manners of the Greek and Eastern nations, who always
their clothes at the doors of the houses that they abanc
Dacier.

—But who's the furthermost? Ha! Phædria's
—Yet what was I afraid of, simpleton? [father.
That I have got two dupes instead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
—I'll attack him I first propos'd. If he
Answers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, uncle!

SCENE III.

Enter behind ANTIPHO.

Ant. (*to himself*) I expect
Geta's arrival presently.—But see!
Yonder's my uncle with my father.—Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Get. I'll to them.
Oh! good sir Chremes! (*going up.*)
Chre. Save you, save you, Geta!
Get. I'm glad to see you safe arriv'd.
Chre. I thank you.
Get. How go affairs?
Chre. A world of changes here,
As usual at first coming home again.
Get. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chre. The whole.
Get. (*to Demipho*) Did you inform him, sir?—
'Tis monstrous, Chremes,
To be so shamefully impos'd upon! [him.
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was just talking with
Get. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
Dem. How, Geta?
What remedy?

Ger. I thought within myself, "[illegible]
Still taking him aside, "Your politics, [illegible]
"Why, dear sir, try to settle this affair
"In fair means rather than by foul? said I.
"My master is a generous gentleman,
"And hates to go to law. For I assure y[illegible]
"His other friends advise him, as a man,
"To turn this girl directly out of doors.
[illegible] "What does he mean? [illegible]
will all this end? [illegible]
Ger. "The law, you think, will g[illegible]
"If he attempts to turn her out.—Alas,
"He has had counsel upon that.—Faith,
"You'll have his work, if you engage wit[illegible]
"He's such a creature—but ev'n suppose
"That you should gain your law-suit, after
"The trial is not for his life, but money."
Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And suffered by this style of talking with.
"Come now," continued I, "we're all alo[illegible]

Dem. Who
Commission'd you to say all this?
Chre. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labour at.
Ant. (*behind*) Undone!
Chre. (*to Geta*) Go on.
Geta. At first he rav'd.
Dem. Why, what did he demand?
Get. Too much: as much as came into his head.
Chre. Well, but the sum?
Get. He talk'd of *a great talent.
Dem. Plague on the rascal! what! has he no shame?
Get. The very thing I said to him.—"Suppose
"He was to portion out an only daughter,
"What could he give her more?—He profits little,
"Having no daughter of his own; since one
"Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."
—But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinencies, he at last
Gave me this final answer.—"From the first,
"I wish'd," said he, as was indeed most fit,
"To wed the daughter of my friend myself.
"For I was well aware of her misfortune;
"That, being poor, she would be rather given
"In slavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
"But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
To take a woman with some little fortune,

* *A Great Talent. Talentum Magnum.* Among the ancient writers we meet sometimes with the word *Talent* simply; sometimes it is called a *Great Talent*; and sometimes an *Attic Talent*: which all import the same, when to be understood of Grecian money. *Patrick.*

"To pay my debts: and still, if Demipho
"Is willing to advance as large a sum,
"As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
"There is no wife I'd rather take than her."
Ant. (*behind*) Whether through malice, or stupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.
Dem. (*to Geta*) What, if he owes his soul?
Get. "I have a farm,"
Continued he, "that's mortgag'd for ten minæ."
Dem. Well, let him take her then; I'll pay the money.
Get. "A house for ten more."
Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.
Chre. No noise! demand those ten of me.
Get. "My wife
"Must buy a maid; some little furniture
"Is also requisite: and some expense
"To keep our wedding: all these articles,"
Continues he, "we'll reckon at ten minæ."
Dem. No; let him bring a thousand writs against me.
I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?
Chre. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.
Only do you prevail upon your son
To marry her, whom we desire.
Ant. (*behind*) Ah mé!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.
Chre. She's put away on my account; 'tis just
That I should pay the money.
Get. "Let me know,"
Continues he, "as soon as possible,
"Whether they mean to have me marry her;

"That I may part with t'other, and be certain.
"For t'other girl's relations have agreed
"To pay the portion down immediately."
Chre. He shall be paid this too immediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chre. Luckily
It happens I've some money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that;
(*to Demipho.*)
And tell my wife, that you had need of it.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Manent Antipho, Geta.

Ant. (*coming forward*) Geta!
Get. Ha, Antipho!
Ant. What have you done?
Get. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
Ant. Well,
Is that sufficient, think ye?
Get. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
Ant. Knave, d'ye shuffle with me? (*kicks him.*)
Get. Plague! what d'ye mean?
Ant. What do I mean, sirrah!
You've driven me to absolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!

—Here! would you have your business duly m
nag'd,
Commit it to this fellow!—What could be
More tender than to touch upon this sore,
Or even name my wife? my father's fill'd
With hopes that she may be dismiss'd.—And the
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He to be sure must marry her.—And what
Becomes of me then?

Get. He'll not marry her.

Ant. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the m
ney,
On my account he'll rather go to jail! (*ironically*

Get. Many a tale is spoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other side.—If he receives
The money, he must wed the girl: I grant it.
But then some little time must be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And sacrifices.—Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio shall make use of for re-payme

Ant. How so? what reason can he give?

Get. What reason?
A thousand.—"Since I made this fatal bargain,
"Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
"There came a strange black dog into my hous
"A snake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd
"The soothsayer forbade it! The diviner
"Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
"Before the winter."—All sufficient reasons.
Thus it shall be.

Ant. Pray heav'n, it may!

Get. It shall.
epend on me :—but here's your father·—Go ;
ell Phædria that the money's safe. (*Exit Antipho.*)

SCENE V.

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Nay, peace !
ll warrant he shall play no tricks upon us :
ll not part rashly with it, I assure you ;
ut pay it before witnesses, reciting
o whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.
Get. How cautious,
/here there is no occasion ! (*aside.*)
Chre. You had need.
ut haste, despatch it while the fit's upon him :
or if the other party should be pressing,
erhaps he'll break with us.
Get. You've hit it, sir.
Dem. Carry me to him then.
Get. I wait your pleasure.
Chre. (*to Dem.*) When this is done, step over to my wife,
'hat she may see the girl before she goes ;
nd tell her, to prevent her being angry,
That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match ;
That we have not been wanting in our duty,
But giv'n as large a portion as he ask'd."
Dem. Pshaw ! what's all this to you ?

Chre. A great deal, brother.
Dem. Is't not sufficient to have done y
Unless the world approves it?
Chre. I would choose
To have the whole thing done by her c
Lest she pretend she was turn'd out o'
Dem. Well, I can say all this to her m
Chre. A woman deals much better
man.
Dem. I'll ask your wife to do it then.
(*Exeunt Demipho*
Chre. I'm thinking,
Where I shall find these women now.

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA *at a distance.*

Soph. (*to herself*) Alas!
What shall I do, unhappy as I am?
Where find a friend? to whom disclose
Of whom beseech assistance?—For I fea
My mistress will sustain some injury
From following my counsel: the youth's
I hear, is so offended at this marriage.
Chre. Who's this old woman, coming
brother's,
That seems so terrified?
Soph. (*to herself*) 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action: tho' I knew
This match would hardly hold together!

Yet I advis'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want subsistence.
Chre. Surely, surely,
Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,
Or that's *my daughter's nurse.
Soph. Nor can we find—
Chre. What shall I do?
Soph. —Her father out.
Chre. Were't best
I shall go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather something more from her discourse?
Soph. Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.
Chre. 'Tis she. I'll speak with her.
Soph. (*overhearing*) Whose voice is that?
Chre. Sophrona!
Soph. Ha! my name too?
Chre. Look this way.
Soph. (*turning*) Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
Chre. No.
Soph. Deny your own name?
Chre. (*in a low voice*) This way, Sophrona!—
—A little further from that door!—this way!—
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What! ar'n't you then the man you said you were? (*aloud.*)
Chre. Hist! hist!
Soph. What makes you fear those doors so much?

* *My daughter's nurse.* Among the ancients the nurses, after having brought up children of their own sex, never quitted them; which is the reason that in their plays nurses are most generally chosen for confidants. *Rousseau's Emile.*

Chre. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that false name,
Lest ye should indiscreetly blab it out,
And so my wife might come to hear of this.
Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor s
Could never find you out here.
Chre. Well, but tell me,
What business have you with that family?
(*point*
—Where is your mistress and her daughter?
Soph. Ah!
Chre. What now? are they alive?
Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
Chre. Alas!
Soph. And I, a poor, unknown, distress'd old man,
Endeavouring to manage for the best,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the master of this house.
Chre. To Antipho?
Soph. The very same.
Chre. What! has he two wives then?
Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her
Chre. What is the other then, who, they pre
Is a relation to him?
Soph. This is she.
Chre. How say you?
Soph. It was all a mere contrivance;
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
Chre. O ye pow'rs of heaven,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming hou

I've found my daughter, even to my wish,
Match'd to the very person I desir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accomplish'd.
Soph. But now consider what is to be done.
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and he,
They say, is much offended at this marriage.
Chre. Be of good comfort: there's no danger
there. [you,
But, in the name of Heav'n and earth, I charge
Let nobody discover she's my daughter.
Soph. None shall discover it from me.
Chre. Come then!
Follow me in, and you shall hear the rest. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMIPHO, GETA.

Dem. 'Tis our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By overstraining the due character
Of honesty and generosity.
"Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we must also throw him money too,
To live, till he devises some new mischief?
Get. Very right!
Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.
Get. Very true!
Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!
Get. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.
Dem. Is that a doubt at present?
Get. A man, you know, may change his mind.
Dem. How! change?
Get. That I can't tell: but, *if perhaps*, I say.
Dem. I'll now perform my promise to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nausistrata will come and speak with her.
(*Exit Demipho.*)

SCENE II.

Get. (*alone*) The money's got for Phædria: all is hush'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.
What more then? where will all this end at last?
—Alas, you're sticking in the same mire still:
You've only chang'd hands, Geta. The disaster,
That hung but now directly over you,
Delay, perhaps, will bring more heavy on you.
You're quite beset, unless you look about.
—Now then I'll home; to lesson Phanium,
That she may'nt stand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this conf'rence with Nausistrata.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

Dem. Come then, Nausistrata, afford us now
A little of your usual art, and try
To put this woman in good humour with us;
That what is done, she may do willingly.
Nau. I will.
Dem. —And now assist us with your counsel,
As with your cash a little while ago.
Nau. With all my heart: and I am only sorry
That 'tis my husband's fault I can't do more.
Dem. How so?

I would fain know, or not know, all at once. (*going*.

Chre. Ah! (*stopping him.*)

Dem. What's the matter?

Chre. Can't you trust me then?

Dem. Must I believe it? take it upon trust?
—Well, be it so!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?

Chre. Nothing.

Dem. Drop her?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. And keep this?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. Why then, Nausistrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.

Nau. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all sides,
That you should keep her here, than send h
hence;
For she appear'd to me, when first I saw he-,
Much of a gentlewoman. (*Exit Nausistrat*

SCENE V.

Manent DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. What means this? [shu

Chre. (*looking after Nausistrata*) Is the dc

Dem. It is.

Chre. O Jupiter!
The gods take care us. I've found my daughte
Married to your son.

Dem. Ha! how could it be?

Chre. It is not safe to tell you here.

. Step in then.
. But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not have
ur very sons inform'd of this. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

d, however, my affairs proceed,
hædria's have succeeded to his mind.
ise, to foster such desires alone,
ıo' cross'd, are easily supplied!
once found, sets Phædria at his ease;
' distress admits no remedy.
the secret's kept, I live in fear;
reveal'd, I am expos'd to shame.
ıuld I now return, but in the hope
possessing her.—But where is Geta?
may learn of him, the fittest time
ɛt my father.

SCENE VII.

Enter at a distance PHORMIO.

. (*to himself*) I've receiv'd the money;
e procurer; carried off the wench:
free, and now in Phædria's possession.
ng alone remains to be despatch'd;

To get a respite from the' old gentlemen
To tipple some few days, which I must spe
In mirth and jollity.
Ant. But yonder's Phormio.—(*goes up.*)
What now?
Phor. Of what?
Ant. What's Phædria about?
How does he mean to take his fill of love?
Phor. By acting your part in his turn.
Ant. What part?
Phor. Flying his father's presence.—And
That you'd act his, and make excuses for hi
For he intends a drinking bout with me.
I shall pretend to the old gentlemen
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,
To buy the servant maid that Geta mention
Lest, finding I am absent, they suspect
That I am squandering the sum they paid n
—But your door opens.
Ant. Who comes here?
Phor. 'Tis Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter hastily at another part of the stage (

Get. O Fortune, O best Fortune, what hig
ings,
What sudden, great, and unexpected joys
Hast thou show'r'd down on Antipho to-da
Ant. What can this be, he's so rejoic'd a

Get. —And from what fears deliver'd us, his friends?
—But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,
And haste to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?
Ant. (*to Phormio*) Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?
Phor. Do you?
Ant. Not I.
Phor. I'm just as wise as you.
Get. I'll hurry hence
To the procurer's.—I shall find them there.
(*going*)
Ant. Ho, Geta!
Get. Look ye there!—Is it new or strange,
To be recall'd when one's in haste? (*going*)
Ant. Here, Geta!
Get. Again! Bawl on! I'll ne'er stop.
(*going on.*)
Ant. Stay, I say!
Get. Go, and be drubb'd!
Ant. *You* shall, I promise you,
Unless you stop, you rascal!
Get. (*stopping.*) Hold, hold, Geta;
Some intimate acquaintance this, be sure,
Being so free with you.—But is it he,
That I am looking for or not?—'Tis he.
Phor. Go up immediately. (*they go up to Geta.*)
Ant. (*to Get.*) What means all this?
Get. O happy man! the happiest man on earth!
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the Gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.
Ant. *Would I* were! but your reason.

Get. Is't enough
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?
Ant. You torture me.
Phor. No promises! but tell us,
What is your news?
Get. Oh, Phormio! are you here?
Phor. I am: but why do you trifle?
Get. Mind me then! (*to Phormio.*)
No sooner had we paid you at the forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
—Arriv'd, my master sends me to your wife.
(*to Antipho*
Ant. For what?
Get. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was just entering* the women's lodging,
When up runs little Mida: catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and ask why he detains me.
He told me, "noboby must see his mistress:
"For Sophrona, says he, has just now brought
"Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and he
"Is talking with the women now within."
—When I heard this, I stole immediately
On tip-toe tow'rds the door; came close; stoc
hush;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole discourse.
Ant. Excellent, Geta!
Get. Here I overhead

* *The women's lodging. Gynæceum*; from the Greek Γυναικω
οικημα understood. The Gynæceum was an interior part of t
house appropriated to the women. Westerhovius.

The pleasantest adventure!—On my life,
I scarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.

Ant. What?

Get. What d'ye think? (*laughing.*)

Ant. I can't tell.

Get. Oh! it was (*laughing*)
Most wonderful!—most exquisite!—you uncle
Is found to be the father of your wife.

Ant. How! what?

Get. He had a sly intrigue, it seems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.
(*laughing.*)

Phor. Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!

Get. Nay, there's some reason for it, Phormio,
You may be sure.—But was it possible
For me, who stood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumstance that past within?

Ant. I have heard something of this story too.

Get. Then, sir, to settle your belief the more,
At last out comes your uncle; and soon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both said, they gave their full consent,
That you should keep your Phanium.—In a word,
I'm sent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. Away with me then instantly! D'ye linger?

Get. Not I. Away!

Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!

Phor. Fare you well, Antipho. (*Exeunt.*)

Phor. (*alone.*) Well done, 'fore hea
I'm overjoy'd to see so much good for
Falling thus unexpectedly upon them :
Five now an admirable opportunity
To [illegible] the old gentleman, and ea
Formerly of [illegible] cares about the mo
So that he need not be ou[illegible] to fre
For the same money, [illegible] will be g
Will yet come from them more again
But I have found a way to force them.
—Now then, I must assume a grander
And put another face upon the matte
—I'll [illegible] the most loyal
And pop upon them, as they're coming
—As for the trip I talk'd of to the fair,
I shall be [illegible] to take that journey

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES—*and soon after, on t'other side,* PHORMIO.

Dem. WELL may we thank the gracious gods, good brother,
That all things have succeeded to our wish.
—But now let's find out Phormio with all speed,
Before he throws away our thirty minæ.
Phor. (*pretending not to see them.*)
I'll go and see if Demipho's at home,
That I may——
Dem. (*meeting him*) We were coming to you, Phormio.
Phor. On the old score, I warrant.
Dem. Ay.
Phor. I thought so.
—Why should you go to me?—Ridiculous!
Were you afraid I'd break my contract with you?
No, no! how great soe'er my poverty,
I've always shown myself a man of honour.
Chre. Has not she, as I said, a liberal air? } (*apart.*)
Dem. She has.
Phor. —And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you please. For I postpon'd

All other business, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were so bent on this.
Dem. Ay, but my brother has dissuaded me
From going any further in this business.
"For how will people talk of it?" says he:
"At first you might have done it handsomely;
"But then you'd not consent to it; and now,
"After co-habitation with your son,
"To think of a divorce, is infamous."
—In short, he urg'd almost the very things,
That you so lately charg'd me with yourself.
Phor. You trifle with me, gentlemen.
Dem. How so?
Phor. How so?—Because I cannot marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was first in treaty.
For with what face can I return to her,
Whom I have held in such contempt?
Chre. Tell him,
Antipho does not care to part with her.
(*prompting Demipho.*)
Dem. And my son too don't care to part with her:
—Step to the forum then, and give an order
For the repayment of our money, Phormio.
Phor. What! when I've paid it to my creditors?
Dem. What's to be done then?
Phor. Give me but the wife,
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather she should stay with you,
The portion stays with me, good Demipho.
For 'tis not just, I should be bubbled by you;
When, to retrieve your honour, I've refus'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.

Dem. A plague upon your idle vapouring,
You vagabond!—D'ye fancy we don't know you?
You, and your fine proceedings?
Phor. You provoke me.
Dem. Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?
Phor. Try me.
Dem. What! that my son may keep her privately
At your house?—That was your intention,
Phor. Ha!
What say you, sir?
Dem. Give me my money, sirrah!
Phor. Give *me* my *wife*, I say.
Dem. To justice with him!
Phor. To justice? Now, by heaven, gentlemen,
If you continue to be troublesome——
Dem. What will you do?
Phor. What will I do? Perhaps,
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be sure of this,
I've some with portions too.
Chre. What's that to us?
Phor. Nothing.—I know a lady here, whose husband— (*carelessly.*)
Chre. Ha!
Dem. What's the matter?
Phor.—Had another wife
At Lemnos.
Chre. (*aside*) I'm a dead man.
Phor. —By which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings up
In private.
Chre. (*aside*) Dead and buried!
Phor. This I'll tell her. (*going towards the house.*)

Chre. Don't, I beseech you!
Phor. Oh! are you the man?
Dem. Death! how insulting!
Chre. (*to Phormio*) We discharge you.
Phor. Nonsense!
Chre. What would you more? The money you have got,
We will forgive you.
Phor. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
—I won't; I will:—I will; I won't again:—
Give, take; say, unsay; do, and then undo.
Chre. (*to Demipho*) Which way could he have learnt this?
Dem. I don't know;
But I am sure I never mention'd it.
Chre. Good now! amazing!
Phor. I have ruffled them. (*aside.*)
Dem. What! shall he carry off so large a sum,
And laugh at us so openly?—By heaven,
I'd rather die.—Be of good courage, brother!
Pluck up the spirit of a man! You see
This slip of your's is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a secret from your wife. Now therefore
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we should fairly tell it her ourselves,
Than she should hear the story from another.
And then we shall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this rascal.
Phor. Ha!—If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd still.
They're growing desperate, and making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.

re. (*to Demipho*) I fear she'll ne'er forgive me.
m. Courage, Chremes!
econcile her to't; especially
mother being dead and gone.
or. Is this
dealing, gentlemen? You come upon me
emely cunningly.—But, Demipho,
have but ill consulted for your brother,
rge me to extremities.—And you, sir,
(*to Chremes*)
n you have play'd the whore-master abroad;
ng no reverence for your lady here,
oman of condition; wronging her
r the grossest manner; come you now
vash away your crimes with mean submission?
-I will kindle such a flame in her,
ho' you melt to tears, you shan't extinguish.
em. A plague upon him! was there ever man
ery impudent?—A knave! he ought
e transported at the public charge
some desert.
hre. I am so confounded,
ow not what to do with him.
em. I know.
g him before a judge!
hor. Before a judge?
dy-judge; in here, sirs, if you please.
em. Run you, and hold him, while I call the servants.
hre. I cannot by myself: come up, and help me.
hor. I have an action of assault against you.
(*to Demipho.*)
hre. Bring it!

Phor. Another against you too, Chremes.
Dem. Drag him away. (*both lay hold of him.*)
Phor. (*struggling*) Is that your way with me?
Then I must raise my voice.—Nausistrata!
Come hither.
Chre. Stop his mouth!
Dem. (*struggling*) A sturdy rogue!
How strong he is!
Phor. (*struggling*) Nausistrata, I say.
Nausistrata!
Chre. (*struggling*) Peace, sirrah!
Phor. Peace, indeed!
Dem. Unless he follows, strike him in the stomach!
Phor. Ay, or put out an eye!—But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

SCENE II.

To them NAUSISTRATA.

Nau. Who calls for me?
Chre. Confusion!
Nau. (*to Chremes*) Pray, my dear,
What's this disturbance?
Phor. Dumb, old Truepenny!
Nau. Who is this man?—Why don't you answer me? (*to Chremes.*)
Phor. He answer you! he's hardly in his senses.
Chre. Never believe him!

Phor. Do but go and touch him;
He's in a shivering fit, I'll lay my life.
Chre. Nay—
Nau. But what means he then?
Phor. I'll tell you, madam;
Do but attend.
Chre. *Will* you believe him then?
Nau. What is there to believe, when he says nothing?
Phor. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.
Nau. (*to Chremes*) I'm sure you're not so much afraid for nothing.
Chre. What! I afraid? (*endeavouring to take heart.*)
Phor. Oh, not at all!—And since
You're in no fright, and what I say means nothing,
Tell it yourself.
Dem. At your desire, you rascal?
Phor. Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, sir!
Nau. What! won't you tell me, husband?
Chre. But—
Nau. But what?
Chre. There's no occasion for it.
Phor. Not for you;
But for the lady there is much occasion.
In Lemnos——
Chre. Ha! what say you?
Dem. (*to Phor.*) Hold your peace!
Phor. Without your knowledge—
Chre. Oh dear!
Phor. He has had
Another wife.

Nau. My husband? Heaven forbid!
Phor. 'Tis even so.
Nau. Ah me! I am undone.
Phor. —And had a daughter by her there; wh
you
Were left to sleep in ignorance alone.
Nau. Oh heavens!—Baseness!—Treachery!
Phor. 'Tis fact.
Nau. Was ever any thing more infamous?
—Demipho, I appeal to you; for him
I cannot bear to speak to—And were these
His frequent journeys, and long stay at Lemnos
Was this the cheapness that reduced our rents?
Dem. That he has been to blame, Nausistrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.
Phor. You're talking to the dead.
Dem. It was not done
Out of aversion, or contempt to you.
In liquor, almost fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daught
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
Wherefore I beg you'd show your wonted goodne
And bear it patiently.
Nau. How! bear it patiently?
Alas, I wish his vices might end here.
But have I the least hope? Can I suppose
That years will cure these rank offences in him?
Ev'n at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modest.—Are my years,
And beauty, think ye, like to please him more
At present, Demipho, than formerly?
—In short, what ground, what reason to expect
That he should not commit the same hereafter

'hor. (*loud*) *Whoever would attend the funeral
Chremes, now's the time!—See! That's my way.
ne on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!
e Chremes, he shall fall a victim to me.
.et him get into favour when he will!
; had revenge sufficient. She has something
ring into his ears his whole life long.
Vau. Have I deserved this?—Need I, Demipho,
nber up each particular, and say
w good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Vau. Am I then justly treated?
Dem. Not at all.
: since reproaches can't undo what's done,
give him! he begs pardon; owns his fault;
d promises to mend.—What would you more?
'hor. But hold; before she ratifies his pardon,
ust secure myself and Phædria. (*aside*)
Nausistrata, a word!—Before you give
ir answer rashly, hear me!
Vau. What's your pleasure?
'hor. I trick'd your husband there of thirty minæ,
ich I have giv'n your son; and he has paid them
a procurer for a mistress.
Chre. How!
at say you?

* *Whoever would attend*, &c. *Exequias Chremeti*, &c. What ates the drollery of this speech is, that Phormio here makes of the same terms, which it was customary to use at the clamation of funerals—*L. Tite exequias tre cui commodum jam tempus est, ollus defertur.*

Nau. Is it such a heinous crime,
For your young son, d'ye think, to have *one* mistress,
While *you* have *two* wives?—Are you not asham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? Answer me!
Dem. He shall do every thing you please.
Nau. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promise any thing,
Nor give an answer, till I see my son.
Phor. Wisely resolved, Nausistrata.
Nau. Is that
Sufficient satisfaction for you?
Phor. Quite.
I rest contented, well-pleas'd, past my hopes.
Nau. What is your name, pray?
Phor. My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family,
Especially to Phædria.
Nau. Trust me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the service in my power.
Phor. I'm much oblig'd to you.
Nau. You're worthy on't.
Phor. Will you then, even now, Nausistrata,
Grant me one favour, that will pleasure me,
And grieve your husband's sight?
Nau. With all my soul.
Phor. Ask me to supper!
Nau. I invite you.
Dem. In then!
Nau. We will. But where is Phædria, our judge?
Phor. He shall be with you.—(*To the audience*)
Farewel: clap your hands!

THE END OF PHORMIO.

THE

SATIRES

OF

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

Ill health having driven me for two or three successive seasons to the Isle of Wight, I amused myself, in that sequestered spot, with a pocket Persius; and, when the progress of recovery admitted of severer application, with turning favourite passages of him into English verse. In this, I had no farther end than beguiling the sense of pain, and wearing away a few hours innocently and happily. By degrees the work grew on my hands; and I had nearly gone through the whole, before I was conscious to myself of the bulk of my labours.

At that time I entertained no thoughts of printing what was thus produced; although the republication of Juvenal presented an opportunity of subjoining it to that work: I continued, however, to fill up and correct the translation at leisure; and now, when a third edition of Juvenal is about to appear, I have determined (with the approbation of my friends) to submit it to the public.

It cannot, I think, be affirmed, that a new translation of Persius is much wanted: we are already possessed of several; of various degrees of merit, indeed, but all exhibiting strong claims on the public favour. Brewster is familiar to every scholar. I had not looked into him since I left Exeter college; but the impression he then made on my mind was very powerful, and certainly of the most pleasing kind. I thought him, indeed, paraphrastic, unnecessarily minute in many unimportant passages, somewhat too familiar for his author, and occasionally ungraceful in his repetition of trivial words and phrases; but the general spirit, accu-

racy, and freedom of his version, commanded my highest admiration,—which a recent perusal has not contributed, in any perceptible degree, to diminish. Dryden, of whom I should have spoken first, is beyond my praise. The majestical flow of his verse, the energy and beauty of particular passages, and the admirable purity and simplicity which pervade much of his language, place him above the hope of rivalry, and are better calculated to generate despair than to excite emulation.

But Dryden is sometimes negligent and sometimes unfaithful: he wanders with licentious foot, careless alike of his author and his reader, and seems to make a wanton sacrifice of his own learning. It is impossible to read a page of his translation, without perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with the original; and yet every page betrays a disregard of its sense. By nature, Dryden was eminently gifted for a translator of Persius; he had much of his austerity of manner, and his closeness of reasoning—yet, by some unaccountable obliquity, he has missed those characteristic qualities so habitual to him, and made the poet flippant and inconsequential.

I scarcely know what to say of Holyday. His contemporaries praise him for the light which he has thrown upon an obscure writer; and in this there is some justice. What appears extraordinary is, that the man who seems, in his Juvenal, to have placed the chief merit of translastion in doggedly measuring line for line with the original, should, in his version of Persius, indulge in a diffusion at which Dryden himself would, perhaps, have started. Every thought is dilated, and the text runs perpetually into a laboured commentary. By this, much of vigour is lost, while little or nothing is gained on the score of harmony. Yet he has some pleasing passages, and the readers of his time must have been gratified by his labours; for Persius was

then first rendered not only accessible, but, generally speaking, intelligible to them.

Much need not be said of Owen's translation. It is sensible and faithful; and this must be the whole of its praise; for it has neither the neatness nor the poetry of his version of Juvenal, and seems, indeed, to be a very hasty performance.

I come now to Sir W. Drummond. This is a work of great elegance; spirited and poetical, and polished into a degree of smoothness seldom attained. But Sir William Drummond declares, that his object was "rather to express his author's meaning clearly than to translate his words or to copy his manner servilely. How he wishes these expressions to be understood, he has explained in a subsequent passage, which I shall take the liberty of laying before the reader

"What Dryden judged too rude for imitation, the critics of the present day will probably think I have been prudent in not copying. I have *generally*, therefore, followed the outline; but I have *seldom* ventured to employ the colouring of Persius. When the coarse metaphor, or the extravagant hyperbole, debases or obscures the sense of the original, I have changed, or even omitted it; and where the idiom of the English language required it, I have thought myself justified in abandoning the literal sense of my author." Pref. p. x.

I am somewhat inclined to suspect that Sir W. Drummond's opinion of the "critics of the present day," is not altogether ill founded. In proportion, therefore, as he has gratified them, I shall be found to displease them; having freely encountered what he so sedulously avoided, and, with one or two exceptions merely, followed the original through all its *coarseness* and *extravagance*, and represented, with equal fidelity, the outline and the filling up of the picture.*

* *Two other translations* of Persius have appeared; but as they *were not published* before the present version was finished, they

But, it will naturally be asked, if a new translation *be not much wanted*, why is the present intruded on the public? I am not one of those who think that the successful execution of a work should totally preclude every future attempt to rival or surpass it; for this would be to introduce an apathy and dejection fatal to all progressive excellence. The field of literature happily admits of various species of contention; and to excel in the humblest of them, is to possess some degree of merit, and to prefer some claim (however slight) to public favour. He who cannot attain the richness and harmony of Dryden, may yet hope to surpass him in fidelity; and though the spirit and freedom of Brewster may not be easily outgone, his conciseness and poetical feeling have not much to intimidate a competitor of ordinary endowments.

But to come closer to the question,—I endeavoured (I know not with what success) to translate Persius as his immediate follower had been translated; I hoped that to a fidelity equal to that of the most scrupulous of my predecessors, I might be found to unite a certain degree of vigour, and to atone for a defect of poetical merit by conciseness and perspicuity. When I speak of fidelit however, let it be observed, in justice to myse that I carry the import of this word somewhat fi ther than is usually done. I translate for the E lish reader, and do not think it sufficient to g him a loose idea of the original; but as fair and p fect a transcript of it as the difference of langu will admit: at the same time it will, I trust, ap that I have not, in any instance, fallen into b risms, or violated the idiom of my own countr

do not come under my judgment. I may add, however, t last of the two, by Mr. Howes, is a work of singular merit other, which I have not been fortunate enough to procure to be a poor performance. 1817.

It has been objected that my lines run into one another, and that they would have pleased more had the sense ended with the couplet. I once thought the same: and in many a school translation "rhymed and rattled on" very glibly, and very much to my own satisfaction: but I subsequently formed a different (it becomes me not to say, a more correct) opinion of the duty of a translator; and to that, notwithstanding the gentle admonitions which have been conveyed to me, I continue to adhere. It will be readily admitted, that I have not adopted the most easy mode of translation; since, not content with giving the author's sense, I have entered as far as it was in my power, into his feelings, and exhibited as much of his manner, nay of his language, (i. e. his words,) as I possibly could. Expressions which have been usually avoided as not *germane* to our tongue, are here hazarded, for the simple purpose of bringing Persius, as he wrote, before the unlearned reader; who may be assured that he will find, in few versions, as much of the original as in the present:—for this, of course, he must take my affirmation;—nor is this all; for I have given him no more than the original: all that will be found here, is to be found in Persius. If there be aught of pride in any part of this, it is of a very humble kind; since I have undergone no trifling degree of labour for the sake of those who can never be sensible of my industry. Scholars, indeed, can appreciate it; but to some of them it will be of little importance, and to others the mode here adopted will be less pleasing than a more splendid style of versification.

Under Augustus, at least under the government which immediately preceded his usurpation of the functions of the empire, young men of family were usually placed with persons eminent in the forum and the senate, by whom they were initiated in the *offices of the state*, and taught to look abroad, and to mingle in the business of real life; but from the

accession of Tiberius, a portentous and fatal revolution in the mode of education took place. Merit became the object of dread; and reputation either in eloquence or arms was regarded by the government with a fretful and uneasy feeling which commonly terminated in hatred and aversion. What therefore could only be followed with danger, naturally ceased to be an object of pursuit, and youth were no longer trained by public men amidst public concerns. In lieu of this, they were now exercised in the schools of the rhetoricians, and habituated to debate on topics altogether remote from common life. Thus they became, like the theological dialecticians of the middle ages, nice and subtile disputants; but as the questions which they agitated seldom led to any practicable results, they could only be complimented, after a course of the severest study, with being learned to little purpose, and wise to no profitable end.

In these disadvantages, Persius merely shared with the rest of the Roman youth; but the infelicity was probably increased, in his particular case, by the debility of his constitution. He seems, indeed, to have been wholly educated within the paternal walls, till he had reached his twelfth year, when the necessity of better masters than Volaterra (the supposed place of his birth) was capable of supplying, apparently induced his friends to remove with him to Rome.

About six years before this took place, he had lost his father: so, at least, we are told in that desultory narrative of the poet's life, which goes under the name of Suetonius, but which seems to be patched up from scholia of different degrees of authority, long after his time. This part of the account, however, has been thought inconsistent with the poet's own declaration:

> "Sæpe oculos (memini) tangebam parvus olivo,
> Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis

Dicere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis."

What, say the critics, "could a child of six rs old have occasioned his father a sweating ause he could not repeat Cato's dying speech?" lut the real inconsistency rests with those who sist in bringing forward the author, on all occa- s, in *propria persona*. It is one of years and rity who opens the third Satire; it is a precept- who alternately seeks to shame, to alarm, and to ourage his pupil; and who concludes his admo- on in a strain of indignant reproof which a youth ld not with decency assume towards his fellows. t this rage for taking the poet literally is al- t universal. Britannicus affirms that he was poor. "There are some dates (he says) given he writers of his life; but as they do not appear ufficient authority, I have rejected them; but he was in low circumstances, we know from own confession—*tenuum opum se fuisse declarat*

"Quis expedivit psittaco suum χαιρε?
Magister artis, ingeniique largitor
Venter!"

t Rome, Persius was placed under the care of most eminent grammarians; and he must have ied with diligence and success, for every part is works manifests an intimate acquaintance all the niceties of the art. The house of his her, who had now taken a second, or, as some

The *unus ait comitum*, which has apparently misled the cri- is ill rendered in this place, *one of my companions says.* It ld be more correctly represented by our low and familiar se, "*here one of my gentlemen*," (i. e. one of the party,) "ex- s:" and this, in fact, is its meaning.

say, a third husband, appears to have been a little academy, and frequented by many persons eminent for learning and virtue: they were however mostly of studious habits, and of the Stoic cast; and their conversation had its due effect on the youthful bard.

With such men and such studies he continued engaged, till (at the age of seventeen) he took the *toga virilis*, or manly gown. He was now become master of himself, and it may be suspected, from the account which he gives of his wanderings, and which, from the previous strictness and seclusion of his life, was no unnatural or uncommon circumstance, that he somewhat abused the first moments of his liberty. This, however, was not of long duration. Like one suddenly brought from darkness into the glare of day, he appears, when the world first broke upon him, to have been dazzled, confused, and finally intimidated. In this state of uneasiness he had recourse to Cornutus, a celebrated Stoic professor, and one of those who frequented the house of his mother. This excellent person took him under his especial care, and became the *guid philosopher, and friend* of his future life. The poe felt his obligation; and antiquity affords few mo pleasing pictures than that presented to us of t preceptor by the warm and affectionate gratitu of the youthful pupil.

It would therefore appear, that if Satire be tal in its largest and most legitimate sense, as a rective of the besetting follies and crimes of s ty, Persius must necessarily have been deficie many of the qualifications requisite to enter it with advantage. Educated in privacy, he merely removed from one grammarian to an till he finally fell into the hands of Cornutu brought him under the strictest discipline Stoic school He seems.

——— for nature in his soul
Put something of the raven,—

: found not a little congenial to his feelings
austerity of the Porch; and to have imbibed
sons of his preceptor with all the frankness
th, and all the zeal of a determined proselyte.

Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat.

ıublic affairs he scarcely appears to have
He has no references to the political events
day; and the only transaction of the govern-
which he condescends to notice, is that of a
h which must have taken place when he was
: child. He never adverts to the great cul-
f the time; nor appears to take any interest
state of degradation to which his fellow ci-
had sunk. He dreams of no freedom but
ıjoyed by the followers of Zeno: it is moral,
litical slavery which provokes his rage; and
rants with whom he delights to grapple are
those of the mind.
s we may, in some measure, account for the
ess with which he embraced all the dogmas
sect. He evidently drew his ideas of man-
om the lessons of his preceptor, and looked
ıuman actions in the abstract; not modified
ntrolled by conventional circumstances, but
: lofty language of his school) independent
xtrinsic influence; in a word, not as they are,
his books informed him they ought to be.
his ardent mind takes fire at the slightest
tion from the line of duty which he some-
oo peremptorily traces: and it is occasionally
ıg to mark the vehemence of this youthful
, and the simplicity of his amazement, at not
the oracles of his friend and instructor ad-
as implicitly and as universally as those of
i or Dodona.

of a secondary nature when relatively
are yet of no light moment in the econ
man affairs. For the discussion of man
our poet, notwithstanding the shade and
which much of his life was passed, was
fitted both by nature and education; an
be useless to examine with what success
those objects which were open to his in
obnoxious to his anger or his mirth.

His first Satire possesses a very consi
gree of merit. It is lively, humorous,
but it is chiefly valuable as presenting
most curious and apparently faithful vie
of literature and taste almost peculiar t
in which the author wrote. Some part
these probably the most interesting, are
obscure to us, not from any confusion in
ideas, or ambiguity in the mode of expre
but from our utter ignorance of the wor
his strictures are levelled. No one
much of the humour of the Frogs is lo
that piece is come down to us with the
several ancient writers, pointing out a
passages which Aristophanes parodied;
ing many transactions both of a public a
nature which provoked his satire: but
been transmitted so us comparatively
know not what authors he attacked, w
he ridiculed, what passages he burlesq
of the longest of the latter is said by th
tators to be taken from a tragedy of N
in the first place, there is no reason to
Nero ever wrote a tragedy; and, seco
had written one, it is quite clear (from

of the verse) that the lines in question could
taken from it.
his second Satire, Persius has borrowed many
sentiments from Plato. The plan of this
piece is well laid, but the execution is imper-
many of the parts are highly wrought; but
illida junctura will be looked for in vain. It
ot be an unpleasant or unprofitable task for
ader to turn to the tenth Satire of Juvenal,
is derived from the same source, and to com-
he poets. It seems probable that the com-
d and jejune manner in which his predeces-
d treated the subject did not escape Juvenal;
as certainly made a nearer approach to their
on model, and by illustrating each of his to-
with striking and beautiful examples, given
poem an interest and a power, which that of
s, notwithstanding its terse and polished se-
, and its high tone of divinity, cannot hope to
and.
he third Satire our author is more original,
ore successful. His topics are chosen with
nd his stoicism, though still sufficiently aus-
s neither extravagant nor impracticable. He
e both interesting and instructive in a very
endable degree; and it is almost to be re-
d that he had not shut up his Cleanthes, and
d his future leisure to the study of mankind:
ause of poetry perhaps might have gained
hing by it, while that of philosophy would
ently have sustained no very sensible loss.
fourth Satire is a meagre and imperfect
from a finished picture by a master hand.
not that the topics are ill chosen, but that
re merely chosen,—scarcely has the satirist
ed on one fault before he is on the wing to
er. It appears indeed as if he had not set-
his plan. A reproof of inordinate ambition in
not prepared for power by experience, was

the object which he contemplated at first;—Γομισ-θεὶς πρῶτον, ὦ μακαρίε, καὶ μαθὼν ἃ δεῖ μαθεῖν ἐνταῦθα τῆς πόλεως, πρότερον δὲ μή—but he wanders to vices and follies incompatible with the opening; and we have strictures on low passions and mean feelings, excellent indeed in their kind, but so independent of one another, as to form a most incongruous whole.

The sixth Satire is more happily combined. It bears evident marks of a later hand; and is indeed the most pleasant and practical of our author's works. The fifth, however, is his most elaborate performance. It is a tribute of duty to his preceptor, and its commencement is as honourable to his heart as it is favourable to his reputation. It is, in fact, highly poetical and exquisitely tender. In the concluding part, in which he treats of pure liberty, he appears to less advantage. It is the grown school-boy reciting his lesson; and labouring to show his attentive master how fully he had imbibed his tenets, and how deeply and intimately he had profited by his instruction.

So much of this satire, and, generally speaking, of all the rest, is founded upon the doctrines of the Porch, that it will be difficult for the reader to appreciate correctly either the moral or the poetical excellencies and defects of our author without some knowledge of its leading principles. To facilitate this attainment, I shall have recourse to a part of the portrait of the sect, drawn by the Dean of Westminster, who, in his "Paganism and Christianity compared," has comprised in an eloquent and spirited summary, whatever is most desirable for this purpose.

"To the portrait of this sect (the Epicureans) succeeds one of an opposite nature. Cicero observes, indeed, that the contention with the Stoics was of a more noble and exalted kind than that which had been maintained with the Epicureans.

These were destitute of logic, and possessed neither acuteness in debate, nor profoundness in earning.—In both these points the Stoics were nanifestly superior. A minute and anxious attenion to logic, was a distinguishing mark of that ect. Indeed Zeno had placed this science at the ead of all philosophy; and his scholars were well nstructed in the management of their reasoning owers, and in every variety of disputation.

"But, together with their logic, the morals of he Stoics were of an higher cast than those of he Epicureans. Their *summum bonum* was virtue, r, according to the favourite term of Cato, the *onestum*. And in the maintenance of this princi- le, they exceeded the Peripatetics themselves. These indeed gave the supreme rank to virtue; nd this they asserted in a tone the most decisive. et they allowed, that, in addition to the goods of e mind and body, the conjunction of which was dispensable to the *summum bonum*, certain exter- l advantages were also desirable, in order to ve no reasonable wish of happiness unsatisfied. the other hand, the Stoics positively denied, t either the nature or the name of good was to attributed to any thing but the *honestum*. This the sole object of a life directed to a right , and in this, without the concurrence of any r reputed good, consisted the true and proper iness of man.

Thus far the Stoic appears to be superior to Epicurean in the choice of his moral principle, the means of impressing it on the reason of nd. But he soon forfeited the advantages hich he began, through the unbending and ious rigour with which he employed them. the peculiarity of his sect to push every prin- excess. And thus it happened, that they lly injured the very cause of reason and hich they attempted to promote. The na-

ed what ght have been clear. Overm
argumenta which promised to be most
to their cause, they deprived them of t
evidence; and feeling, or affecting to f
terms hitherto employed in philosoph
sufficiently exact to express the nicen
conceptions, they became unnecessaril
or grew obscure through an ill-judge
a discrimination which knew not whe
tisfied.

"It was still more to be desired, th
principles which they so loftily maintai
have been adapted, with temper and ju
the understandings and affections of m
this salutary application was prevented
travagance unfortunately so character
Stoical school. While the *honestum* wa
ed to be the only object of human p
needful offices and tender relations of c
appeared to be extinguished; and m
stead of being attracted to goodness th
ed, maintained a suspicious distance fro
vity was forced into severity, and co

: rest of mankind. Though, in certain points,
ıggestions of that reason which is common to
roduced in his mind an unavoidable concur-
with other men, he scorned to confess it.
hough, on other occasions, he availed himself
labours of a rival school, he loudly maintain-
ı independence and originality, and affected
ıpise the aid of all foreign resources. While
:anly borrowed the substance of his philoso-
he proudly concealed it; and clandestinely
ing the doctrines of the Peripatetics and
:micians, stamped them with a new name, and
:ed them as his own.—
rom the rigorous maintenance of their lead-
ıaxim, that the *honestum* is the sole object of
ame the extraordinary doctrine of the equa-
f all vices. In this agreed their principal au-
ies, Chrysippus, Persæus, and Zeno; for as it
rgued, if that which is true cannot have any
truer than truth, and if that which is false
ıt be exceeded by any thing more false than
ood; neither can deceit be greater than de-
nor is one sin greater than another; therefore
are equal. This was supposed to be proved
familiar and convincing example. Two men
alking to Canobus; one of them is a hundred
ı from it: the other only one; but both of
are equally not in Canobus. On the same
iple, therefore, it was concluded, that those
ıre guilty of vices, reputed to be, some of
greater, and some less, are equally not in the
tum. Their actions are no part of virtue; and
:re is no medium, they must all equally be-
to the class of the *turpia*.
ı similar reasoning was employed concerning
visdom which belongs to the *honestum*. Every
was pronounced to be either wise or foolish;
ach of these cases was to be understood in a
and absolute manner. No gradations were

allowed, for here also the existence of a mediu was denied. With similar extravagance was it co tended by the sect, that he who once became wis must always continue so; that there was a chain connection between the virtues, and that he wh possessed one, necessarily drew the rest after and therefore possessed all; and finally, that th man thus gifted, was thenceforth free from all p sibility of vice or error.

"It remains to see, in what manner the Stoi deduced their philosophy from the nature of ma

"The Stoics, like the Epicureans, took their vie of man from the first stage of life. From this, how ever, they drew a different conclusion. Every an mal, they observed, as as it is born, shows disposition to preserve eing, and to love wha ever is promotive of its welfare. On the sa principle, it dislikes and avoids whatever appe to have a contrary tendency. This they point out in the actions of infants, who show a desire obtain the things which are salutary to them, a a dread of the opposites. But the difference opinion began concerning the motive, to wh these actions were to be attributed. The St dreaded to admit that pleasure was the primary ject of nature, lest an inlet should be given to was base in itself, and lest human life should b graded by the establishment of so unworthy a ciple. They therefore attributed these earl tions of the animal to self-love, as the only m and contended, that this was previous to any tion of pleasure. To the guardianship of thi tary motive is the infant committed, till som prehension of things is obtained, and some is formed into the arts of life.—

"It might have been sufficiently credit the Stoics to provide in this manner for the some operation of wisdom. But it seemed decree of their own fate, that whatever the

ion, should end in absurdity and rant;
a momentary sobriety should be amply
by a return of their constitutional extrava-
The wise man, thus formed from the first
of intelligence, is preternaturally enlarged,
ls up all the view, and hides every other
With the qualities thus aggregated in his
.e is declared to be perpetually fortunate
emely happy. He is safe by prerogative,
himself, and free from all those accidents
men less highly gifted are always exposed.
ved by no danger, and hindered by no dif-
He is in want of nothing, nay, he is in full
n of all things. In short, he is a king, in a
se than Tarquin; a dictator, of a larger
er authority, than Sylla.—And he is pos-
true liberty; for he obeys no master from
He is invincible too: for, though his body
ined, his mind is free, and mocks every
at restraint.—Finally, death is in his own
for, whenever it appears eligible to the
ıy which he professes, he voluntarily quits
he may show the perfection of his wisdom,
ıgreement of his mind with the supreme
ıture.—
is the termination of the Stoical wisdom,
ıis absurd and impious jargon was the de-
ıractice of suicide connected with the most
assumption of virtue, and made an eventual
ıe duty of man!"*

ader must not imagine that any of these
ere recognized by our youthful bard. To
t and believing mind, the doctrine of the
peared complete in every part; and he
have been as little moved by the ridicule,

es to the King's Scholars at Westminster, by the Rev.
D. D. 8vo. 1814.

as convinced by the reason, which had been so frequently directed against it.

Both, however, had been employed with good effect by Horace. To the crazy Stertinius, a Stoic *in puris naturalibus*, a Chrysippus stripped of dialectic sophistry, he commits the easy task of confuting one of their most famous paradoxes, by artfully encouraging him to advance it in direct terms, without the most distant suspicion of its frantic extravagance. But he has condescended (in the third Satire of his first Book) to treat with more seriousness another of their prime axioms,—that all actions, so far as they are right or wrong, are equally so.

When the the first race of men (he says) roamed the forest in search of food, they were solely actuated by animal instincts, and brute force decided every debate.

> "Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree,
> But there was challenge made, whose it should be."

This state of anarchy, in which every man's hand was lifted against every man, must have terminated in the extinction of the species, had not the gradual improvement of their rude and scanty language enabled them to communicate their thoughts with some precision, and thus facilitated the establishment of society, of which all perceived the necessity. It was seen that the anger created by an injury would eagerly inflict a vengeance disproportioned to the evil endured; and that the office of awarding justice between contending parties could be more safely intrusted to the law, which would rather consult the damage done to the community, than to the individual. This struck directly at the paradox just noticed; for as it could not be maintained, that he who robbed an orchard was an equal offender against society with him who violated a temple, and scrupled not—*to pull down the Thunderer*—so neither could it be affirmed, that every

should be visited with an equal degree of vengeance. Penal laws, therefore, constitute the basis of equity, by virtue of which crimes are punished, not as they affect the sufferer, but as they endanger the security and well-being of the state.

But Persius, though familiar with his predecessor's mode of reasoning, overlooks or rejects his conclusions. He takes every thing advanced by his teacher for granted, and, like Stertinius, produces the wildest of his positions without seeming to entertain a doubt that they either had been, or could be, called in question. In fact, his philosophy is not very profound. He is not, however, for this the less sanguine in its propagation, or the less earnest for its success; and he struggles to extend its influence, and familiarize its mysteries, by adapting his expressions to the conception of the unlearned, without seeing that in thus voluntarily foregoing many of the advantages of poetry, he was not, in any material degree, promoting the comprehension of his system among the profane; while, by occasionally stripping it of its characteristic language, he was not recommending it to the initiated.

To this idolatrous adherence to the sect (for his zeal is shown even in his wanderings) somewhat of the obscurity with which we so frequently hear him charged, ought, in justice, perhaps, to be attributed. It is perpetually necessary to advert not only to the tenor of their creed, but to their peculiar habits of thinking and speaking: to their mode of diction, at once abrupt and acute; to their severe affectation of conciseness; to their frequent use of medical metaphors, and of terms taken from low and vulgar occupations, and applied to the mind; to their ill-baked jars, their warped measures, their overlaid metals, their incorrect balances, &c., which, wherever they occur in the pages of our author, bring with them an air of harshness and constraint.

To listen, however, to the outcries against the

obscurity of Persius, it might also be supposed that he was abandoned to neglect, as a writer whom no ingenuity could elucidate, and on whom, therefore, all pains would be unprofitably spent: but the case is far otherwise; no Latin classic perhaps, (with the exception of Horace) has been more frequently translated, or more sedulously brought before the public.* It would seem to follow from this apparent inconsistency, either that the critics were paying a compliment to their own perspicacity, or that the darkness in which their author is involved is not so palpable as they delight to represent it.

It does not appear when, or by whom this clamour was first raised. His contemporaries certainly knew nothing of this obscurity. It is clear from Martial that, not many years after his death, his Satires were in every one's hand; and Quintilian, who expressly requires perspicuity in a poet, and whom a defect of this nature, therefore, could not have escaped, tells us, not only that his reputation was considerable, but that it was founded on genuine merit. It is certain, however, that the opinion here alluded to is of no recent date. St Jerome is said to have found his satires unintelligible, and a similar story is told of another early father of the church. If they did not understand his writings, they, at least, made a liberal use of them—particularly St. Jerome, whose works abound with quotations from him, many of them of considerable extent—but the report is a mere fabrication, and utterly unworthy of notice. It was bruited, however, in this country, and our critics and translators appear to have been amongst the last to approach the "cloudy storme, from w

* The Berne editor, H. R. Sinner, took the pains to read all the editions and translations which had come to his knowledge and found them to amount to one hundred and [illegible]. This was taken more than [illegible] years ago.

light wanted force to breake," and explore their way *through* the *palpable obscure*.

Skelton, undoubtedly a man of learning, calls Persius (not unhappily for his mode of thought and expression) *a writer of problems diffuse;* and a sensible old critic of Elizabeth's days observes, "I know not why we should so affect Persius, since with his obscurity he laboureth not to affect us." "Learned men, however (he candidly adds) have discovered much choice philosophy in his darke expressions:" and it appears not only from the compliments paid to Holyday on his version, but from his own language, that, when he wrote, the poet was generally deemed incomprehensible.* "To excite thy attention, judicious reader, (he says,) I may, without ambition say, I present thee with a new thing, PERSIUS UNDERSTOOD."

But Stoicism alone is, after all, chargeable with the least considerable part of the obscurity, or as it should rather be termed, the difficulty with which the pages of our author are so universally reproached. Other causes must be sought; and, fortunately, the search need not be either long or laborious.

There is something in the literary history of Rome by which it is distinguished from that of almost every other people. The infancy of nations is usually the period of invention; the season most propitious to the wild and luxuriant shoots of genius: but from the age of Romulus, this restless and turbulent people were perpetually occupied in domestic feuds, or foreign warfare, till, about the termination of the second Punic war, they found themselves, almost at the same moment, in possession of boundless wealth, and of uncontrollable

* Hence we may account, perhaps, for that diffusiveness noticed at p. 380. It was a sacrifice to the general opinion of the age.

power. Together with a high degree of civiliza-
tion, they rapidly attained a taste for the arts and
sciences of the people whom they had submitted
to their arms; thus overleaping the whole period
of invention, and falling at once upon that of imi-
tation. Philosophy, indeed, they rather translated
than imitated; but poetry, in all its branches, they
servilely copied from the Greeks: and it is not s
little curious to observe the most eminent of their
writers glorifying themselves—not for striking out
any novelties in the subject or substance of verse;
but for being the first, respectively, to fit the mea-
sures of Simonides or Sappho, of Hesiod or Theo-
critus, to the Latian lyre. In Satire, indeed, one
of their ablest critics claims a kind of originality
for them; but he evidently refers to the writers o
an age immediately preceding his own: had he
gone back to the time of *old Metellus*, he would
have discovered strong proofs of imitation, an
probably seen cause to admit that what he had co
sidered as originality, was merely improvemen
Both Horace and Juvenal affirm that they follow
(i. e. imitated) Lucilius, who was himself a follow
of some elder poet. It appears not a little curi
that two writers so essentially different in style
manner should boast of working after the s
model. We must be satisfied, however, with t
assertions, for we have only the ruins of Luci
fragments so disjointed and scattered, that we
not ascertain the fact, nor pretend to decide
examination, with what latitude they meant
understood. Persius professedly takes for h
tation the Old Comedy:—whether immediate
as it might come to his hands, rudely cast in
form of Satire by older writers, cannot b
certain, however, it is, that the plan of his
strictly dramatic.

This alone would not be productive of m
barrassment, had the author, like Horace.

ed himself with a reasonable use of his freedom; but, unfortunately, he may be almost said to abuse the license of dialogue. His speakers are so numerous as to create confusion; and so little observant of keeping, as to maintain opposite, or, at least, varying opinions: not unfrequently too, like the forms raised to tantalize Macbeth, they *come like shadows, so depart*, and are lost to us before the echo of their approach has died away. In many places Persius silently drops his own character, and tries to assume not only the language, but the modes of thinking of his opponent: this, also, tends to perplexity; for the line of separation is either not marked at all, or traced so faintly, that the nicest attention can scarcely discover where one ends and the other begins.

From this source, no little part of the obscurity so vehemently objected to our author, naturally and necessarily flows: for that he affected, as is said, to throw a cloud over his meaning to baffle the sagacity, or escape the resentment of Nero, appears altogether improbable.

But what, in fact, had Persius to dread? Recitation, it is true, might be imprudent, and publication dangerous; but he hazarded neither: his friends were few and sure, and apparently of his own mode of thinking, both in matters of taste and philosophy; and he had nothing beyond these. Politics are studiously kept out of sight: the patriots of the republic share neither his gratitude nor his admiration; he crowns his temples with no *wreath of dark myrtle* on the birth-days of Brutus and Cassius; the *sacred senate* is not once named by him; and Perillus and Damocles obtain more of his notice than all the victims of tyranny from the subversion of the commonwealth to the period in which, at the age of twenty-nine, he closed his blameless labours with his life.

But if Persius borrowed the form of his satires

n the drama, he copied (say the critics) the
ypage of them, from his immediate predecessor.
ur he conveyed far too many expressions from
ersus, must be admitted; his inventions, however,
ldom extend beyond that mere words, which
ere probably considered as common property;
nd it is really matter of surprise how, with such
unbounded predilection for his phraseology, he
should manifest such provoking contempt for his
meaning. His object, indeed, was different. He
ere probably wished for little more than to cor-
rect, in manner de Fogg-ie, and to establish a kind
of conventional morality, in which the balance be-
tween virtue and vice should be fairly struck, and
the pursuit of both checked on this side pain; but
our poet had other and higher views, and he there-
fore, his ambitious beyond their original pur-
pose, or, as Casaubon expresses himself, quæ vul-
nerare fortem — [illegible] — ut, sic viz, or rerum diversa [illegible]
nerve [illegible] rather, and adapts them to his peculiar
tenets; not much, perhaps, to the advantage of
their perspicuity.

But Persius is still a poet—thrown away, if the
reader pleases, upon an unpoetical creed—but,
nevertheless, with very considerable claims upon
the applause of mankind. What he appears to
want is genius, or that portion of it which come
under the faculty of invention, and in which bot
Horace and Juvenal greatly excelled. Had h
mind been as comprehensive as his fancy w
quick and fervid, he would not be far behind t
best of the Roman writers; but his deficiency
this respect is strikingly obvious: hence, thou
his Satires, generally speaking, are less diversi
than those of Horace and Juvenal, he seldom
pears to have taken a comprehensive view of
subject. Whatever be the outline, it is not
[illegible]ely filled up; little pieces of exquisite co
[illegible] finished with all the painful nicety of

ish picture, embellish the canvass; but the master hand is not there to combine them in an harmonious whole. In a word, the imagination of our author is neither rich, nor copious, nor flowing; and he therefore breaks down his materials into minute parts, on which he ordinarily dwells with too much complacency—

> Captus amore loci cursum obliviscitur, anceps
> Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in omne moras.

This is more particularly the case, where the maxims of his school are to be recommended to admiration; on other occasions, and when he is borne away by the natural feelings of an ardent and virtuous mind, he pours forth a strain of full and exquisite harmony, that cannot be heard without delight.

Our poet (as he says of himself) was prone to satiric mirth—*petulanti splene cachinno:* this, I think, may be fairly questioned; though he appears so convinced of it as to put a similar description of himself into the mouth of his preceptor—*ingenuo defigere ludo.* In his attempts at wit he rarely succeeds; his jests are commonly frigid; and if he laughs outright, less fortunate than his rummish Centurion, he generally laughs alone; his irony, indeed, is unusually caustic; and prejudice itself must allow that he is a great and unrivalled master of humour:—not of that refined species which is found in such perfection in the Epistles, even in some of the Satires of Horace; but of a broader kind which arises from a grotesque extravagant exaggeration or diminution of objects, and of which the harvest-feast of Vectidius, several other descriptions, which will readily occur to the reader, furnish very amusing examples. The pleasure is occasionally heightened by a *facility of language* peculiar to the poet. No

writer of his time,—no writer, in fact, of any *time*, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever used such picturesque terms as Persius; his words have a kind of motion and life about them, which carries the reader beyond the sober import of the expression, and flatters at once his fancy and his understanding.

These vivid gleams, however, are rare:—*short and far between*, are the gratifications which they afford: for the poet, with fatal perversity, eagerly sacrifices this, with every other natural advantage, to the prejudices of his school, and compresses and stiffens his language, till it has commonly as little left of life as of grace and ease. In general, says Peacham, (the old critic quoted above) "the style of Persius is broken, froward, harsh and unpleasing." This is somewhat severely expressed; yet it cannot be denied that though vehement, elevated, and brilliant, it is too frequently abrupt, arid, and overstrained; crowded with violent tropes, and darkened with unwonted and even unwarrantable inversions.

The moral qualities of our author can scarcely be too frequently or too highly commended: he was grateful, and affectionate; of rigid and austere virtue in himself, and in his abhorrence of vice, consistent, ardent, and sincere. He never compromises his satire, and we have only to lament, that in the warmth of inexperienced youth and zeal, his censure is indiscriminately severe. He is a moral Draco, who writes his dispensations in blood. From an intensity of feeling, quickened, perhaps, by his mode of education, he appears to attribute a degree of importance to many things very disproportionate to the opinion generally conceived of them; and his surprise, as well as his anger, is excited at perceiving that mankind, in general, are not prepared to sympathize with his boiling indignation.

That Persius was really modest and reserved
not be doubted. He has no allusions to the de-
vities of the female sex, nor to the abominations
ich Horace notices with disgraceful levity, and
enal reprehends with rank and disgusting free-
n. It is, therefore, highly probable, not only
t these obscene and liberal terms were used by
ve and respectable men, but that they had, in
ne measure, lost their primitive signification, and
quired a conventional meaning, not altogether
ensive to severer ears.

Yet if this be admitted in its fullest extent, it
l involve our author in a charge of some incon-
ency, not to say injustice, for he appears, in
re than one instance, to give these expressions
iteral sense. A mode of recitation like that to
ich Persius attributes such obscene effects, in
first Satire, we should probably call meretri-
us, nor would this metaphorical term lead to
misapprehension; but our author, the partizan
a more sober and manly style, (as it frequently
pens in cases where the controversy does not
n upon facts,) seems to have availed himself of
s figurative language, first by taking it in a lite-
sense, and afterwards by pushing it on to extra-
gant and circumstantial exaggeration. Catullus,
arly in the same way, takes vulgar metaphors in
iteral sense, and enlarges upon them seriously;
ircumstance which has bewildered some of the
mmentators, and scandalized more.—In Persius's
ne, such a mode of expression was easily under-
od. I have, as a faithful translator, rendered his
rds in corresponding language; but whether
e conclusion which the English reader will natu-
ly draw from it—that obscene poems were pub-
ly recited with indecent gesticulations,—be
rrect in its fullest extent, I cannot, and, indeed,
sire not to determine.

"If Persius is entitled to be believed upon his

word, his style was that of the times in which he lived, and if we consider the change which had taken place in the language of literature, from the style of Cicero to that of Tacitus and Seneca, it would not be too much to infer, a priori, that, in the familiar dialect contemporary with these later authors, a corresponding change must have taken place, which would distinguish it in an equal degree from the familiar language of the time of Horace.

"Of this familiar dialect thus altered, we have no remaining monument, unless the Satires of Persius should be regarded as exhibiting a specimen of it: considered (as I cannot help considering it) in this point of view, they afford, I apprehend, a very interesting subject for philological research."

THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

PROLOGUE.*

'Twas never yet my luck, I ween,
To drench my lips in Hippocrene;
Nor, if I recollect aright,
On the fork'd Hill to sleep a night,
That I, like others of the trade,
Might wake—a poet ready made!
  Thee, Helicon, with all the Nine,
And pale Pyrene, I resign,
Unenvied, to the tuneful race,
Whose busts (of many a fane the grace)
Sequacious ivy climbs, and spreads
Unfading verdure round their heads.

* The pseudo-Cornutus informs us, that, in the opening lines, the poet alludes to Ennius, who dreamed, (for he was a great dreamer,) that he fell asleep upon mount Parnassus, was favoured with a visit from Homer, &c. There appears to have been no absolute necessity for recurring to the example of Ennius;—though it must be admitted that his vaunts of drawing inspiration from draughts of Hippocrene, *pottle-deep*, were familiar to the Roman poets; and Propertius and others designate the fount, as one

"Unde pater sitiens Ennius ante bibit:"

for many poets nearer the times of Persius had advanced the same boast: and it seems probable, that in this elegant little piece of irony, a constant allusion is maintained to the trite follies of his immediate contemporaries.

Enough for me, too mean for praise,
To bear my rude, uncultur'd lays
To Phœbus and the Muses' shrine,
And place them near their gifts divine.
Who bade the parrot χαιρε! cry;
And forc'd our language on the pie?
The BELLY: Master, He, of Arts,
Bestower of ingenious parts;
Powerful the creatures to endue,
With sounds their natures never knew!
For, let the wily hand unfold
The glittering bait of tempting gold,
And straight the choir of daws and pies,
To such poetic heights shall rise,
That, lost in wonder, you will swear
Apollo and the Nine are there!

Ver. 17. *Who bade the parrot χαιρε! cry;*
And forc'd our language on the pie? The couplet at the head of this note would, perhaps, present a fairer picture of the original, if it were rendered,

Who taught the parrot Grecian words,
And Roman speech to vulgar birds?

for Persius seems inclined to ridicule the fashionable taste of giving a superior education to the foreign bird. Every word, in fact, of this exquisite little piece is a satire.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

There is something peculiar in the opening of this Satire. The poet begins as if he intended a moral essay; and when interrupted by the apposite question of his friend, wanders, without much apparent connection, into a critical censure of the wretched taste of the times.

To the contemporaries of Persius, this must have been a very amusing performance—always excepted those whose works form the subject of ridicule:—to us, who are ignorant of the true nature of his parodies, on which much of his satire originally depended, and who cannot, in a single instance, appropriate them with certainty, it is not altogether pleasant: Enough, however, remains to give a most favourable impression of the humour and good taste of the youthful critic. He begins with expressing his supreme contempt of that mania for public recitation which had already excited the ridicule of Horace, and which, not long after this, called forth the spleen of Juvenal; and gives an amusing picture of one of those versifiers, and his auditory. These are ancient sinners, and delight in impurity. We are next introduced to a younger set, whose passion appears to be the mawkishly tender and delicate, and who die away to the nasal sound of elegiac woe. The cause of this depravation of taste is ingeniously traced to the pedantic nurture of the schools, and the interested and ignorant admiration of sycophants and dependants. The poet then makes a digression to the bar, of which the language was grossly vitiated by a meretricious glare of elocution, and an affected display of rhetorical subtleties: returning to the poets, he parodies and ridicules the favourites of fashion; this excites the alarm of his friend, and draws forth some cautious advice, which, as generally happens, only serves to render the writer more daring, and to give a spirited conclusion to the Satire.

SATIRE I.

Alas, for man! how vain are all his cares!
And oh! what bubbles, his most grave affairs!
"Tush! who will read such thread-bare—?"
This to me?
"Not one, by Jove." Not one? "Well! two, or three
Or rather—none: a piteous case, in truth!"
Why piteous? *lest Polydamas*, forsooth,
And Troy's proud dames, pronounce my merits fall,
Beneath their Labeo's! I can bear it all.
Nor should my friend, though still, as fashion sways,
The purblind town conspire to sink or raise,
Determine, as her wavering beam prevails,
And trust his judgment to her coarser scales.
O! not abroad for vague opinion roam;
The wise man's bosom is his proper home:
And Rome is—"What?" Ah, might the truth be told!—
And, sure it may, it must.—
When I behold
What fond pursuits have form'd our prime employ,
Since first we dropt the play-things of the boy,

Ver. 6. *Lest Polydamas*, &c. It may be doubted whether Persius had any thing more in view than to point out the leaders of fashionable taste in poetry, by an expression as readily applied as understood. The Greek poets, and above all Homer, were, to say the least, as familiar to the Romans as they are to us; and the application of passages from them to passing events, created no ambiguity in the mind of the reader. The ancients quoted them, as we do Shakspeare and Milton, without meaning *to be literally interpreted.*

grey maturity,—to this late hour,
en every brow frowns with censorial power,
en, then—"O yet suppress this carping mood."
possible.—I could not, if I would;
or nature fram'd me of satyric mould,
nd spleen, too petulant to be controll'd.
Immur'd within our studies we compose:
Some, shackled metre; some, free-footed prose;
But all, bombast! stuff, which the breast must strain,
And the swoln lungs puff forth with awkward pain.
'Tis done! and now the bard, elate and proud,
Prepares a grand rehearsal for the crowd.—
The desk he mounts, in birth-day splendour bright,
Comb'd and perfum'd, and rob'd in dazzling white;

Ver. 30. *Prepares a grand rehearsal*, &c. I have already no-
ticed both the extraordinary fondness of the Romans for these
rehearsals, (Juv. vol. i. p. 5.) and the zeal and anxiety of the less
popular writers to collect audiences for them. That poet
laughs at those who fastened on people in the public walks, and
forced their verses upon them; a more cruel annoyance than
private recitation.

The satire of Persius, however, is more poignant than that of
his successor. The objects of it are of high rank, *ingentes Titos*
and the depravity of the age is indignantly characterized by th
meretricious language of the reciter, and the indecent and e
travagant applause which follows it.

Ver. 31. ——— *in birth-day splendour*. *Et natalitia tam*
cum sardonyche. By a birth-day sardonyx, Madan says, the
probably meant one that had been presented to the man on
day; but this does not give the full force of the satire.
most solemn festival which a Roman knew, was that of his
on the anniversary of that day they dressed themselves
the magnificence which their circumstances allowed, and

His pliant throat with soft emollients clears,
And deals insidious, round, his wanton leers:
While Rome's first nobles, by the prelude wrought,
Watch, with indecent glee, each prurient thought;
And squeal with rapture, as the luscious line
Thrills through the marrow, and inflames the chine.

Grey-bearded trifler! Canst thou stoop to please,
By pand'ring to such itching fools as these?
Fools, whose applause still shoots beyond thy aim,
And dyes thy cheek, bronz'd as it is, with shame!

"But wherefore have I learn'd? if, thus represt,
The leaven still must swell within my breast!—
If the wild fig-tree, deeply rooted there,
Must never burst its cell, and shoot in air!"

Are these the fruits of study! these, of age!
O times of shame! O manners!—Foolish sage,
Is science only useful as 'tis shown?
And is thy knowledge nothing, if not known?

"But, sure, 'tis pleasant, as we walk, to see
The pointed hand, and hear the loud *That's he!*
On every side:—And seems it, in your sight,
So poor a trifle, that whate'er we write,
Is introduc'd—to every school of note,
And taught the youth of quality, by rote?"

the customary sacrifices, sat at home, in state, to receive their friends, none of whom came without a present in their hands. It is to this practice that Persius alludes: and his indignation is directed at this egregious coxcomb, who puts on all the splendour of a high festival on the simple occasion of reciting a paltry poem. The expression in the text is general, though a ring, set with precious stones, undoubtedly made a part of the show.

Ver. 44-5. *If thus the leaven—if the wild fig-tree*, &c. These are harsh and incongruous metaphors to be brought together; *they are, however*, each in its way, marked and expressive.

—Nay, more! Our nobles, gorg'd, and swill'd with wine,
Call, o'er the banquet, for a lay divine.
Here one, on whom the princely purple glows,
Snuffles some musty legend through his nose;
Slowly distils Hypsipyle's sad fate,
And love-lorn Phillis, dying for her mate,
With what of woeful else, is said, or sung;
And trips up every word, with lisping tongue.
The maudlin audience, from the couches round,
Hum their assent, responsive to the sound.——
And are not now the poet's ashes blest!
Lies not the turf now lightly in his breast!
They pause a moment—and again, the room
Rings with his praise: Now will not roses bloom;
Now, from his reliques, will not violets spring,
And o'er his hallow'd urn their fragrance fling!

Ver. 57. —— *Nay, more! our nobles*, &c. Here Persius (weary of his impertinence) interrupts the apologist of the modern taste, and turns his plea into ridicule by extending it.—The latter dwells on the felicity of being read in schools by the children of the nobility;—"brave lads, (as Holyday calls them,) with curled locks of gold." This is nothing, the poet sarcastically subjoins; they are read, at table, by the nobility themselves; and he proceeds to overwhelm them, together with their tales, with all the contempt of which his nature was capable, which, to confess the truth, was not a little. Of the two heroines of these "divine poems," Phillis hung herself in a fit of impatience at the long protracted absence of her husband; and Hypsipyle, after running through more love adventures than any lady of romance, narrowly escaped the same or a worse catastrophe.

It is the disastrous complexion of these amorous tales, which recommends them to the soft and tender-hearted nobility of Rome: the reciter seems to have adapted his tones to the melancholy nature of his subject; and every term used by Persius expresses mawkish softness, and ludicrous solemnity.

"You laugh, ('tis answer'd,) and too freely here
Indulge that vile propensity to sneer.
Lives there, who would not at applause rejoice,
And merit, if he could, the public voice?
Who would not leave posterity such rhymes
As cedar oil might keep to latest times;
Rhymes, which should fear no desperate grocer's hand,
Nor fly, with fish and spices, through the land!"
Thou, my kind monitor, whoe'er thou art,
Whom I suppose to play the opponent's part,
Know—when I write, if chance some happier strain,
(And chance it needs must be,) rewards my pains,
Know, I can relish praise with genuine zest;
Not mine the torpid, mine the unfeeling breast:
But that I merely toil for this acclaim,
And make these eulogies my end and aim,
I must not, cannot grant; for—sift them all—
Mark well their value, and on what they fall:

Ver. 78. *As cedar oil might keep*, &c. Vitruvius, with whom Pliny agrees, tells us that books and other substances rubbed with exudations of the cedar, are safe from moths or rottenness. The ancients appear to have kept their books, or rather rolls, in what we call pigeon holes, and occasionally in close chests: these, on account of the antiseptic quality of the wood, were usually made of the cedar tree; at least, for the more valuable portion of the collection: and to this, perhaps, the poet alludes—*cedro digna*, is therefore equivalent to "worthy of immortality." The proposal of such a shrine for the deplorable ditties of this noble coterie, is so absurd, that Persius appears to feel some compunction at starting it; and for the first and last time, in these Satires, condescends to apologize to his imaginary opponent for the outrageous folly in which he has gratuitously involved him.

Are they not shower'd (to pass these trifles o'er)
On Labeo's Iliad, drunk with hellebore?
On princely love-lays drivell'd without thought,
And the crude trash on citron couches wrought?
You spread the table,—'tis a master-stroke,—
And give the shivering guest a thread-bare cloak;
Then, while his heart with gratitude dilates,
At the glad vest, and the delicious cates,
Tell me, you cry,—for truth is my delight,
What says the town of me, and what I write?
He cannot:—he has neither ears nor eyes.
But shall I tell you, who your bribes despise?
—Bald trifler! cease at once your thriftless trade;
That mountain paunch for verse was never made.
O Janus, happiest of thy happy kind!—
No waggish stork can peck at thee behind;
No tongue thrust forth, expose to passing jeers,
No twinkling fingers, perk'd like ass's ears,
Point to the vulgar mirth:—but you, ye great,
Doom'd, to an eyeless occiput, by fate,

Ver. 92. *On Labeo's Iliad, drunk with hellebore. Ilias Ad Ebria veratra.*—Pliny tells us, that though formerly very terrible, the drug was, in his time, so far deprived of its deadly quality, as to be in pretty general use by such as wished to sharpen their wits, and to see what they were about. He should have set down the recipe; for it is again become a perilous medicine, and merely enables those who apply to it, to see their way out of the world. One of the continental critics illustrates the passage by the practice of Dryden, who, as he says, "*avoit coutume de prendre medecine, quand il vouloit composer pour le theatre.*"

Ver. 105. Here the poet (as is not unusual with him) interrupts the dramatic progress of his satire, for the sake of introducing a pertinent, and, to say the truth, a very pleasant apostrophe to Janus, whom he felicitates upon the singularity of his information:

"looking before and after
"With godlike capacities."

Prevent, while yet you may, the rabble's glee,
And tremble at the scoff you cannot see!—
"What says the town?"—Precisely what it ought:
All you produce, sir, with such skill is wrought,
That o'er the polish'd surface, far and wide,
The critic nail, without a jar, must glide:
While every verse is drawn as straight and fine,
As if one eye had fix'd the ruddled line.
—Whate'er the subject of his varied rhymes,
The humours, passions, vices of the times;
The pomp of nobles, barbarous pride of kings,
All, all is great! and all inspired he sings!
Lo! striplings, scarcely from the ferule freed,
And smarting yet from Greek, with headlong speed,

Ver. 113. "*What says the town?*" &c. Persius now returns to the great man's table, and gives the answer which his *petulant spken* had intercepted. After expressing their unqualified approbation to their host, in those mechanical terms which seem now to have been naturalized in fashionable society, the guests are humorously supposed to turn round, and discuss his surprising merits among themselves. "Whate'er the subject," &c. The lively march of this Satire is worthy of all praise.

Ver. 123. *Lo! striplings, scarcely from the ferule freed*, &c. With respect to the passage above, it is like many others in Persius, "sealed" to us. The want of contemporary scholia has robbed him of much appropriate praise; for there cannot be a doubt that he here parodies and plays upon some favourite of the town. The poem, thus ridiculed, appears to have been a sort of *Rhapsody on the Golden Age*, or *the Delights of the Country*, turgid in its language, mean in its objects, and rambling and incoherent in its plan. Such as it was, however, its reception was sufficiently flattering to encourage a bolder attempt. Of this, we merely learn that it was an epic poem—*heroas sensus afferre videmus*.

The festival of Pales (verse 130) was celebrated by the rustics on the eleventh of the calends of May, (April 21,) the anniversary, as *Propertius* says, of the foundation of Rome, with many

In honour, Pales, of [illegible] day.
—Scenes of delight!— [illegible] was found,
In [illegible], Quinctius tired his ch[illegible]
[illegible] with trembli[illegible]
[illegible] placed,
[illegible] HOWIE the
[illegible] authors, pore

[illegible] of which w
[illegible] a succession of [illegible]
[illegible]

"[illegible]
"[illegible]"

It appears from Varro that the amusement had so[illegible]
[illegible] in his time, and that the cou[illegible]
[illegible] an extraordinary power to the fire through wh[illegible]
[illegible] of which the origin is lost in the dar[illegible]
[illegible] with the first falling into idolat[illegible]

[illegible] &c. The story of Quinctiu[illegible]

These, Accius' jagg'd and knotty lines engage,
And those, Pacuvius' hard and horny page;
Where, in quaint tropes, Antiopa is seen
To———*prop her dolorific heart with teen!*
O, when you mark the sire, to judgment blind,
Commend such models to the infant mind,
Forbear to wonder whence this oglio sprung,
This sputtering jargon which infests our tongue;
This scandal of the times, which shocks my ear,
And which our knights bound from their seats to hear!

ter a lapse of three-score years, the same complaint is reproduced in stronger language. But the warmth of our author is better founded than that of his predecessor. It is not of their general merits that Persius speaks in this place; for of these he probably thought pretty much like his contemporaries; but of their defects, which the fashion of the day recommended to imitation. A corrupt age is always an affected one. Simplicity is lost in silliness; and vigour in gigantic tumour: the rude and obsolete terms of the old dramatists were sedulously culled to gratify a morb'd taste, a sickly delicacy which had no relish of nature, and to the indulgence of which the poet justly attributes the corruption of forensic eloquence, and the debility of metrical composition.

The Accius mentioned by Persius (for there were several of the name,) was a tragic writer of considerable celebrity. His general style appears to have been uncouth but vigorous: dark, rugged, and sublime. All his tragedies were not like Briseis, which was probably strongly marked by his characteristic defects, and therefore selected as a model for the rising generation!

Pacuvius, who preceded Accius many years, was yet more eminent, His tragedies were long the delight of the Roman stage. Cicero speaks with commendation of his Orestes, though he does not overlook its defects. Of Antiopa, all that remains, perhaps, is the fragment in the text—*ærumnis cor lactificabile fulta*—which, to say the truth, has a suspicious appearance, and is, not improbably, somewhat unfairly quoted by our poet.

You hear them, [illegible] w, nor yous
In terse antitheses ne we[illegible]s the crim
Equals the pause, and balances the ch
And with such skill his flowery tropes
That the rapt audience scarce contain
O[illegible] sure,
This [illegible] Ch[illegible] Roman wag the

Were the [illegible] man[illegible] to chaun
Should I, or sympathy, [illegible] bestow
"Sing you, when, in that tablet on yo
I see your story to the life express;
A shatter'd bark, dash'd madly on the
And you, scarce floating, on a broken
No! he must feel that would my pity
And drop a natural, not a studied tear

"But yet, our numbers boast a grac
To our rough sires, a smoothness all o

True: the spruce metre in sweet ca
And answering sounds a tuneful chim

Ver. 15[illegible] *The Pedant*, &c. The poet alludes

Blue Nereus here the dolphin cuts amain,
There Berecynthian Attin swells the strain;
And, happier yet, here taste and skill combine,
To win the chine of the long Appennine!
"*Arms and the man*—Here, too, perhaps, you find,
A pithless branch beneath a fungous rind?"
Not so;—a season'd trunk of many a day,
Whose gross and watery parts are purg'd away.
But what, in fine, (for still you jeer me,) call
For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl,
What strains of genuine pathos?
——*O'er the hill*
The dismal slug horn sounded, loud and shrill,
A Mimallonian blast: fired at the sound,
In maddening groups the Bacchants pour around;
Mangle the haughty calf with gory hands,
And scourge the indocile lynx with ivy wands;
While Echo lengthens out the barbarous yell,
And propagates the din from cell to cell!
O were not every spark of manly sense,
Of pristine vigour, quench'd or banish'd hence,

Ver. 173. *Blue Nereus here*, &c. This must look like mere jargon to the unlearned reader; who may, if he thinks fit, console himself with the assurance that it does not appear much otherwise to the learned one. The specific object is still a secret, which no translation will aid us to discover. The passage, whether doggedly turned, as it is by Holyday, or burlesqued, as it is by Brewster, is equally obscure: and the four lines which I have placed in the text, aspire to nothing beyond filling up a blank in the page.

Ver. 183. *O'er the hill*, &c. Persius pursues his triumph; and produces, as a specimen of the *tender* and delicate, a passage from *some fashionable* lay on the story of Agave.

Or desk,—oft smitten for the happy wo
"But why must you, alone, displease
And with harsh truths thus grate the te
O yet beware! think of the closing gat
And dread the cold reception of the gr
This currish humour you extend too far
While every word growls with that hate
Right! from this hour, (for now my
All shall be charming!—charming all!
What late seem'd base, already looks d
And wonders start to view, in every lin
'Tis well, you cry: "this spot let none
Or turn to purposes obscene and vile."
Paint, then, two snakes entwin'd; and w
URINE NOT, CHILDREN, HERE: 'TIS HOLY

Ver. 199. *But why*, &c. It would seem as if th
gonist had discovered at length, that all his argum
of the reigning taste, only served to bring upon it
weight of ridicule: he therefore changes his batter
vours to deter the author from pursuing his satire
fore him the contempt and even peril to which it e

Aw'd, I retire:—and yet—when vice appear'd,
Lucilius, o'er the town, his falchion rear'd;
On Lupus, Mutius, pour'd his rage by name,
And broke his grinders on their bleeding fame.
And yet—arch Horace, while he strove to mend,
Prob'd all the foibles of his smiling friend;
Play'd lightly round and round the peccant part,
And won, unfelt, an entrance to his heart:
Well skill'd the follies of the crowd to trace,
And sneer, with gay good humour in his face.
And may not—must not I to whisper dare?
Not, to myself?—a ditch? "Not any where."
Yes, *here* I'll dig; *here*, to sure trust confide
The secret, which I would, but cannot hide.
Take it, dear book! "O what a stately pair
Of ass's ears, I saw King Midas wear!"
This quip of mine, which none must hear, or know,
This fond conceit, which takes my fancy so,
This nothing, if you will; you shall not buy,
With all those Iliads which you prize so high.
But thou, whom Eupolis' impassion'd page,
Hostile to vice, inflames with kindred rage,

tioned by the Roman critics. There is considerable humour in making the poet, after he has been warned away by the appearance of this sacred symbol, to linger as he retires, and finally turn back, to justify his right to remain by the examples of Lucilius and Horace.

Ver. 233. *But thou, whom Eupolis'*, &c. Of the three dramatic poets here mentioned, (the chief writers of the old comedy,) Cratinus was the first in point of time. He well merited the epithet (*audax*) which Persius has affixed to his name; and indeed, carried this characteristic quality so far, that it was found necessary to restrain his personalities by a special edict. He lived to a very great age; so that he must have found wine, to which he was much addicted, no less favourable to the longevity of the human

Whom stern Cratinus, and that awful sire,
Force, as thou read'st, to tremble and admire:
Come, view my humbler labours:—there, if aught,
More highly finish'd, more maturely wrought,
Detain thine ear, and give thy breast to glow,
With warmth, responsive to the' inspiring flow,
I seek no further.——
Far from me the rest—
Yes, far the wretch, who, with a low-born jest,
Can twit the blind with—blindness! and pursue,
With vulgar ribaldry, the Grecian shoe:

species, than he did (according to Horace) to the duration of verse. Eupolis, who appeared some years after him, is distinguished by a still stronger epithet, (*iratus*) angry. His anger, however, was justified by the vices of his fellow-citizens, and, generally speaking, seems to have been well directed. No personal considerations ever checked his reproof of the demagogues, to whose resentment, it is said, he finally fell a sacrifice; being secretly thrown into the sea as he was passing the Hellespont. Of Aristophanes, nothing need be said here, except that some doubts have arisen as to the sense of the word *prograndis*, by which the poet designates him. It cannot mean age, for he was probably younger than either of the other two; it cannot mean priority in time, for both of them were before him: yet Holyday calls him "that old man," and Madan "that great old man." I have supposed it to refer to the superior severity of his satire, at which even Cleon, and the minions of the people trembled.

One observation may yet be made on this passage, which is so far important as it serves to account for the perpetual succession of new speakers in Persius. We here see his object. Horace professes to imitate Lucilius; Juvenal does the same, in the most express terms: while our youthful poet took for his model the Old Comedy; and therefore threw his Satires altogether into the dramatic form. Many reasons might be alleged for this; but as the real one might after all be overlooked, it is better not to indulge in conjecture. Vivacity and freedom he certainly secured by his choice; and though his success might not be great, yet his ambition was not illaudable in striving to traverse a nobler field than that

"Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus."

Ver. 244. ——— the Grecian shoe, &c. Persius designates

Bursting with self-conceit—with pride elate.—
Because, forsooth, in magisterial state,
His worship (ædile of some paltry town,)
Broke scanty weights, and put short measures down.
  Far, too, be he—the monstrous witty fool,
Who turns the numeral scale to ridicule;
Derides the problems traced in dust or sand,
And treads out all Geometry has plann'd—
Who roars outright to see Nonaria seize,
And tug the cynic's beard.—To such as these,

this people by the use of the *crepidæ*, a kind of slipper, still worn in the east. Perhaps it was a national distinction, and applied in opposition to the *calceus*, the wearing of which marked the Romans. The *abacus* (which, for want of a better name, I have called the "numeral scale") was a slender frame of an oblong shape, in the bottom of which counters, for reckoning, were ranged in grooves or furrows. In some (which I have seen) the counters traversed on graduated wires, and furnished an easy and compendious mode of calculation. The next lines will remind the reader of the economical sand-boards of the Madras school, which, as the reader sees, were no novelty eighteen centuries ago.

Ver. 249. *Far too, be he*, &c. Two sets of persons are here stigmatized. The first is the downright clown, who ridicules every thing with which he is not familiar, and *labours for a joke*, at the sight of personal defects. The brutal stupidity of this piece of arrogance is happily dashed out at a single stroke: *luisce!*—(hallo! blind man!)—this is all the wit which the lout can muster. The other is the sprightly blockhead, who, mainly ignorant, and, like Swift's captain, intrepidly boastful of his ignorance, derides all science, and enjoys the ridicule of its professors.

Ver. 253. ——— *to see Nonaria*, &c. Nonaria, if not a real name, was probably some ignorant and impudent woman, who, like Baucis, in the fourth Satire, cried pot-herbs to the lowest of the people, and was encouraged by the despiser of philosophy to insult the age and gravity of the passing stranger.

recommend, at morn, the Prætor's bill,
At night, Callirrhoë, or—what they will.

Ver. 255. ——— *the Prætor's bill.* This was a kind of programme, drawn up by authority, and announcing the public amusements, or business of the day. It was fixed upon the walls and posts, where it probably "stood rubric," and attracted the idle and dissolute. It is termed *edictum ludorum* and *edictum muneris gladiatoris* by Pliny, from whom Marcilius, (after quoting a variety of similar names,) cites the following apposite passage: "*Nemo qui parturienti filiæ obstetricem accersit edictum et ludorum ordinem perlegit.*" Epist. xcviii.

"Callirrhoë" is taken by the Scholiast and others (I know not why) for a common woman; but if, as they say, we have just had one in Nonaria, another is not necessary to the poet's object. Others suppose it was a tragedy of this name, which the idlers are invited to see. But where did the critics learn that the Roman theatre was open in the evening? It seems far more probable that it was a popular tale, and that the poet meant to recur to the subject with which he opened his Satire.

——— "Ecce inter pocula quærunt
"Romulidæ saturi quid dia poemata narrent?"

Callirrhoë is precisely such a woeful ditty as Phillis and Hy
sipyle: there is a seduction, a flight, a murder,—in a word, eve
thing to melt and charm the *tender-hefted natures—quels circ*
humeros hyacinthina lana est.

SATIRE II.

ARGUMENT.

It was the custom of the Romans (as has been more than once observed) to offer vows, and send presents to their relations and friends on their birth days; and Persius, who probably knew that his beloved Macrinus, like Horace's Censorinus, *delighted in verse*, embraces the opportunity of this festival, to send him, instead of the *viridem umbellam*, the *succina grandia*, &c. an excellent moral and religious poem.

In this little piece, which assumes a tone almost too serious and solemn for satire, the author had in view the second Alcibiades of Plato, the matter of which he has compressed, and arranged with great care.

SATIRE II.

TO PLOTIUS MACRINUS;

(ON HIS BIRTH DAY.)

HEALTH to my friend! and while my vows I pay,
O mark, Macrinus, this auspicious day,
Which, to your sum of years already flown,
Adds yet another,—with a whiter stone.
  Indulge your Genius; drench in wine your cares:
It is not yours, with mercenary prayers,
To ask of Heaven what, you would die with shame,
(Unless you drew the gods aside,) to name;
While other nobles stand, with down-cast eyes,
And, with a silent censer, tempt the skies!—
  Hard, hard the task, from the low, mutter'd prayer,
To free the fanes; or find one suppliant there,
Who dares to ask but what his state requires,
And live to heaven and earth with known desires!
  Sound sense—integrity—a conscience clear—
Are begg'd aloud, that all at hand may hear;

Ver. 16.——— that all at hand may hear.—Ut audiat hospes; *i. e. such as incidentally entered the temple to pray*; "*strangers and standers by*," as Holyday correctly renders it.

O that I could my rich old uncle see,
In funeral pomp! O, that some deity,
To pots of buried gold would guide my shov
O, [illegible] I succeed as heir,
[illegible] in pa
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to en
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

One question [illegible], [illegible] one, 'twi
[illegible] the ugly
Would you prefer [illegible] head of Ro
To any individual—But, [illegible] whom
Suppose we say—to Stanley Hall? a pers
Which, of the two, would be [illegible] maintain?

Vol. 20. [illegible] No. [illegible] American

Best shield the tender orphan? Good! Now move
The suit to Staius which you urg'd to Jove:
"O Jove!" he cries, "O gracious Jove! no shame?"
And must not Jove himself on Jove exclaim?
Or dost thou think the impious wish forgiven,
Because, when thunder shakes the vault of heaven
The bolt innoxious flies o'er thee and thine,
To rend the forest oak and mountain pine?
—Because, yet livid from the lightning's scath,
Thy smouldering corpse (a monument of wrath)
Lies in no blasted grove, for public care
To expiate, with sacrifice and prayer:
Must, therefore, Jove, unsceptred and unfear'd,
Give, to thy ruder mirth, his foolish beard?
What bribe hast thou to win the Powers divine,
Thus, to thy nod? the lungs and lights of swine:
Lo! from his little crib, the grandam hoar,
Or aunt, well vers'd in superstitious lore,

quemodo supra Nerio." He afterwards, indeed, discovers a certain Staius, who poisoned his wife, defrauded his ward, &c. but this person was a contemporary of Cicero, by whom he is mentioned. Unhappily, the poet's own times supplied corrupt judges and treacherous guardians, of the name, and he was not always in the mood to hunt back for what lay immediately before him.

Ver. 46. *Thy smouldering corpse*, &c. It has been already observed (Juv. Sat. vi. v. 586.) that the ancients had singular notions respecting lightning. They regarded it with a superstitious horror, of which we can have but a faint conception, and as a visible manifestation of divine wrath: hence whatever was struck with it, was looked on as sacred, (in its ceremonial sense of devoted, or accursed,) and separated from human uses.

The corpse of the person struck by lightning was *never* moved from its place; where it fell, it lay, and, with every thing pertaining to it, was covered with earth, and encircled by a rail or mound.

[illegible] spell complete, [illegible] magic [illegible]
Her starveling Hope; and breathes a
prayer,
That heaven would only tender to his ha
All Crassus' houses! all Licinius' lands!—
"Let every gazer by his charms be won,
"And kings and queens aspire to call hin
"Contending virgins fly his smiles to me
"And roses spring where'er he sets his
Insane of soul!"—But I, O Jove, am fre
Thou know'st, I trust no nurse with p
me:
In mercy, then, reject each fond demand
Though, robed in white, she at thy altar

Ver. 33. — *a matrix gaudet*, &c. On the nint
earth, the infant underwent some expiatory ceremon
ceived a name: the festival was termed *dies lustrici*
offensive gossip takes the opportunity of this solem
[illegible] to *christenize* the child (as Holyday calls it,) an
her prayers for its happiness! Her spell is not of th
—but the ancients were all gossips here; and even

This begs for nerves to pain and sickness steel'd;
A frame of body, that shall slowly yield
To late old age: 'Tis well; enjoy thy wish.—
But the huge platter, and high-season'd dish,
Day after day, the willing gods withstand;
And dash the blessing from their opening hand.
That sues for wealth: the labouring ox is slain,
And frequent victims woo the "god of gain."
"O crown my hearth with plenty and with peace,
And give my flocks and herds a large increase!"—
Madman! how can he, when, from day to day,
Steer after steer, in offerings, melts away?—
Still he persists; and still new hopes arise,
With harslet and with tripe, to storm the skies.
"Now teem my folds! now swell my harvests! now,
"It comes, it comes—auspicious to my vow!"

Ver. 74. ——— *high season'd dish. Tucetaque crassa.* From the receipt for making it, which is incidentally given by Apuleius, the *tucetum* appears to come very near our *minced-pie.* "*Sed tantum caram meam Fetidem, quæ suis dominis parabat viscum fartim concisum, et pulpam frustatim collectam ad pascua jurulenta, et quidem naribus jam mihi arridebat tucetum perquam sapidissimum.*" lib. ii. Marcilius takes it to be a kind of rich jelly, "*crasso jure et quasi glaciali:*" whatever it was, it must have been a very savory dish; *esca regia*, as Fulgentius calls it.

——— "ambrosio redolent tuceta sapore,"

The "cat's meat,"—the *pulmo* and the *lactes* which the Romans piously set apart for the gods, are well contrasted by the poet, with the expensive luxuries reserved for their own tables.

While thus, poor wretch, he hangs 'twixt hope and fear,
He starts, in dreadful certainty, to hear
His chest reverberate the hollow groan
Of his last piece, to find itself alone!
If from my side-board, I should bid you take
Goblets of gold or silver, you would quake
With eager rapture; drops of joy would start,
And your left breast scarce hold your fluttering heart:
Hence, you presume the gods are bought and sold;
And overlay their busts with captured gold.
For, of the brazen brotherhood, the Power
Who sends you dreams, at morning's truer hour,

Ver. 93. ——— *drops of joy would start*, &c. Persius evidently alludes to that insensible perspiration, that humid suffusion of the skin, which a sudden and unexpected flow of good fortune will sometimes produce. It is an amplification of his first word, *sudes*, and is both natural and pleasing.

Ver. 96. *And overlay their busts with captured gold.*—*Aera ovato*, i. e. with gold taken in war, and carried in the ovation or triumph with which the conquering army was honoured, on its return to Rome. The poet, as Shakspeare says, had probably some *moral* in his choice of *ovatum*; but I cannot decipher it and whether any superstitious value was attached to gold thus acquired, or whether the expression was merely satirical, and meant to characterize the boundless ambition and rapacity of the Romans, must be left to the reader.

Ver. 97. *For, of the brazen brotherhood*, &c. "There stand in the porch of the Palatine Apollo, fifty brazen statues of the sons of Egyptus, the brother of Danaus; they were believed to have the power of answering all inquiries, in dreams of night." So say the commentators.

M. Raoul thinks that by *fratres aheneos* Persius means all gods together——qui en effet sont frères à-peu-près, si on monte à leur origine. It may be so; and, in truth, since it seems that all the honour meant them, may be simply bas

Most purg'd from phlegm, enjoys your best regards,
And a gold beard his prescient skill rewards!
Now, from the temples, GOLD has chas'd the plain
And frugal ware of Numa's pious reign;
The ritual pots of brass are seen no more,
And Vesta's pitchers blaze in burnish'd ore.
O grovelling souls! and void of things divine!
Why bring our passions to the Immortals' shrine,
And judge, from what this CARNAL SENSE delights,
Of what is pleasing in their purer sights?—
THIS the Calabrian fleece with purple soils,
And taints with rich perfume, our native oils;
Tears from the rocky conch its pearly store,
And strains the metal from the glowing ore:
THIS, THIS, indeed, is vicious; yet it tends
To gladden life, perhaps; and boasts its ends;
But you, ye pontiffs, (for ye know) declare,
"What gold avails in sacrifice and prayer?"
No more, alas! than the poor puppets laid,
On Venus' altar, by the riper maid,

their beards "with the yolk of eggs," there is less necessity for anxiously pursuing the inquiry.

Ver. 117. *No more, alas!* &c. Persius answers his own question, and more directly, perhaps, than the priests would have done. "The *puppæ*," Dryden says, "were little babies, puppets as we call them, which the girls, when they come to the age of puberty, offered to Venus." The act is clear—the motive is not so well known. He translates it—

"As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys."

But whatever be the purport of the practice, the poet is only concerned with the worthlessness of these play-things, which he merely introduces as illustrative of the utter inefficacy of gold in *sacrifice and prayer*.

(The playthings of the child.)—O, be it mine,
To bring, whene'er I tread the courts divine,
What, great Messala! thy degenerate heir,
From his great charger, cannot offer there,
Justice to man, essentially combin'd
With piety to god, in the pure mind;
The heart's devout recesses; the clear breast,
With generous honour's glowing stamp imprest,
And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
Though all my offering be a barley cake.

Ver. 121. *What, great Messala! thy degenerate heir, &c. Messalæ lippa propago.* It seems sufficient to observe, that the allusion is to some degenerate descendant of Corvinus Messala, one of the most illustrious generals and statesmen of the old republic.

SATIRE III.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire opens not unhappily. A professor of the Stoic school abruptly enters the bed-room of his pupils, whom he finds asleep at mid-day. Their confusion at this detection, their real indolence amidst an affected ardour for study, are laid open, and the fatal consequences of such thoughtless conduct beautifully illustrated by apt allusions to the favourite topics of the Porch.

The whole of this Satire manifests an earnest desire to reclaim the youthful nobility from their idle and vicious habits. The preceptor, after a brief ebullition of contempt, points out the evils to which the neglect of philosophy (i. e. the study of virtue) will expose them, and overthrows the objections which they raise against the necessity of severe application, on account of their birth and fortune. In a sublime and terrible apostrophe, he portrays the horrors of that late remorse which must afflict the vicious when they contemplate the fallen state to which the neglect of wisdom has consigned them. He then describes, in a lighter tone, the defects of his own education, and shows that the persons whom he addresses are without this apology for their errors: he points out, with admirable brevity and force, the proper pursuits of a well regulated mind, and teaches them to despise the scorn of the vulgar, and the rude buffoonery of those who make their wantonness their ignorance: lastly, he introduces a lively apologue of a glutton, who, in spite of advice, perseveres in intemperance till he becomes its victim: concluding with an apposite application of the fable (*more Stoicorum*) to a diseased mind. The Satire and its moral may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the schools ever produced:—"But *Wisdom* is above all; therefore get *Wisdom*."

SATIRE III.

WHAT! ever thus? See! while the beams of day,
In broad effulgence, o'er the shutters play,
Stream through the crevice, widen on the walls,
On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls!
Yet still you sleep, and, idly stretch'd supine,
Snore off the fumes of strong Falernian wine:
Up! up! mad Sirius parches every blade,
And flocks and herds lie panting in the shade.
Here my youth rouses, rubs his heavy eyes;
"Is it *so* late? so *very* late?" he cries.
"Shame, shame! Who waits? Who waits there? quick, my page!"
His mounting bile o'erflows; he foams with rage,
And brays so loudly, that you start in fear,
And fancy all Arcadia at your ear!
Behold him now, array'd in careless haste,
(Books, parchment, paper, pens before him placed,)

Ver. 1. *What! ever thus?* From the manner in which the speaker announces himself, it would seem is if he were a kind of domestic instructor, engaged, perhaps, to complete the education of the young nobility who had passed through the usual discipline of the schools. Tutors of this description were invested with considerable authority, and assumed, as here, a lofty and decisive tone. With the decay of literature, and the empire, their importance diminished.

Ver. 15. *Behold him now*, &c. The pompous apparatus with

Bent o'er his thesis.—What arrests his speed?
Alas! the viscous liquid clogs the reed.
Dilute it. Pish! now every word I write,
Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight:
Now the pen leaves no mark, the point's too fine;
Now 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line.
O wretch! whom every day more wretched sees—
Are these the fruits of all your studies? these!
Give o'er, at once; and like some callow dove,
Some prince's heir, some lady's infant love,
Call for chew'd pap; and, pouting at the breast,
Scream at the lullaby that woos to rest!
"But why such warmth? See what a pen! nay, see!"—
And is this subterfuge employed on me!
Fond boy! your time, with your pretext, is lost;
And all your arts are at your proper cost.—

which the youth proceeds to study, the book, the parchment, the paper, &c. is well described; and has a pleasant effect when contrasted with the ridiculous result of the effort. The book, it is probable, contained the thesis, or subject of the morning's contemplation; the charta, or coarse paper, was destined to receive his first thoughts, which, when matured and corrected, were to be transferred to the parchment for the benefit of mankind. Persius terms the parchment *bicolor*, because it was white within and yellow without; but, indeed, the Romans seem to have been a little foppish in this article, and to have had it of all hues. Juvenal mentions *croceo membrana*, Tibullus *lutea*, a variation of the former colour, and Ovid says—

"Nec te purpureo velent vaccinia succo."

The purple seems to have been the fashionable colour: it was certainly the most costly, and when we add to it the golden clasps and rollers, in which the ancients were very profuse, it may be doubted whether their libraries appeared less variegated and rich than our own.

While with occasion thus you madly play,
Your best of life, unheeded, leaks away,
And scorn flows in apace; the ill-baked ware,
Hung by the potter, will its flaws declare;
Thus——but you yet are moist and yielding clay:
Call for some plastic hand without delay;
Nor cease the labour, till the wheel produce
A vessel nicely form'd, and fit for use.
"But why these pains? my father, thanks to fate,
Left me a fair, if not a large, estate:
A salt unsullied on my table shines,
And due oblations, in their little shrines,
My household gods receive; my hearth is pure,
And all my means of life confirm'd, and sure:
What need I more?" nay, nothing; ('tis replied.)
——And well it fits you, to dilate with pride,

Ver. 43. *A salt unsullied*, &c.—*Purum et sine labe salinum.* The salt-cellar, or, as our old writers more simply termed it, the salt, formed a distinguished feature in the garniture of the Roman tables. As salt was the general seasoning of the food of man, and was also used to check the progress of putrefaction, it was associated, from the earliest ages, with notions of moral purity, and occasionally employed in metaphors too sacred to be repeated here. Salt made a part of every sacrifice, and hence the vessel which held it acquired a certain degree of sanctity; and was supposed to consecrate the table on which, at meal times, it was reverently placed.

With these claims to peculiar veneration, the salt-cellar appears to have been regarded as a kind of heir-loom, and to have descended from sire to son. More cost was lavished on it than on the rest of the furniture. In the poorest times, the most frugal and rigid of the old republicans indulged themselves with a silver salt, which, with the patella, (a little platter for the offering to the household gods) was frequently all the plate they possessed. Marcellus tells us, from Livy, that when the necessities of the state obliged the senate to call for a general sacrifice of the gold and silver of the people, the salt-cellar and the patella were expressly exempted from the contribution.

Because, (the thousandth in descent,) you trace
Your blood, unmix'd, from some high Tuscan race;
And, when the knights troop by the censor's chair,
In annual pomp, salute a kinsman there!
Hence!—with these trappings, to the rabble, swell!
Me, they deceive not; for I know you well,
Within, without.—And blush you not to see,
Loose Natta's life and yours so well agree?
—But Natta's is not *life*: the sleep of sin
Has seiz'd his powers, and palsied all within;
Huge cawls of fat envelop every part,
And torpor weighs on his insensate heart.—
Absolv'd from blame by ignorance so gross,
He neither sees, nor comprehends his loss;

Ver. 50. —*from some high Tuscan race?* The Slys, *who came over with Richard Conqueror*, were not more vain of their origin, than the great men of Rome were of deducing their blood from the ancient Tuscans.

Ver. 51. *And, when the knights*, &c. "There was (Marcilius says) a two fold lustration (muster) of the Roman knights, *censio* and *transvectio*, and it is of the latter that Persius speaks. The *censio* was held every five years, the *transvectio* annually; hence Dio terms it ετησιαν εξετασιν (the spring muster.) In the *censio*, which was strictly a review, the knights marched on foot, leading their horses; in the *transvectio* they rode: in fact, the ceremony had more of military pomp than service in it, as they appeared in grand *costume*, wearing the *trabea*, a splendid robe, bordered with bright purple, and crowned with olive wreaths. On these occasions, the knights assembled in the temple of Mars, which stood without the walls, and rode through the streets to the Capitol, defiling by the Censors, who sat in the Forum, in front of the temple of Castor, and saluting them as they passed. This custom, which was of ancient date, had fallen, Suetonius tells us, into neglect, when it was revived by Augustus. It flourished for a few years; but as the emperors grew jealous of all authority but their own, they assumed the Censor's office, and neglected its duties; when the practice was entirely laid aside.

Content in guilt's profound abyss to drop,
Nor, struggling, send one bubble to the top.
Dread sire of Gods! when lust's envenom'd stings
Stir the fierce natures of tyrannic kings;
When storms of rage within their bosoms roll,
And call, in thunder, for thy just control,
O, then relax the bolt, suspend the blow;
And thus, and thus alone, thy vengeance show,
In all her charms, set Virtue in their eye,
And let them see their loss, despair, and—die!
Say could the wretch severer tortures feel,
Closed in the brazen bull?—Could the bright steel
That, while the board with regal pomp was spread,
Gleam'd o'er the guest, suspended by a thread,
Worse pangs inflict, than he endures, who cries,
(As, on the rack of conscious guilt, he lies,)
In mental agony, "Alas! I fall,
Down, down the unfathom'd steep, without recal!"
And withers at the heart, and dares not show
His bosom wife, the secret of his woe!

Ver. 73. *Say could the wretch*, &c. Perillus, who, to gratify the savage cruelty of Phalaris, fabricated the brazen bull, and, as a just reward for his ingenuity, was condemned to make the first trial of its tortures. The "guests" mentioned in the next couplet was Damocles, an outrageous flatterer of Dionysius of Syracuse, who believed, or pretended to believe, like Vertigo in the play, that the sum of human happiness was compromised in regal state. The tyrant, (for all tyrants delight in practical jests,) to give him a convincing proof of it, caused him to be clothed in purple, and served with a magnificent banquet at his own table. So far all was admirable—but immediately over the head of the mock monarch glittered a naked sword, suspended by a single hair. Damocles lost his appetite at the sight, and, for a time, no doubt, enjoyed all the felicity of a real despot.

, (I remember yet,) my sight to spoil,
when a boy, I blear'd my eyes with oil,
at time I wish'd my studies to decline,
r make great Cato's dying speeches mine;
eeches, my master to the skies had raised,
oor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised;
nd which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear,
With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear.
For then, alas! 'twas my supreme delight
To study chances, and compute aright,
What sum the lucky Sice would yield in play,
And what the fatal Aces sweep away:—
Anxious, no rival candidate for fame
Should hit the long-neck'd jar with nicer aim;
Or, while the whirling top beguil'd the eye,
With happier skill the sounding scourge apply.
But you have pass'd the schools; have studied [wrong;
long,
And learn'd the' eternal bounds of right an
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limn'd, of yore,
With trowser'd Medes,) unfolds of ethic lore,

Ver. 91. *For then, alas* &c. The Romans appear to have h
two species of dice; the *tessera*, (our dice,) and the *talus*. It i
this Persius is supposed to speak; so that the former may be
missed. The *talus* was an oblong square, figured on the
sides: the numbers, which did not follow in succession, wer
ace (*canis*, or as Persius terms it, *canicula*,) the tray, (*terni*
cater, (*quaternio*) and the sice (*senio*.) The ace was al
losing cast, the sice a winning one: this is familiarly not
Isidorus, "*Nisi parva felicitas tibi videtur vincere alea, et c*
in unionem (*canem*) *evolvitur* ——— *tibi semper se*
emergere," lib. xvii, c. 66. They did not play with a pa
as we do, but with four.

Ver. 96. *Should hit the long-neck'd jar*, &c. This pas
appears to be an improved kind of cherry-pit, where
instead of pitching nuts, &c. into a hole dug in t
pitched them into a jar.

Ver. 101. *And what the Porch*, &c. It is thus t

Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,
Bend, o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And, sure, the letter, where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,

scribed by Corn. Nepos, in the life of Miltiades: "*Huic* (Milt.) *talis honos tributus est in* Portico, *quæ Pœcile vocatur, quum pugna depingeretur Marathonis; ut in decem Prætorum numero, prima ejus imago poneretur.*" This Porch (Στοα) was painted by Micon, and his more celebrated son Polygnotus; it formed the favourite retreat of Zeno, and the founders of the Stoic philosophy, which took its distinctive appellation from this circumstance.

Persius, like Juvenal, uses Mede, as a generic term for the people under the sway of the Persian monarch: from the description of them, they appear to have worn pretty nearly the same dress at the battle of Maranthon as at this day. The "painted porch" (Pœcile) long survived the age of Persius; it was an object of veneration to the *budge doctors of the Stoic fur*, who appear to have made annual pilgrimages to it, so late as the fourth century; when it was wantonly defaced by a proconsul of Attica. It appears that, besides the fresco paintings, there were parts of the grand design painted on pannels (σανιδες), by Polygnotus, and hung along the walls. These were torn down, according to Zosimus, by the proconsul, just mentioned, whose name (and it is worth recording) was Antiochus. He was, as might be expected, a partisan of the Goths, to whom he opened the passes of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 105. *And sure the letter*, &c. The allusion is to the Greek hypsilon (Υ) selected by Pythagoras as the symbolical representative of human life: the early part, or that which passes before any distinct character is assumed, is typified by the trunk or stem, while the two branches prefigure the different and opposite routes of virtue and vice. The right hand branch, which was the finer drawn line of the two, leads it seems to virtue, the other to vice. There is nothing very ingenious in the thought, for the philosopher's finger and thumb would have furnished quite as apt an illustration of his theory; and yet it took greatly with the ancients. Persius alludes to it again in the fifth Satire, and it is thus noticed in the Virgiliana:

> "Litera Pythagoræ, discrimine secta bicorni,
> Humanæ vitæ speciem præferre videtur."

It is scarcely possible to notice this weak and imperfect symbol, *without adverting* to another, not necessary to be given here, *in which all is* congruent, impressive, and awfully instructive.

to your view, with no obscure display,
'd, on the right, the straight but better way.
and yet you slumber still! and still oppress
With last night's revels, knock your head and
breast!
And, stretching o'er your drowsy desk, produce
Yawn after yawn, as if your jaws were loose!
Is there no certain mark, at which to aim?—
Still must your bow be bent at casual game?
With clods, and potsherds, must you still pursue
Each wandering crow that chance presents to
view;
And, careless of your life's contracted span,
Live from the moment, and without a plan?
When bloated dropsies every limb invade,
In vain to hellebore you fly for aid:
Meet, with preventive skill, the young disease,
And Craterus will boast no golden fees. [wings,
Mount, hapless youths! on Contemplation's
And mark the causes and the end of things:—

Ver. 111. *And, stretching o'er your drowsy desk*, &c. The phi losophical preceptor here continues his reproach: the young gentleman was hardly yet awake, though seated so long since at h studies.

Ver. 122. *And Craterus will boast no golden fees.* It is rious to learn from the elder Pliny, that a physician in rep made nearly as much money by his practice in Rome, as is made by the most popular of the profession, with us: he me several whose fees amounted to five or six thousand a year.

Craterus, like all the physicians in fashionable practice, Greek; he is mentioned both by Cicero and Horace, and have been physician to Augustus.

Ver. 123. *Mount, hapless youths*, &c. In this section t not much of novelty; nor, indeed, is it to be looked for. the Greek philosophers, the poet had in view Cicero, a haps, Seneca. From the lib. De Finibus, in particular drawn largely; it is, however, due to him to add, th

arn what we are, and for what purpose born,
hat station here 'tis given us to adorn;
w best to blend security with ease,
d win our way through life's tempestuous seas;
hat bounds the love of property requires,
d what to wish, with unreprov'd desires;
w far the genuine use of wealth extends;
d the just claims of country, kindred, friends;
at Heaven would have us be; and where our stand,
this GREAT WHOLE, is fix'd by High Command.
Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains
ich recompense the well-tongued lawyer's pains;
ough Umbrian rustics, for his sage advice,
ar in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice,
thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er,
econd, and a third, are at the door.
But here, some brother of the blade, some coarse
d shag-hair'd captain, bellows loud and hoarse;
Away with this cramp, philosophic stuff!
learning serves my turn, and that's enough.
ugh at all your dismal Solons, I;
o stalk with downcast looks, and heads awry,
ttering within themselves, where'er they roam,
d churning their mad silence, till it foam.
o mope o'er sick men's dreams, howe'er absurd,
d on protruded lips poise every word;
hing can come from nothing. Apt and plain!
hing return to nothing. Good again!

n a beautiful summary of the pure ethics of his school, and
ressed the sense of his eloquent but wordy masters, with adi-
ble force and brevity.

And this it is, for which they peak and pine!
'This precious stuff, for which they never dine!"
Jove, how he laughs! the brawny youths around,
Catch the contagion, and return the sound:
Convulsive mirth on every cheek appears,
And every nose is wrinkled into sneers.
"Doctor, a patient said, employ your art,
I feel a strange wild fluttering at the heart;
My breast seems tighten'd, and a fetid smell
Affects my breath;—feel here! all is not well."
Med'cine and rest the fever's rage compose,
And, the third day, his blood more calmly flows:
The fourth, unable to contain, he sends
A hasty message to his wealthier friends,
And—"*just about to bathe*"—requests, in fine,
A moderate flask of old Surrentin wine.
"Good heavens! my friend, what pallid look
are here;"
Pshaw, nonsense! nought! "Yet still 'tis wor
your fear,
Nought though it be:—the waters rise within,
And, though unnoticed, bloat your sallow skin.'
——And yours, still worse! Whence springs
freedom, tro'?
Are you, forsooth, my guardian? Long ago,

Ver. 169.——*what pallid looks are here*, &c. The tran
give this line to the physician. I believe with Koenig, tha
longs to an acquaintance who accidentally falls in with
tient as he is tottering from the table to the bath, an
justly alarmed at the complication of asthma and drops
he discovers in him, bluntly indeed, but kindly tries to p
him to turn back. The petulance and ill-humour wit
this kindness is received, are highly characteristic, ar
cal.

I buried him; and thought my nonage o'er:
But You remain to school me! "Sir, no more."—
Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious fare,
See the pale wretch his bloated carcass bear;
While from his lungs, that faintly play by fits,
His gasping throat sulphureous steam emits!—
Cold shiverings strike him, as for wine he calls,
His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls;
From his loose teeth, the lip, convuls'd, withdraws,
And the rich cates drop through his listless jaws!—
Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn state;
And my fine youth, so confident of late,
Stretch'd on a splendid bier, and essenc'd o'er,
Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost, at the door.

Ver. 185. *Then trumpets, torches*, &c. Previously to the last ceremony, the corpse was washed, rubbed with unguents and perfumes, and laid, as the text describes it, upon an open bier. It was now that the trumpets and torches assembled, and the funeral procession began its march towards the pyre.

As the Roman funerals were frequently by night, a number of torches were carried to add to the pomp of the procession; but torches were at all times necessary, for, after the pile had been fired, they were thrown into the flames to increase the conflagration, and hasten the consumption of the body. Children were not burned; this accounts for their being taken to the grave with small tapers or wax-lights.

I had nearly overlooked the "Romans of a day." They were slaves just manumitted by the will of the deceased, who claimed, according to custom, the honour of conveying the body of their benefactor to the grave. The cap (*pileum*) was the type of freedom; they were not likely, therefore, to forget it; and accordingly they are characterized by the poet, as appearing, *indu-to capite*, "with covered heads." "Romans of a day," is, after all, a very inadequate translation of *Hesterni Quirites*; but the dry humour of this combination, simple as it appears, would require more than one line to do it justice.

While Romans of a day, with cover'd head,
Shoulder him to the pyre, and——all is said!
"But why, to me? Examine every part;
My pulse:—and lay your finger on my heart,
You'll find no fever; touch my hands and feet,
A natural warmth, and nothing more, you'll meet."
'Tis well! But if you light on gold by chance,
If a fair neighbour cast a sidelong glance,
Still will that pulse with equal calmness flow;
And still that heart no fiercer throbbings know?
Try yet again. In a brown dish behold,
Coarse gritty bread, and coleworts stale and cold:
Now, prove your taste. Why those averted eyes?
Hah! I perceive:——a secret ulcer lies
Within that pamper'd mouth, too sore to bear
The' untender grating of plebeian fare!
Where dwells this *natural warmth*, when danger's near,
And "each particular hair" starts up with fear?

Ver. 191. *But why to me? &c.* The conclusion of the satire is worked up with equal spirit and ingenuity. Drowsy as the poet's youthful companion (*unus comitum*) is represented, he is yet alert enough to discover, that he is somehow or other involved in the present apologue. As the preceptor, however, appears to him to labour under a considerable mistake, he prepares to set him right; and in a somewhat indignant tone affirms himself to be in no danger of "trumpets and torches," as is falsely insinuated, for that his state of health is excellent. It is now that the philosopher sees his advantage, and turns upon the poor dreamer with the moral of his fable, which he enforces with all the poignancy of satire, and all the dignity of truth. The student can no longer mistake, for he is presented with an epitome of his most besetting vices, and, among the rest, that of ungovernable passion—of which he had furnished a tolerable specimen in the opening lines—

"——turgescit vitreus bilis,
"Flentur, Arsiliæ pessumæ rubeque cutes."

Or where resides it, when vindictive ire
Inflames the bosom; when the veins run fire,
The reddening eye-balls glare; and all you say,
And all you do, a mind so warp'd betray,
That mad Orestes, if the freaks he saw,
Would give you up at once, to chains and straw!

SATIRE IV.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is founded on the first Alcibiades of Plato, and many of the expressions are closely copied from that celebrated dialogue. It naturally arranges itself under three heads; the first of which treats of the preposterous ambition of those who aspired to take the lead in State affairs, before they had learned the first principles of civil government. The second division, which is of singular merit, and possesses a rich vein of strong but appropriate humour, and acute reasoning, turns on the general neglect of self-examination, enforcing, at the same time, the necessity of moral purity, from the impossibility of escaping detection; and of restraining all wanton propensity to exaggerate the foibles of others, from its tendency to provoke severe recrimination on our own vices. The conclusion, or third part, reverts to the subject with which the Satire opens, and arraigns, in terms of indignant severity, the profligacy of the young nobility, and their sottish vanity in resting their claims to approbation on the judgment of a worthless rabble.

SATIRE IV.

WHAT! you, my Alcibiades, aspire
To sway the state!—(Suppose that bearded sire,
Whom hemlock from a thankless world remov'd,
Thus to address the stripling that he lov'd.)—
On what apt talents for a charge so high,
Ward of great Pericles, do you rely?
Forecast on others by gray hairs conferr'd,
Haply, with you, anticipates the beard;
And prompts you, prescient of the public weal,
Now to disclose your thoughts, and now conceal!
Hence, when the rabble form some daring plan,
And factious murmurs spread from man to man,
Mute and attentive you can bid them stand,
By the majestic wafture of your hand!
Lo! all is hush'd: what now, what will he speak;
What floods of sense from that charg'd bosom break!
"Romans! I think—I fear—I think, I say,
This is not well:—perhaps, the better way"—
O power of eloquence! but you, forsooth,
In the nice, trembling scale can poise the truth,

Ver. 3. *Whom hemlock*, &c. The poet speaks of Socrates.

Ver. 20. *In the nice, trembling scale*, &c. Here is a cluster of figurative expressions, of which the purport may be more easily guessed at than explained. The properties seem to be taken from the balance, the plummet, and the rule or square, a more complicated instrument, apparently, than that in use amongst us. The reference of these intractable terms to the equal distribution of justice, to the clear discernment of the right, be-

With even hand; can wi intentive view,
Amidst deflecting cur the right pursue;
Or, where the rule de s the vulgar eye
With its warp'd foot, tne unerring line apply:
And, while your sentence strikes with doom
cise,
Stamp the black Theta on the front of vice!
Rash youth! relying on a specious skin,
While all is dark deformity within,
Check the fond thought; nor, like the peac
proud,
Spread your gay to the' applauding cr
Before your hour arrive:—ah, rather drain
Whole isles of hellebore, to cool your brain!
For, what is your chief good? "To heap my b
With every dainty earth and sea afford;
To bathe, and bask me in the sunny ray,
And doze the careless hours of life away."—
Hold, hold! yon tatter'd beldame, hobbling by
If haply ask'd, would make the same reply.

tween perplexing and opposite claims, and to the applicatio
some corrective principle, when the strict observance of th
ter of the law (*regula*) would lead to a violation of its spir
which the poet evidently has in view,) must be left to the re
I have supplied him, to the best of my ability, with the ori
phraseology, at the expense of some harshness; conceiving
he might be better pleased to exercise his ingenuity, than t
ruse a smooth paraphrase of a most obvious topic.

In the concluding line of this paragraph, Persius returns p
nearly to the language of common life. To affix the the
is to condemn. It is the first letter of Θανάτος, (death) an
probably set against the names of those sentenced to e
punishment; this, at least, seems implied in the following
sage:

"Nosti mortiferum quæstoris, Castrice, signum?
"Est operæ pretium discere theta novum," &c.

Mart. lib.

But, I am nobly born." Agreed. "And fair."
'Tis granted too; yet goody Baucis there,
Who, to the looser slaves, her pot-herbs cries,
s just as philosophic, just as wise!—
How few, alas! their proper faults explore!
While, on his loaded back, who walks before,
Each eye is fix'd:—you touch a stranger's arm,
And ask him, if he knows Vectidius' farm?
"Whose," he replies? That rich old chuff's, whose ground
Would tire a hawk to wheel it fairly round.
"O, ho! that wretch, on whose devoted head,
ll stars and angry gods their rage have shed!
Who, on high festivals, when all is glee,
And the loose yoke hangs idly on the tree,
As, from the jar, he scrapes the' incrusted clay,
Groans o'er the revels of so dear a day;

Ver. 41. *Who, to the looser slaves, &c. Cum bene discincto cantaverit oeyma vernæ.* Having given his illustration, the poet leaves the reader to form his estimate of the practical knowledge of this young pretender to state affairs,—who now urges other claims, such as birth, beauty, &c. in which he has decidedly the advantage of the old woman; but our stoic treats them with silent contempt, and changes the subject.

Ver. 49. *O, ho! that wretch, &c.* The festival mentioned in the next line, was one of great celebrity; a kind of rustic Saturnalia. It was held after the seed season, on a day annually named by the prætor, but generally on or about the second of January. On the morning of this day, the peasantry assembled near the cross-roads, probably for the advantage of space: here they erected a tree somewhat in the manner of our may-poles, (while may-poles were found among us) on which the idle plough was hung, or, as some say, broken up—but as the Romans were advanced in civilization beyond the savages of Louisiana, and could not but know that it might be wanted again, this is rather questionable. Under this tree some slight shed appears to have been raised, where they sacrificed, feasted, and gave themselves up to riotous mirth and jollity.

Champs on a coated onion dipt in brine;
And, while his hungry hinds exulting dine
On barley-broth, sucks up, with thrifty care,
The mothery dregs of his pall'd vinegar!"
But, if "YOU bask you in the sunny ray,
And doze the careless hours of youth away,"
There are, who at such gross delights will spurn,
And spit their venom on your life, in turn;
Expose, with eager hate, your low desires,
Your secret-passions, and unhallow'd fires.—
"Why, while the beard is nurs'd with every art,
Those anxious pains to bear the shameful part?
In vain: should five athletic knaves essay,
To pluck, with ceaseless care, the weeds away,
Still the rank fern, congenial to the soil,
Would spread luxuriant, and defeat their toil!"
Misled by rage, our bodies we expose,
And while we give, forget to ward, the blows;
This, this is life! and thus our faults are shown,
By mutual spleen: we know—and we are known.
But your defects elude inquiring eyes!—
Beneath the groin the ulcerous evil lies,
Impervious to the view; and o'er the wound,
The broad effulgence of the zone is bound!
But can you, thus, the inward pang restrain,
Thus, cheat the sense of langour and of pain?
"But if the people call me wise and just,
Sure, I may take the general voice on trust!"—
No:—If you tremble at the sight of gold;
Indulge lust's wildest sallies uncontroll'd;
Or, bent on outrage, at the midnight hour,
Girt with a ruffian band, the forum scour;

Then, wretch! in vain the voice of praise you hear,
And drink the vulgar shout with greedy ear.
Hence, with your spurious claims! rejudge your cause,
And fling the rabble back their vile applause:
To your own breast, in quest of worth, repair,
And blush to find—how poor a stock is there!

SATIRE V.

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT.

THE poetical and philosophical claims of Persius rest, in some measure, upon this poem; and it is but justice to say that they are not ill supported by it.

The Satire consists of two parts; the first of which is appropriated to the expression of the poet's deep and grateful sense of the kindness of his friend and instructor, Cornutus, and a beautiful summary of the blessings which he has derived from his wisdom and goodness. The second part consists of a laboured and ostentatious display of his proficiency in the esoteric doctrine of the Stoic school, in which something must be forgiven to the ardour of youth, and the vehemency of inexperienced virtue. This division of the Satire is principally occupied with that celebrated paradox of his sect, that the wise man alone was essentially free; and that the passions of avarice, ambition, luxury, superstition, &c. exercised as despotic a control over their victims as the severest task-master over his slaves.

It cannot be supposed that much new matter should be produced under this head. In fact, both Persius and his preceptor came too late for such a purpose; and could only repeat, in other forms, what had been said a thousand times before. But there may be ingenuity where there is no novelty; and this is not wanting.

SATIRE V.

TO ANNÆUS CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

Poets are wont a hundred mouths to ask,
A hundred tongues,—whate'er the purposed task—
Whether a tragic tale of Pelops' line,
For the sad actor, with deep-mouth, to whine;
Or epic lay; the Parthian wing'd with fear,
And wrenching from his groin the Roman spear.

CORNUTUS.

Heavens! to what purpose, (sure, I heard thee wrong,)
T'end those huge gobbets of robustious song,
Which, struggling into day, distend thy lungs,
And need a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues?
Let fustian bards to Helicon repair,
And suck the spungy fogs that hover there,
Bards, in whose fervid brains, while sense recoils,
The pot of Progne, or Thyestes boils,

Ver. 1. *Poets are wont*, &c. An allusion to Virgil—who, *whenever he copies the hyperboles of Homer, is seldom satisfied without adding to their extravagance.*

Dull Glyco's feast!—But what canst thou propose?
Puff'd by thy heaving lungs, no metal glows;
Nor dost thou, mumbling o'er some close-pent strain,
Croak the grave nothings of an idle brain;
Nor swell, until thy cheeks, with thundering sound,
Displode, and spirt their airy froth around.
Confined to common life, thy numbers flow,
And neither soar too high, nor sink too low:
There strength and ease in graceful union meet,
Though polish'd, subtle, and though poignant, sweet;
Yet powerful to abash the front of crime,
And crimson error's cheek with sportive rhyme.
O still be this thy study, this thy care:
Leave to Mycenæ's prince his horrid fare,

Ver. 15. *Dull Glyco's feast!* The theatrical taste of th
Romans must have greatly degenerated, if the abominable ha
quets mentioned in the text were allowed to be openly serve
Horace had long before reprobated such disgusting exhibition
and, indeed, it is pretty certain that nothing of the kind obtain
favour in his time:

"Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
"Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
"Aut in avem Progne vertatur," &c.

It seems probable that subsequently the national theatre
in some measure, abandoned to the populace; and that th
tors were held in little esteem. Their merits appear not to
been above their characters. From the parts played by
(Thyestes and Pandion) he must have been *primo-tragic*
Persius calls him a simpleton; and Juvenal, in his desc
of Cerinthus, another prime actor, is not more respectfu
language.

The satire is not directed against Glyco, but the audien
could bear the frequent repetition of such unnatural ex
Ver. 28. *Leave to Mycenæ's prince*, &c. He allud
pot of Thyestes, v. 14. The English reader may fo

His head and feet; and seek, with Roman taste,
For Roman food—a plain but pure repast.

PERSIUS.

Mistake me not. Far other thoughts engage
My mind, Cornutus, than to swell my page
With air-blown trifles, impotent and vain,
And grace, with noisy pomp, an empty strain.
Oh, no: the world shut out, 'tis my design,
To open (prompted by the' inspiring Nine)
The close recesses of my breast, and bare
To your keen eye, each thought, each feeling, there;—
Yes, best of friends! 'tis now my pride to own,
How much that "breast" is fill'd with you alone!
Ring then—for, to your practised ear, the sound
Will show the solid, and where guile is found
Beneath the varnish'd tongue. For THIS, in fine,
I dared to wish an hundred voices mine;
Proud to declare, how closely twined you dwell—
How deeply fix'd in my heart's inmost cell,
And paint, in words,—ah, could they paint the whole!—
The' ineffable sensations of my soul.
When first I laid the purple by—and free,
Yet trembling at my new-felt liberty,

competent notion of this tragedy from that exquisite counterpart of it, Titus Andronicus, as improved by Ravenscroft.

Ver. 49. *When first I laid the purple by*, &c. The sons of the nobility, and of the privileged citizens, wore the *toga prætexta* (a gown richly bordered with purple) till they reached the age of seventeen, when they exchanged it for the toga virilis, or manly gown, and entered into a state of comparative independence and liberty.

Approach'd the hearth, and on the Lares hung
The bulla, from my willing neck unstrung;
When gay associates, sporting at my side,
And the white boss, display'd with conscious pride,
Gave me, uncheck'd, the haunts of vice to trace,
And throw my wandering eyes on every face;
When life's perplexing maze before me lay,
And error, heedless of the better way,
To straggling paths, far from the route of truth,
Woo'd, with blind confidence, my timorous youth,
I fled to you, Cornutus, pleas'd to rest
My hopes and fears on your Socratic breast;
Nor did you, gentle sage, the charge decline:
Then, dexterous to beguile, your steady line

Ver. 51. ——————— *and on the Lares hung,*
The bulla, &c. For the *bulla*, see Juvenal, Sat. v. This was a private ceremony: the putting on of the toga was a public one: if the latter was performed at Rome, the youths repaired immediately afterwards to some temple, (generally to the Capitol,) to complete the ceremony, by offering the customary sacrifices.

Ver. 54. *And the white boss*, &c. *Candidus umbo*. The *umbo* was the gathering of the folds of the toga on the left shoulder, where they formed a kind of circular protuberance, knot, or boss: from this the extremity of the lappet fell down before, and was tucked into the girdle, forming what they called the *sinus*, (an apology for a pocket,) in which papers, books, and other light articles were carried; and it is far from improbable that some affected display was made of it, in the pride of recent *manhood*.

The epithet *white* (*candidus*) alludes both to the ordinary colour of the toga, and perhaps to *the gloss of newness* on this momentous occasion: the *blandi comites*, who accompany our poet through this confluence of vice and folly, the *Suburra*, were probably those who changed the toga at the same time with himself —*mutatæque simul togæ*. This, as has been elsewhere observed, was an act of great solemnity, and formed, among the youths who assisted at it, a band of fellowship which frequently subsisted unbroken through life.

Reclaim'd, I know not by what winning force,
My morals, warp'd from virtue's straighter course,
While reason, press'd incumbent on my soul,
That struggled to receive the strong control,
And took, like wax, subdued by plastic skill,
The form your hand impos'd—and bears it still!
Can I forget, how many a summer's day,
Spent in your converse, stole, unmark'd, away?
Or how, while listening, with increas'd delight,
I snatch'd from feasts, the earlier hours of night?
—One time (for to your bosom still I grew)
One time of study, and of rest, we knew;
One frugal board, where, every care resign'd,
An hour of blameless mirth relax'd the mind.
And sure our lives, which thus accordant move,
(Indulge me here, Cornutus,) clearly prove,
That both are subject to the self-same law,
And from one horoscope their fortunes draw:
And whether destiny's unerring doom,
In equal Libra, pois'd our days to come;
Or friendship's holy hour our fates combin'd,
And to the Twins, a sacred charge, assign'd;
Or Jove, benignant, broke the gloomy spell
By angry Saturn wove;—I know not well—
But sure some star there is, whose bland control,
Subdues, to yours, the temper of my soul!
Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which separate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

With Latian wares, one roams the eastern main,
To purchase spice, and cummin's blanching grain;
Another, gorg'd with dainties, swill'd with wine,
Fattens in sloth, and snores out life supine;
This loves the Campus; that destructive play;
And those, in wanton dalliance, melt away:—
But when the knotty gout their strength has broke,
And their dry joints crack like some wither'd oak,
Then they look back, confounded and aghast
On the gross days in fogs and darkness past;
With late regret the waste of life deplore:
No purpose gain'd, and time, alas! no more.

Ver. 96. ——— *and cummin's blanching grain.* —*Pallentis grana cumini.* This plant, a mere dwarf in our gardens, "grows (Sir W. Drummond says) to the height of eight or nine feet in hot countries. It is much cultivated by the Maltese, with whom it forms an article of commerce." It seems to have served, in some measure, as a succedaneum for pepper, which was too expensive a spice for common tables, being, as Pliny tells us, purchased by weight, *ut aurum vel argentum*. Persius calls it *pallens*, from its property of producing paleness when used as a decoction: whence those who affected the appearance of hard and laborious students, without being so, swallowed *potations of it, pottle-deep*, and drank themselves pale, as the students of the Temple eat themselves learned. Horace says, that if he happened, by any chance, to look wan, his imitators betook themselves to their cummin immediately; and Pliny mentions one Porcius Latro, who set numbers agog to catch by this mode the cadaverous appearance of his bloodless cheeks: *Cuminum pallorem bibentibus gignit. Ita certe ferunt Porcii Latronis, clari inter magistros, dicendi, affectatores similitudinem coloris studiis contracti imitates, &c.* lib. xx. c. 14.

Ver. 99. *This loves the Campus; Hic campo indulget.* The whole passage shows that the allusion is to the gymnastic amusements of the Campus.

Ver. 105. *With late regret,* &c.

Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem,
Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuere relictam.

They groan over that portion of life spent in gross sensuality, and a fenny or misty atmosphere, i. e. in mental ignorance.

But you, my friend, whom nobler views delight,
To pallid vigils give the studious night;
Cleanse youthful breasts from every noxious weed,
And sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed.
There seek, ye young, ye old, (secure to find,)
That certain end, which stays the wavering mind;—
Stores, which endure, when other means decay,
Through life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way!
"Right; and to-morrow this shall be our care."
Alas! to-morrow, like to-day, will fare.
"What! is one day, forsooth, so great a boon?"
But when it comes, (and come it will too soon,)
Reflect, that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er.—
Thus one "to-morrow!" one "to-morrow!" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away;
And still appear no nearer than to-day!—
So while the wheels on different axles roll,
In vain, (though govern'd by the self-same pole,)
The hindmost to o'ertake the foremost tries;
Fast as the one pursues, the other flies!
FREEDOM, in truth, it steads us much to have:
Not that, by which each manumitted slave,
Each Publius, with his tally, may obtain
A casual dole of coarse and damaged grain.

Ver. 110. ——— *with Cleanthean seed.* i. e. with Stoic philosophy. Cleanthes was one of the most distinguished followers of Zeno, the founder of the school. The mention of this name brings Persius, without much violence, to the main object of his Satire, the discussion of that grand paradox of the sect *a Cynicis tunica distantia*, namely, that "the wise man alone is free;" and he plunges into it with a zeal not altogether borne out by his knowledge; but with much spirit, acuteness, and ingenuity.

Ver. 129. *Each Publius, with his tally*, &c. When a slave was manumitted, and enrolled among the tribes into which the

—O souls, involv'd in Error's thickest shade!
Who think a Roman with one turn is made!
Look on this paltry groom, this Dama here,
Who, at three farthings would be prix'd too dear;
This blear-eyed scoundrel, who your bran would steal,
And outface truth to hide the starving meal;

citizens were divided, he received, together with a name, a tally, (a square bit of wood properly packed and numbered,) on the showing of which he was entitled to share in the distribution of grain, &c. which occasionally took place (at a reduced price) in favour of the poor. The grotesque hyperboles of Dama, in which much of his peculiar humour consists, cannot be exhibited to the English reader without a degree of circumlocution that would weaken their effect. Here the new citizen has not a *tessera*, but a *tesserula*, a little paltry ticket; the corn which he receives is *scabiosum*, smutty; and he is thrust into the *tribus Velina*, the meanest of the whole. All this has a good effect in the original.

Ver. 132. *Who think a Roman with one turn is made!* "The ceremony of making a slave free" (I use the words of Sir W. Drummond) "was very short. The Prætor turned him round, laid his wand upon his head, and said, *hunc esse liberum volo*. Forthwith the *new man* strutted out of the prætor's house with the cap of liberty on his head; and giving himself a *prænomen*, was saluted by this new appellation as he passed through the streets." There is much pleasantry in the frequent repetition of Marcus, and the studied exclusion of all reference to the former name. Marcus was the *prænomen* of several of the first men of the state, and probably that of Dama's late master; he could not therefore but be highly flattered by it; for, as Horace well observes—

"——— gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ."

But the satire is less directed at Dama than at the degenerate Romans, who pressed forward with such eagerness to pay their interested court to the new citizen, and sooth his ears with an unwearied repetition of the proud appellation.

: his master twirl this knave about,
RCUS DAMA, in a trice, steps out!—
ɔ! MARCUS surety?—yet distrust!
your judge?—yet fear a doom unjust!
avouch it, say you? then, 'tis clear!
l!—set your hand first, good MARCUS, here.
s mere liberty,—a name, alone:
is all the cap can make our own.
e, there's no other. All mankind agree,
ose who live without control, are free:
ithout control; and *therefore* hold
more free, than Brutus was, of old."
dly put; a Stoic cries, whose ear,
ith sharp vinegar, is quick to hear:
all who live without control are free;
YOU live so, I can ne'er agree.
From the Prætor's wand when I withdrew
myself, WHY, might I not pursue
sure, unrestrain'd?—respect still had,
: the rubric of the law forbad."
,—but first your brows from anger clear,
your nose dismiss that rising sneer;
while I the genuine truth impart,
t those old wives' fables from your heart.
not, is not in the "Prætor's wand,"
a fool with power to understand

15. *This is mere liberty*, &c. *Hæc est mera libertas.* acted, as opposed to a state of slavery; taken in the literal sense, of manumission from foreign control, in ise only you can be said to be free. The reply of considering his view of the subject, is sufficiently per-

The nicer shades of duty, and educe,
From short and rapid life, its end and use:
The labouring hind shall sooner sieze the quill,
And strike the lyre with all a master's skill.
Reason condemns the thought, with mien severe,
And drops this maxim in the secret ear,
"Forbear to venture, with preposterous toil,
On what, in venturing, you are sure to spoil."
In this plain sense of what is just and right,
The laws of nature and of man unite:
That inexperience should some caution show,
And spare to reach—at what she does not know.
Prescribe you hellebore! without the skill,
To weigh the ingredients, or compound the pill?—
Physic, alarm'd, the rash attempt withstands,
And wrests the dangerous mixture from your hands.
Should the dull clown, skill'd in no star to guide
His dubious course, rush on the trackless tide,
Would not Palemon at the fact exclaim,
And swear the world had lost all sense of shame!
Say, is it yours by wisdom's steady rays,
To walk secure, through life's entangled maze?
Yours, to discern the specious from the true,
And where the guilt conceals the brass from view?
Speak, can you mark, with some appropriate sign,
What to pursue, and what, in turn, decline?

Ver. 181. *Would not Palemon*, &c. He was the child of Ino, who, to save him from the insane fury of her husband Athamas, leaped with him into the sea; where Neptune, at the solicitation of Venus, took them both into his suite.

Does moderation all your wishes guide?
And temperance at your cheerful board preside?
Do friends your love experience? are your stores,
Now dealt with closed and now with open doors,
As fit occasion calls? Can you restrain
The eager appetite of sordid gain;
Nor feel, when, in the mire, the coin you note,
Mercurial spittle gurgle in your throat?
If you can say, and truly, "THESE ARE MINE;
And THIS I CAN:"—suffice it. I decline
All further question; you are Wise and Free,
No less by Jove's, than by the Law's decree.
But if, good Marcus, you, who form'd so late,
One of our batch, of our enslaved estate,
Beneath a specious outside, still retain
The foul contagion of your ancient strain;
If the sly fox still burrow in some part,
Some secret corner, of your tainted heart;
I straight retract the freedom which I gave,
And hold you Dama still, and still a slave!

Ver. 197. *Nor feel, when in the mire*, &c. "An allusion" (Holyday says) "to the sport that children used; who tying a piece of money to the end of a string, would cover the string with dirt and let the money bee seene, which, when any greedie fellow passing by would stoope to take up, they would plucke the string, and so delude him." The thought, as usual, is from Horace:

"In triviis fixum cum se dimittit ob assem, &c.

but our poet has given strength to the expression:

"Nec glutto sorbere salivam Mercurialem."

Saliva has nothing to do, here, with what some of the critics term flavour or relish, (as in the next Satire,) but is simply put for that secretion generated by excessive desire of any object in contemplation. Can you, in short, pass by a piece of money without feeling your mouth water at it?

Reason concedes you nothing. Let us try.
Thrust forth your finger. "See." O, heave
awry!
Yet what so trifling?—But, though altars smoke
Though clouds of incense every god invoke,
In vain you sue, one drachm of RIGHT to find,
One scruple, lurking in the foolish mind.
Nature abhors the mixture: the rude clown,
As well may fling his spade and mattock down,
And with light foot, and agile limbs, prepare
To dance three steps with soft Bathyllus' air!
"Still, I am free." You! subject to the sway
Of countless masters, FREE! What *datum*, pray,
Supports your claim? Is there no other yoke,
Than that which, from your neck, the Prætor
broke!—
"Go, bear these scrapers to the bath with speed
What! loitering, knave?"—Here's servitude
deed!

Ver. 211. *Reason concedes you nothing.* In the succeeding lines Persius plunges into the depths of stoicism. He does his best to elucidate the matter; but his success is not very great nor has he the merit of producing any thing new.

Enough has been said in the Introduction, on the paradox he advanced:—briefly, Persius, who had the passage in the Enchiridion before him—ἡ φιλοσοφία φησὶν, οὐδὲ τὸν δακτυλιαῖον ἐλιγμὸν εἶναι προσήκει· labours to prove that there is no medium between absolute wisdom and absolute folly; and that, as Dryden has it,

"Virtue and vice are never in one soul,
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool:"

from which notable position, it follows, among other consequences, that the latter cannot perform the most trivial act without blundering egregiously, and encouraging the whole Porch set up a cry of "Peccas! peccas!"

Yet you unmov'd the angry sounds would hear;
You owe no duty, and can know no fear:
But if, within, you feel the strong control—
If stormy passions lord it o'er your soul,
Are you more free, than he whom threat'nings urge,
To bear the strigils, and escape the scourge?
'Tis morn; yet sunk in sloth, you snoring lie.
"Up! up!" cries Avarice, "and to business hie;
Nay, stir." I will not. Still she presses, "Rise!"
I cannot. "But you must, and shall," she cries.
And to what purpose? "This a question! Go,
Bear fish to Pontus, and bring wines from Co;
Bring ebon, flax, whate'er the East supplies,
Musk for perfumes, and gums for sacrifice:
Prevent the mart, and the first pepper take
From the tired camel, ere his thirst he slake.
Buy, barter, and, if interest prompt, forswear."—
But Jove, perhaps, will hear me.—"Jove? O rare!
Thou dolt!—but, mark—that hungry thumb will bore
The empty salt, (scraped to the quick before,)
For one poor grain, a vapid meal to mend,
If thou aspir'st to thrive, with Jove thy friend!"
You rouse, (for who can truths like these withstand?)
Victual your slaves, and urge them to the strand;
Prepared, in haste, to follow: and, ere now,
Had to the Ægean turn'd your vent'rous prow;
But that sly Luxury the process eyed,
Waylaid your desperate steps, and, taunting, cried,
"Ho, madman! whither, in this hasty plight?
What passion drives you forth? what furies fright?

Whole urns of hellebore might hope, in vain,
To cool this high-wrought fever of the brain.
What! quit your peaceful couch, renounce your ease,
To rush on hardships, and to dare the seas?
And, while a broken plank supports your meat,
And a coil'd cable proves your softest seat,
Suck from squab jugs, that pitchy scents exhale,
The seaman's beverage, sour at once and stale!
And all, for what? that sums, which now are lent
At modest five, may sweat out twelve per cent!—

"O rather cultivate the joys of sense,
And crop the sweets which youth and health dispense;
Give the light hours to banquets, love, and wine:
These are the zest of life,—and THESE are mine!
Time hurries on—and soon will you be found
"A heap of dust," a shade, an empty sound:
Be mindful, then, of that disastrous hour,
And live, while yet to live is in your power.
Lo! while I speak, the present is become
The past, and lessens still life's little sum."

Now, sir, decide; shall this, or that command?
Alas! the bait, display'd on either hand,
Distracts your choice:—but, ponder as you may,
Of this be sure: both, with alternate sway,
Will lord it o'er you, while, with slavish fears,
From side to side your doubtful duty veers.

Nor must you, though in some auspicious hour,
You spurn their mandate, and resist their power,
At once conclude their future influence vain:—
With struggling hard the dog may snap his chain;
Yet little freedom from the effort find,
If, as he flies, he trails his length behind.

"Yes, I am fix'd; to Love a long adieu!—
Nay, smile not, Davus; you will find it true."
So, while his nails, gnawn to the quick, yet bled,
The sage Chærestratus, deep-musing, said—
"Shall I my virtuous ancestry defame,
Consume my fortune, and disgrace my name,
While, at a harlot's wanton threshold laid,
Darkling, I whine my drunken serenade!"
'Tis nobly spoken:—Let a lamb be brought
To the Twin Powers, who this deliv'rance wrought.
"But—if I quit her will she not complain?
Will she not grieve? Good Davus, think again."
Fond trifler! you will find her "grief" too late;
When the red slipper rattles round your pate,
Vindictive of the mad attempt, to foil
Her potent spell, and all-involving toil.
Dismiss'd, you storm and bluster: hark! she calls,
And, at the word, your boasted manhood falls.
"Mark, Davus; of her own accord, she sues!
Mark, she invites me! Can I now refuse?"
Yes, Now, and EVER: If you left her door,
Whole and entire, you must return no more."

Ver. 287. "*Yes, I am fix'd,*" &c. "Persius" (Owen says) "takes this from Menander himself, but Horace took the same character from Terence's imitation." The names perhaps are from Menander, but the application is surely from Horace, to whom the scholar will trace a covert allusion through the whole of this passage. Let not Persius, however, be deprived of his due praise. This lively little dialogue may be confidently opposed to any similar scene of equal length in the dramatic and satiric writers, whose works have reached us.

Ver. 296. *To the Twin Powers, &c. Diis depellentibus*—the averters of evil. These (the Scholiast says) were Castor and Pollux, and I have taken them on his word; not having any better gods at hand for this purpose.

Right. This is He, the man whom I demand;
This, Davus!—not the creature of a wand,
Waved by some foolish lictor.
And is he
This master of himself, this truly free,
Who marks the dazzling lure Ambition spreads,
And headlong follows where the meteor leads?
"Watch the nice hour, and, on the scrambling tribes,
Pour, without stint, your mercenary bribes,
Vetches and pulse; that, many a year gone by,
Graybeards, as basking in the sun they lie,
May boast how much your Flora Games surpast,
In cost and splendour, those they witness'd last!"—
A glorious motive!
And on Herod's day,
When every room is deck'd in meet array,

Ver. 315. "*Watch the nice hour*, &c. This is the advice of "Chaulkie Ambition," as Holyday calls her, from the white gown (*cretata*,) in which candidates for public favour canvassed the citizens. A full account of the Floral Games (v. 319) will be found in Juvenal, Sat. vi. It was on these festivals that the ambitious contended for popularity by throwing a number of tallies, entitling the possessor of them to a specific quantity of grain, pulse, &c. among the scrambling multitude, *rixanti populo*. The sums expended in these largesses, while the Republic existed, surpassed the most lavish cost of our contested elections—*Quanto delphinis balæna Britannica major*:—and frequently brought ruin with them, even when the emperors had possessed themselves of the whole power of the state; and the only subject of contention was, to be a slave with the title of an office, or without it.

Ver. 321. ——— *And on Herod's day*, &c. After dismissing the passions of avarice, luxury, love, and ambition, the poet turns to the different modifications of superstition, that is, of the slavish and visionary dread of supernatural agency. He appears to have nearly wearied himself, and, therefore, hurries over this part of his subject, in seeming eagerness to reach the close of his labours.

And lamps along the greasy windows spread,
Profuse of flowers, gross, oily vapours shed;
When the vast tunny's tail in pickle swims,
And the crude must foams o'er the pitcher's brims;
You mutter secret prayers, by fear devised,
And dread the sabbaths of the circumcised!
Then, a crack'd egg-shell fills you with affright,
And ghosts and goblins haunt your sleepless night.
Last, the blind priestess, with her sistrum shrill,
And Galli, huge and high, a dread instil,
Of gods, prepared to vex the human frame
With dropsies, palsies, ills of every name,
Unless the trembling victim champ, in bed,
Thrice every morn, on a charm'd garlick-head.

The pseudo-Cornutus refers the name, and correctly, I think, to Herod the Great. Casaubon, who adopts his opinion, adds that this sect (the *Herodians*) looked upon Herod as the Messiah. In that case, they must have read their sacred writings very ill. Nothing is more clearly pointed out in the prophetical parts of Scripture, than the gradual extension of the kingdom of the Messiah till it finally embraces the uttermost ends of the earth; whereas that of Herod declined almost as rapidly as it had risen, and about the time that this Satire was written, was swallowed up and lost. But although none of the Jews could possibly take Herod for Him to whom all eyes were directed, there was still something in his character to attach a part, at least, of so factious, so turbulent, and so selfish a people. Under this monarch, the government attained a pitch of power which it had not reached since the Captivity. Herod himself was greatly favoured by Dolabella and Antony, and, subsequently, by Augustus, who, like the former two, extended his empire, and, at his request, conferred privileges and immunities upon the Jews then resident in Rome: to this must be added, that he built, or restored the Temple (the idol of Jewish vanity) with surpassing magnificence. On these, and other accounts, many of them honoured his memory, (execrable as it was,) and kept his birth-day as a festival. More than this, it is lost labour to seek in Persius: like all the writers of his time, he speaks of the Jews with equal ignorance and contempt; and, in this place, confounds a simple festival with their *solemn sabbaths*.

Preach to the martial throng these lofty strains,
And lo! some chief, more famed for bulk than brains,
Some vast Vulfenius, bless'd with lungs of brass,
Laughs loud and long at the scholastic ass;
And, for a clipt cent-piece, sets, by the tale,
A hundred Greek philosophers to sale!

Ver. 27. *Preach to the martial throng, &c.* "I could have wished," Sir W. Drummond says, "the absence of the three concluding lines." And it is impossible not to agree with him. Assuredly, Persius has chosen his audience with little judgment. The Camp is the worst Lyceum imaginable; and the coarse ridicule bestowed on his beautiful morality in the third Satire, should have banished every thought of hazarding his Stoical paradoxes in such society. Persons much better instructed, and with somewhat more leisure for study on their hands, than Vulfenius, might reasonably be startled at more than one axiom here set down as indisputable. These dogmas, if advanced at all, should be confined to the schools; to the busy scenes of life they are not extremely applicable, and least of all, to those of warfare: but Persius seems to bear a rooted dislike to the soldiery, and whenever he has occasion for a more illiterate and worthless character than ordinary, he commonly repairs to the camp for him.

SATIRE VI.

ARGUMENT.

This is one of the most pleasing and original of our author's Satires. Its primary object is to point out the proper use of riches; and the author exhibits (after a beautiful exordium, in which the genius and learning of his friend Bassus are complimented with all the warmth of friendship,) his own conduct in the regulation of his desires, as explanatory of his views. A kind and liberal attention to the necessities of others is then recommended; and the various artifices of avarice to disguise its sordid and selfish feelings under the specious names of prudence, ancient simplicity, a regard for the welfare of successors, &c. are detected and exposed with marked severity. The poem concludes with some sarcastic reproof of the greediness of heirs in expectation, and a striking description of the nature of cupidity, which strengthens with indulgence, and becomes more craving in proportion as it is more abundantly supplied.

But this Satire is not only the most agreeable and original, but the most interesting of our author's works. It was evidently written by him, while yet in the flower of youth, possessed of an independent fortune, of estimable friends, of dear connections, and of a cultivated mind, under the consciousness of irrecoverable disease;—a situation in itself sufficiently affecting, and which is rendered still more so, by the tranquil, placid, and even cheerful spirit with which every part of it is pervaded.

SATIRE VI.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

SAY, have the wintry storms, which round us beat,
Chased thee, my Bassus, to thy Sabine seat?
Does music there thy sacred leisure fill,
While the strings quicken to thy manly quill?—
O skill'd, in matchless numbers, to disclose
How first from Night this fair creation rose;
And kindling, as the lofty themes inspire,
To smite, with daring hand, the Latian lyre!
Anon, with youth and youth's delights to toy,
And give the dancing chords to love and joy;
Or wake, with moral touch, to accents sage,
And hymn the heroes of a nobler age!

Ver. 2. *Chased thee, my Bassus*, &c. There are so many eminent writers of this name that it becomes a matter of hazard to fix upon the individual here meant.

According to the pseudo-Cornutus, (who was evidently in possession of much information, long since lost,) the friend of Persius was a distinguished lyric poet, who was destroyed, together with his country residence, in that great eruption of Vesuvius, in which, as some say, Pliny the elder, also perished. Bassus (apparently the person before us) is noticed by Quintilian, as the only lyric poet whose odes could be borne immediately after those of Horace. He wrote, it seems, on many subjects: on the origin of things; on the gods; on the stars, &c. To some of these works, our author elegantly and poetically refers in the introductory lines of his Satire.

To me, while tempests howl and billows rise,
Liguria's coast a warm retreat supplies;
Where the huge cliffs an ample front display,
And, deep within, recedes the sheltering bay.
The Port of Luna, friends, is worth your note—
Thus, in his sober moments, Ennius wrote,
When, all his dreams of transmigration past,
He found himself plain Quintus, at the last!
Here to repose I give the cheerful day,
Careless of what the vulgar think or say;
Or what the South, from Afric's burning air,
Unfriendly to the fold, may haply bear:
And careless still, though richer herbage crown
My neighbours' fields, or heavier crops embrown.
——Nor, Bassus, though capricious Fortune grace,
Thus, with her smiles, a low-bred, low-born race,
Will e'er thy friend, for that, let Envy plough
One careful furrow on his open brow;

Ver. 14. *Liguria's coast*, &c. Persius was fortunate in his retreat. Luna, where his villa stood, was one of the many convenient and beautiful situations in which the Gulf of Spezia abounded. The town itself has lain in ruins for ages; what now occupies a part of its site is called Larice. It was frequently visited by the officers of our fleet, while occupied in the blockade of Genoa, and always with new delight. Strabo makes particular mention of the capaciousness of its port, which, he says, would afford shelter to all the navies of Europe. Silius Italicus is equally warm in its praise:

"Tunc quos à niveis exegit Luna metallis,
"Insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter,
"Innumeris cepisse rates, et claudere pontum."

Ver. 18. *Thus, in his sober moments, Ennius*, &c. The plain sense of the words *Cor jubet hoc*, &c. seems to be, Such was the description given of the port by Ennius, when he had recovered his senses, and ceased to dream, that he was Quintus Homer, instead of Quintus Ennius.

Give crooked age upon his youth to steal,
Defraud his table of one generous meal;
Or, stooping o'er the dregs of vapid wine,
Touch, with suspicious nose, the sacred sign.
But inclinations vary:—and the Power,
That beams, ascendant, on the natal hour,
Even Twins produces of discordant souls,
And tempers, wide asunder as the poles.
The One, on birth-days, and on those alone,
Prepares (but with a forecast all his own)
On tunny-pickle, from the shops to dine,
And dips his wither'd pot-herbs in the brine;
Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust,
And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust.
The Other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard,
While yet a stripling, at the festive board.
But I, who shrink alike from each extreme,
Will USE my fortune, friend; nor think I aim,
In this, with wasteful splendour, to prepare
The sumptuous turbot for my menial's fare;

Ver. 33. *Or stooping o'er the dregs* &c.

"Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.

"This (as Sir William Drummond well observes) is to draw from the life. Horace himself could hardly have given a more striking picture of avarice."

It was the custom of the Romans to pour melted pitch over the mouth of their wine vessels, on which, when sufficiently cooled for the purpose, they impressed their signets. Suspicious of his slaves, the miser is ludicrously represented as bending over the jar, and prying so narrowly into the state of the seal (*signum*) as to touch it with his nose: the wine, too, for which all this solicitude is manifested, is not unworthy of the rest of the picture: it it is good for nothing.

Ver. 45. *The Other, large of soul*, &c. The story of the prodigal runs gaily off the tongue in dactyls, and is despatched almost as quickly as his patrimony was.—"Hic bona dente

"Grandia magnanimus peragit puer."

Or teach my guests, an epicure profest,
To know the sex of thrushes, by the zest.
"Live to your means,"—'tis wisdom's voice you hear—
And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruples check you? Ply the hoe and spade;
And lo! another crop is in the blade.
"True; but the claims of duty caution crave,
A friend, scarce rescued from the Ionian wave,
Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretch'd, desponding on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wreck'd around;
His bark dispers'd in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide."
Sell, then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice,)
Of this your land, and send your friend the price;

Ver. 52. *To know the sex of thrushes*, &c. I learn from Stelluti, that the delicate gourmands of Italy "*sapevano dire gustando li tordi, s'erano domestici ò pur selvaggi, e se maschi ò pur femine.*" These birds (supposed to be our thrush) were accounted great dainties by the Romans, who had particular buildings attached to their houses for breeding, and fattening them for the table.

Ver. 57. *True; but the claims of duty*, &c. This passage appeared to Dryden so pre-eminently poetical, that he wished to transfer the merit of it to Lucan; "because" (as he adds) "except these, and the last two lines of the second Satire, Persius has written nothing elegantly. Addison, who, in his Dialogue on Medals, expresses his astonishment at Dryden's opinion, declares, in opposition to it, that Persius is the better poet of the two. Brewster seems to agree with Addison: and Sir W. Drummond, with his usual elegance, and with much good taste, has pointed out a number of passages in our poet equal, to say the least of them, to either of those which Dryden thought so exclusively beautiful.

Ver. 65. *Sell, then, a pittance*, &c. Expend the produce of the year, he says: what have you to dread? another crop is at hand. But, replies the miser, if I act in this manner, I shall pos-

Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He asks cheap charity, from door to door.
"But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
His prospects lessen'd by an act so kind,
May slight my obsequies; and in return,
Give my cold ashes to a senseless urn;
Reckless, what vapid drugs are flung thereon,
Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon!—
Can I (bethink in time) my means impair,
And, with impunity provoke my heir?
—Here Bestius rails—"A plague on Greece," he cries,
"And all her pendants!—there the evil lies;
For since their mawkish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, curs'd our luckless shore,
Luxury has tainted all; and ploughmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."
Heavens! can you stretch (to fears like these a slave)
Your fond solicitude beyond the grave?

sees no means of relieving a shipwrecked friend. Aware that this is a mere pretext for indulging his avaricious propensities, Persius sharply answers; in that case, sell a little of your land.

Ver. 67. *Lest, with a picturrd storm*, &c. For the allusion in this passage, see Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 413.

Ver. 77. *Here Bestius rails*, &c.—

"—— Sed Bestius urget
Doctores Graios."

The poet has shown no great adroitness here: he suffers a third speaker to break in rudely upon the dialogue, when he might, with better effect, have put all that was about to be said into the mouth of his opponent.

It only remains to observe, that Bestius is dismissed without ceremony: the poet deigns not to notice his impertinent interruption; but, after hastily concluding the speech which had been broken off, drops the subject, and turns to a new speaker.

Away!—
But thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art,
Step from the crowd, and let us talk apart.
Hear'st thou the news? Cæsar has won the day,
(So, from the camp, his laurell'd missives say,)
And Germany is ours! The city wakes,
And from her altars the cold ashes shakes.—
Lo! from the imperial spoils, Cæsonia brings,
Arms, and the martial robes of conquer'd kings,
To deck the temples; while, on either hand,
Chariots of war, and bulky captives stand,
In long array.—I, too, my joy to prove,
Will to the emperor's Genius, and to Jove,
Devote, in gratitude for deeds so rare,
Of Gladiators, mark! an hundred pair.
Who blames—who ventures to control me? You?
Woe to your future prospects, if you do!
—And, sir, not this alone; for I have vow'd
A supplemental largess, to the crowd,
Of corn and oil. What! muttering still? Draw near,
And speak aloud, for once, that I may hear.
"My means are not so low, that I should care
For that poor pittance you may leave your heir."
Just as you please: but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin; no aunt, no uncle left;
No nephew, niece; were all my cousins gone,
And all my cousins' cousins, every one,

Ver. 88. (*So, from the camp, his laurell'd missives say.*) The letters which announced a victory to the Senate and Roman people, were decorated with laurel.

Ver. 98. ——— *an hundred pair*, &c. The poet grows quite magnificent in his gratitude. Such a show of gladiators would have strained even the imperial treasury; but he is evidently playing upon the terrors of his avaricious heir.

Aricia soon some Manius would supply,
Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die.
"Manius! a beggar of the first degree,
A son of earth, your heir!" Nay, question me,
Ask who my grandsire's sire? I know not well,—
And yet, on recollection, I might tell;
But urge me one step further—I am mute:
A son of earth, like Manius, past dispute.
Thus, his descent and mine are equal prov'd,
And we at last are cousins, though remov'd.
But why should you, who still before me run,
Require my torch, ere yet the race be won?

Ver. 111. *Aricia soon some Manius would supply,*

——— "Accedo Bovillas
"Clivumque ad Virbi—præsto est mihi Manius."

These places lay in the Appian Way, on the road to Aricia, the favourite resort of beggars, (see Juvenal, Sat. iv.) on account of the facility which the rugged ascent afforded them of following the traveller's wheels, who could not readily escape from their clamorous importunity. Manius stands here as the representative or head of this worshipful fraternity; but I know not on what account he was advanced to this supremacy in wretchedness.

Ver. 121. *But why should you, who still before me run.*

"Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscas?

This is almost the only line in these Satires in which I have found much real difficulty, and this, not from any inherent obscurity in the words, (for none can be plainer,) but from ignorance of the precise nature of the game to which they allude. Had it been the fortune of our author, to find an annotator among his contemporaries, this uncertainty would have been removed; but Cornutus, the nearest to his own age who has reached us, (to say nothing of his want of curiosity,) is a very indifferent scholiast, and his explanations, generally speaking, either explain nothing, or leave the meaning more obscure than they found it.

None of the commentators or translators notice any difficulty in this place. They give, in succession, what they are pleased to term a description of a torch-race, without appearing to suspect that it bears, in no one instance, the least analogy to that in the text.

True: as occasion calls, it strongly
In life 'twas mine: but death yours.
And what remains, or more or less,
Of Tadius' legacy no questions ra
Nor turn upon me with a grandsire
"Live on the interest of your fort
To touch the principal, is to destro

The truth is, that there was a great va
among the Greeks; and it has, I believe, un
ed, that the particular one to which Persius
the notice of the ancient writers, or their
not reached us; unless, perhaps, (which I an
to believe,) it be shadowed out in this passag
admodum in palæstra, qui tædas candentes a
cursu continuo, quam ille qui tradit, ita mel
qui accipit exercitum, quam ille qui decedit,
tigatus cursor integro fucem, hic peritus Im
ercitum tradit.

In this state of uncertainty, all that ear
safety is, that he who gave up his torch, resi
winning—The allusion is probably persor
the poet's own feelings; in this light, it i
rest: he seems to say to his heir, (who, fro
was, perhaps, remotely allied,) you are in full

"What, after all, may I expect to have?"
pect!—Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
ur with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer,
high and solemn days, be the singed ear
some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest;
at your descendant, while in earth I rest,
y gorge on dainties, and, when lust excites,
e to patrician beds his wasteful nights?
Shall I, a hapless figure, pale and thin,
de by, transparent, in a parchment skin,
at he may strut with more than priestly pride,
d swag his portly paunch from side to side?—
Go, truck your soul or gain! buy, sell, exchange;
om pole to pole in quest of profit range.
t none more shrewdly play the factor's part;
ne bring his slaves more timely to the mart;

Ver. 150. *None bring his slaves*, &c.

"Ne sit præstantior alter
"Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse catasta."

e Roman slave-market was principally furnished from Cappadocia, the inhabitants of which seem to have *agnised a natural l prompt alacrity* in servitude: if they have not been much ared by those who knew them well, they were fitted for it, the most degrading vices. See Juv. Sat. vii. The *catasta* s a kind of moveable machine, in which the slaves were ged on different platforms, according to their age or stature. s mentioned by Martial, from whom it would appear to have n appropriated to the more select and valuable ones.

"Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit
"Non hos quos primæ prostituere casæ,
"Sed quos arcanæ servant tabulata catastæ,
"Et quos non populus, nec mea turba videt."
Lib. ix. epig. 60.

is is said of Mamurra; and the reader may be confident, from it is related of this most amusing boaster, (Juv. Sat. vii.) t he would not condescend to look at common ware. From *rigida* of Persius, and the *arcana* of Martial, it may be ure-ed that the catasta was secured by some kind of fence, or ce-work.

O bound the heap—You, who could yc
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit min

Ver. 155. *O bound the heap—Chrysippus*, &c. T
of this Satire, like that of the last, appears abru
but it may be observed, at the same time, that F
viously enlarged on the subject of avarice, and
the less need to dwell on it here. Chrysippus, o
for assistance, was, like Cleanthes, a disciple of Z
brated above them both, for the subtlety of
which, say the old grammarians, the gods, if the
disposed to talk logically, would have adopted
Perhaps, however, they took the hint, and t
whole system to Olympus; for of the seven hu
books which this doctor subtilissimus is said to ha
not one has been seen on earth for many ages.

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